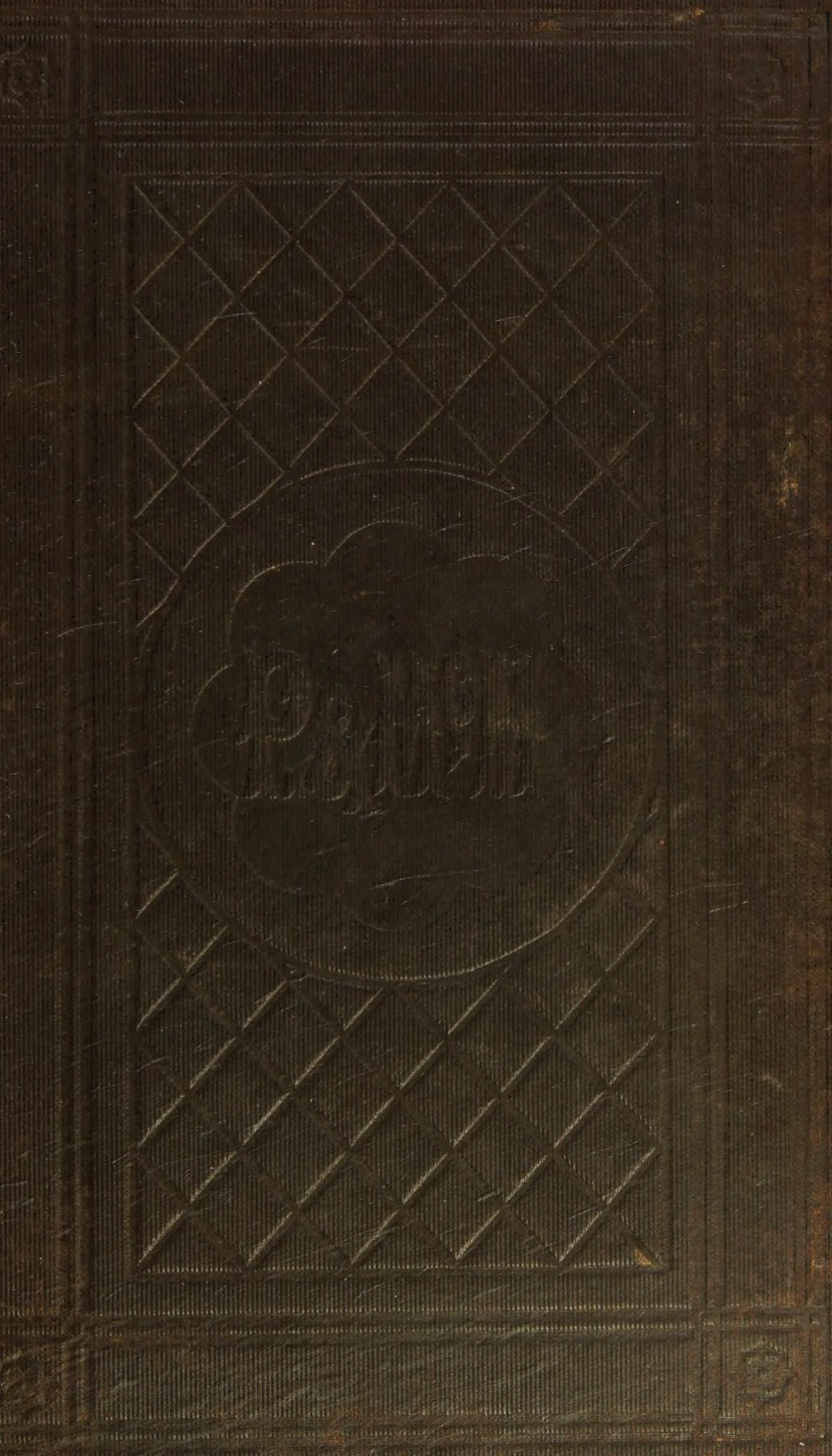

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ART AND SCENERY

IN EUROPE,

WITH OTHER PAPERS:

BEING CHIEFLY FRAGMENTS FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF THE LATE

HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, ESQUIRE,

OF PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA:
PARRY & M^cMILLAN,
SUCCESSORS TO A. HART, LATE CAREY & HART.
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ADVERTISEMENT.

The first edition of the "Art, Scenery," &c. in Europe, by the late H. B. Wallace, Esquire, has been for some time exhausted. The merits of that work, like the merits of Mr. Wallace's other literary productions, have been settled by the public voice; and the present publishers having received frequent orders for it, which they were unable to supply, the volume has now been stereotyped in this form. The letter upon M. Comte's Philosophy, which was in the first edition, has been omitted in this; and may perhaps be brought out hereafter, along with some other portions of Mr. Wallace's writings, to which it might be thought more properly to belong. In the place of that letter, there will be found a considerable number of papers upon different subjects; all of them more or less interesting, it is hoped, to the general reader. An account of most of them is given on page 293. These pieces are short, and so extremely different from each other in their character, that to some readers they may appear to have been now printed without sufficient reference to unity of thought or subject. It has been remarked, however, of Mr. Wallace, that there was hardly any thing worth thinking about that he did not think about and weigh; and as he indulged himself in writing, not for fame nor for reward, nor with any view to future publication by any one, but apparently only as a civil duty, or to perform the noble offices of humanity or friendship; or to realize more fully, and for his own satisfaction, the completeness and depth of those thoughts, and that consciousness with which ordinary life surrounded

him—his writings have necessarily the diversity of his mental subjects, and in many cases are somewhat in the nature of a journalizing record. They have, however, notwithstanding this, been thought very fit to be included in volumes destined as a memorial of him, and as the best record of his life, opinions, and character.

Most of the papers prior to page 293 were found in the author's port-folio, at his residence in Paris, after his death there, December 16th, 1852, at the age of 35. They are the last which came from his pen. They are all unfinished,—"immature buds and blossoms shaken from the tree, and green fruit; yet will they evince what the harvest would have been."

Philadelphia, October 15*th*, 1856.

ART,

AN EMANATION OF RELIGIOUS AFFECTION.

The position of an educated, but untraveled, American, in respect to Art, is one, which, perhaps, a European would hardly understand. A certain perfection of character enters so necessarily into the nature of Art, in its true and highest condition, and the difference between that consummate excellence which breathes the glow of creation, and that secondary merit which only transcribes and imitates, is so completely one of kind, as well as degree, that it may fairly be said, that if we see not Art in its supremeness, we know not Art at all. A European, of whatever country or class, has been familiar with some examples of this kind from his youth. An Englishman, in visiting Italy, will become acquainted with works of a higher grade than any he may have met with before: yet a few good pictures in the galleries at home, or at all events, the magnificent cathedrals of his own land, will have given him a knowledge of the nature of great Art, and an experience of the emotions which it is fitted to produce. But of those works, still existing in their completeness, which may be referred to the perfection of Art,—in Greek sculpture, Gothic architecture, and early Italian painting—not one example has ever been seen upon the shores of the new world. The American reads of Art, and conjectures what it may be, with something of the wondering, half-incredulous curiosity, with which he might hear of a new sense. The astonishment of delight with which the

glorious beauties of the master-pieces of the pencil or chisel at last roll over his spirit, mingling thought and feeling together in a tumultuous reaction of enjoyment, when, at some late day, in the fullness perhaps of reflective sensibility, and the maturity of a taste cultivated by literature and society, he comes, for the first time, into the presence of a new order of illustrations of divine characteristics, can be dimly apprehended by one to whom acquaintance with such things has been gradual and prolonged. My own preparation for these studies had been slight, and my appreciation of them was, of course, limited; yet I can scarcely now write upon the subject without falling into the language of enthusiasm. I am sure that the canons of the Cathedral at Parma concluded me lunatic, when they saw me stretched upon my back for hours, under the incomparable Assumption by Correggio in their cupola. And it was with what I might, without exaggeration, call a rational delirium of pleasure that I viewed, through successive hours, the Madonna di San Sisto at Dresden, and the Madonna della Misericordia at Lucca.

But it is not the energy and beauty inherent in particular productions,—the delight which they afford the taste, the expansion they give to the imagination, or the elevation to which they guide the spirit,—that constitute all the value of those exhibitions of genius which Europe sets before us. It is as an illustration of the properties and history of the mind, that the study of Art is able to engage and reward the most animated curiosity. To observe the rise, development, extension, modifications and decline, of the power of Art, at various times and in different countries,—to note its relations to the progress of society, and its connection with the moral state of the people among whom it appears,—and thus to arrive at some anticipation of the fortunes of Art in the present day,—form a large share of the satisfaction of ranging through the galleries of the continent.

There is, at this time, throughout both Europe and America, a great deal of *mental* interest in Art. Not only does the topic employ the speculations and criticisms of the lettered classes,

but the popular attention, largely, is directed to it. We have Art-Unions; with their halls of pictures; their distribution of engravings; their annual meetings, speeches and reports; by which the community is made to hear much about the matter. Treatises have appeared upon the means of developing Art. The value of "High Art," the importance of "æsthetic views," and the nature of "artistic principles," form not only the themes of articles and essays, but the staple of modern conversation. In England, parliament has appointed committees to investigate and make report upon the subject; and public national encouragement in various ways has been accumulated upon it. But with all this external excitement about Art, has Art, itself,—the capacity of Art in the class professing it,—improved at all? Without making any remark about America, I think that it is necessary only to have walked through the rooms of the Annual Exhibition at London, at any late display, to be convinced that, amid all these stimulating efforts, the originality and force of Art have, in the last twenty years, sensibly declined.

It seems worth while to try to look into the philosophy of the matter, and consider whether the methods that have been made use of, reasonably tend to the creation of artist-power, and how far it is probable that this age, as its character and course now are, will produce schools of great painters. Modern society, conscious of acute and comprehensive intellectual abilities, and aware of exercising almost indefinite mechanical mastery, has not thought of calling in doubt its own ability to display the powers of Art. It looks upon the matter as a mere affair of development, and takes it for granted that only instruction, practice and motive, are wanted to bring out the precious result. It has not thought of questioning how far life now supplies the moral staple from which Art is fashioned, or admits of the circumstances requisite to evolve it fittingly.

It is clear that the art-creating faculty is not the same with the purely rational and scientific capacity, but is wholly disconnected from it. The offices of the latter are perception, discrimination and inference. The other, a more sensitive and impassioned thing, reacts, according to instincts of its own, with

a modifying and moulding energy, upon every object and feeling addressing it, so as to result in visionary conceptions and ideal creations. It is to be looked upon as a separate and peculiar faculty; holding a place between the mere emotions and the clear intellect; partaking the properties of both, and combining their natures in the unity of its own original character and action; as its productions also occupy an intermediate position between the sensible and rational. Yet, two-fold as may be the affinities of Art, in its critical analysis, the faculty that creates Art is single, distinct, original, and natural; a gift bestowed upon some and withheld from others. It implies, no doubt, a cerebral organization or development of a special kind.

It is pretty obvious that no man, or society of men, can, "by taking thought," add the endowment of this "faculty divine" to their nature. And it lies so deep amid the impulsive and sympathetic parts of the being, and its coming forth is so involuntary and unconscious, that it is certain that mere intellectual flaggellation cannot create or stir it. It may be, to some extent, a subject of educational development; but only indirectly and remotely; by inward culture of the sentiments, or through the establishment of great moral institutions which rouse and deepen and refresh the spiritual affections of society.

To determine whether Art is likely to flourish in any country, at any particular time, we must explore the nature and characteristics of this art-faculty, the circumstances under which it appears, and the laws that regulate its growth and state: and in so doing, we shall derive no profitable aid from mere notional theories or metaphysical speculations. We must proceed from observation. We must look at those occasions in the history of our race, in which artist-power has been manifested in genuine and signal energy; and by noting the antecedents and accompaniments under which it has come into action, and the qualities that have marked its progress, we may discover the conditions of its existence and the laws of its evolutions. In traversing various nations, and viewing the monuments that still remain upon earth of the capacities and accomplishments that, in any former times, have belonged to mankind, we quickly

see that the faculty of Art has only at certain and very rare periods been possessed by man; and that it partook the aspect of a real inspiration, streaming forth free from apparent relation to intellect, intention and will. We shall find that it has appeared, not as the accidental and occasional attribute of individual persons, separated in place and time, and starting up alone and unfollowed, in a community otherwise destitute of the manifestations of such a possession, but rather as a characteristic of a society, nation, or particular people, at certain eras, and in special ages of their history. We shall find it, not bursting out suddenly, in all its completeness, but rising gradually, advancing to a pitch of excellence which, according to the purpose and capacity of the style, may be called Perfection; continuing in bright and flowing vigor for a limited time; then flickering and going out like a lamp; or drooping and dying like a plant; or breaking and fading away like a vision-haunted slumber of humanity. *That* light, no efforts can again relumine; *that* growth, no culture afterwards can revive; to that sweet half-conscious dream of glory, not all the drowsy sirups of the world can medicine once more the faculties of that people.

Thus far, architecture, sculpture, and painting have shown themselves the three matters best adapted to take the forms and show the character of Art. There may be a reason for this, and it might be suggested that literature, on the one hand, is too intellectual in its essence, and music on the other too sensuous in its operation, for either of them readily to assume that fusion of mental and material,—to admit that perfect balance of the elements of the sensible and thoughtful, in its substance,—which Art requires. But it would be rash to infer a necessary law from so scanty an experience; and it is enough to say that looking at Art historically, and taking note of the actual evolution of this power through the past course of our race, we shall find that it is in these three departments only that those qualities of surpassing and irresistible excellence have been reached, which make Art an existence and nature by itself. In the range of the world's experience, there seem to have been but four special displays of artist-inspiration so undefective in

their completeness, so exalted in significance, so absolute in splendor, as to fill every susceptibility that our nature can conceive to be the subject of an emotion. The reason finds in them no sign of deficiency; feeling can suggest no limit to their interest. They stand in the mystery of an inherent perfection: participating of an apparent divinity in the inscrutableness of their nature, as well as in the overswaying might of their moral power. Through them, the mind runs upward along the viewless chain of spiritual sympathy till it loses itself in the Infinite. These are Greek sculpture, Italian painting, Gothic architecture, and Greek architecture.

Of these, only the three first yet remain upon the earth, in such entireness of preservation, that we are able perfectly to appreciate and experience their power. Greek architecture is no longer a presence of unimpaired and living excellence. We may mentally reconstruct the crumbled and plundered temples of Attica, and can infer what once they must have been; but there is no example from which we can directly feel all the beauty and meaning that dwelt in those spoiled and violated forms. My own acquaintance, too, even with its ruins, is so limited, that I shall not pretend to make any deductions from it. But I shall offer some reflections upon the nature, characteristics and laws of Art, which an actual observation of specimens of the other three suggested to me.

In viewing these monuments of Art, or indeed any others, it becomes apparent that Art has always had an intimate connection with the character and degree of the religious sensibility of the people among whom it has appeared: and a prolonged examination of these works in all their variety will suggest the truth that the art-faculty is nothing else than earnest religious feeling acting imaginatively, or imagination working under the elevating and kindling influences of religious feeling. There is no instance, in history, of a signal manifestation of art-power, except among people, and in ages, where religious enthusiasm and religiousness of nature were prominent characteristics. And further, there is no instance of supreme excellence in Art being reached, excepting where *the subject of the*

artist's thoughts and toils,—the type which he brought up to perfection—was to him an object of worship, or a sacred thing immediately connected with his holiest reverence. This law,—that the mental faculties become fertilized and expanded into art-creative energy only when impregnated with religious emotion, or that Art is a fervent essence of religious sensibility overflowing into the moulds of imagination,—will be illustrated in the examples of Art just mentioned, where the human person, the basis of the Greek ideal in sculpture, and the Madonna, which is the inspired and inspiring centre of Italian Art, were to each people an image of worship; and the temple and church, which were the objects of Greek and Gothic architecture, were sacred forms, identified with the residence and glory of Divinity. Mere religious feeling, of itself, will probably never work out any thing like a high Art. Many other attendants may be required to co-operate. At the periods when great Art has been manifested, there has commonly been a general movement in the nation, and a great outflow of the forces of individual and social character; but these movements have been connected with a predominant earnestness, sensitiveness, and depth of religious emotion, and the display of Art has had an immediate relation with it.

It is not difficult to give a reasonable account of this principle. The perfections of Art consist not in execution; not in the learning of the eye, or the dexterity of the hand; but in the exaltedness and fervor of the conception of the work. And it would appear that the artist mind must conceive of its subject with the glowing intensity of adoration, in order to reproduce that form in the power and splendor which belong to the highest examples of actual Art. The picture or statue must first be limned or moulded in the imagination by the touches of worshiping affection, before a model fit to be transcribed into marble or canvas is brought into existence. But the connection between religion and Art is deeper and more instinctive than that. And here, in considering the effects of religious feeling, we must not draw our impressions from the religious feeling of this day, especially in Protestant countries; where it

is a whipt and cowering thing, mastered by reason, subjugated to convenience; but must recur to earlier conditions of our race, when it overswept intellect and interest, and was the great forward, urging and onward guiding influence of our nature, in whose train all the other parts of man's being followed. It seems to be a constitutional tendency of earnest religious sensibility to fashion visible types, symbols, or images of worship. The spirit, conscious of an emotion of reverence for some unseen subject of its own apprehension, desires to substantiate and fix its deity, and to bring the senses into the same adoring attitude, and this can be done only by setting before them a material representation of the divine. This is illustrated in the universal and inveterate tendency of early nations to idolatry. And among those people, who have something abstract and ideal for their high, intellectual worship, if the affections and more passionate part of the being exercise religious emotion at all, it will be towards some art-creation of humanity.

How and why was it that the sculpture of the Greeks attained a character so exalted, that it shines on, through our time, with a beam of glory peculiar and undistinguishable? When we enter the chambers of the Vatican, we are presently struck with the mystic influence that rays from those silent forms that stand ranged along the walls; like the moral prestige that might encircle the vital presence of divine beings. We behold divinities represented in human shapes idealized into a significance altogether irresistible. What constitutes that idealizing modification, we know not; but we feel that it imparts to the figures an interest and impressiveness which natural forms possess not. These sculptured images seem directly to address the imagination: they do not suffer the cold and critical survey of the eye, but awaken an instant and vivid mental consideration; and seem rather to be intellectual existences apprehended by the mind, than material outlines surveyed by the sight. We see that the soul of the sculptor has wrought with a transmuting, glorifying operation upon the type that life afforded him; and, by that moral law upon which Art depends for its effect, the creation of impassioned genius has force forever to

awaken in the spirit of those who view it, emotions kindred to those from which it sprang. A matter which strikes you, perhaps, most of all, as you stray through these lengthening halls, is the prodigious number of works of similar excellence that the genius of Greece has left us; not all equal in degree, indeed, to the Apollo, the Venus, or the new Athlete, yet of the same nature and order of merit. We learn that supremacy in sculpture among that people, was not an accidental or miraculous inspiration of a single artist, or of two or three, but was the heritage of a race.

The cause of the special and unapproached excellence of the Greeks in sculpture will be found intimately connected with the circumstance, that *their theology was an anthropomorphous one.* The human form was to them an image of worship. They conceived of the gods as possessing that shape. Indeed, it is evident from the facility with which eminent persons in their earlier civilization were deified, that to their natural sentiments humanity partook of a divineness, and, in its higher phases, passed readily into that sphere. The peculiarity of their case is this, that their mental organization was such that instinctively the personality of man was to them an adoration: the free emanation of their religious conceptions was in a pantheon of men and women possessing merely natural impulses and characteristics. This is a condition which we, who have always sought and possessed a religion purely spiritual and abstract, can scarcely comprehend. It is not as if we, with natures adapted to moral and intellectual apprehensions of our object of worship, were to turn ourselves toward human forms, with a resolution to make them themes of homage. The fact that the Greeks spontaneously made or found a religion in them, prove that the Greek nature was exquisitely sensitive to the highest impression of the human subject; and felt its finest graces, its most evanescent beauties, with a force, an emotion, a delicacy of interest, which we cannot follow. The whole intellectual being of the Greek, passioned towards this type: to him it was a representative, the embodiment, in its imaginative conception,—the very identity of divinity. All the susceptibilities

of his immortal spirit, all the endless enthusiasms of a nature in all things, as the Apostle thought, "too superstitious," or, according to a better version, "very religious," were concentrated in reacting upon this image, and glorifying and exalting it. It is not wonderful that Hellenic artists accomplished such an idealization of every variety of the human shape, as Christian efforts have wholly failed to approach. If the process of adoring an object be not simply forming and realizing progressively higher and brighter apprehensions of its glory, at least the secondary and reflective mental consequence or accompaniment of adoration must be the production of such heightened impressions. When our feelings direct themselves under any emotion towards an object, our imagination quickly works upon that object, to represent it as worthy to excite those feelings, whether favorable or hostile. And thus, when our instinctive nature worships aught, our minds speedily frame a justification of this devotion by idealizing the object under traits to which, if real, adoration would not be inappropriate. Thus, from the fervent mind of the Attic sculptor, to whom the augmentation of beauty was a service of piety, sprang forth a throng of shapes flashing with all the lustre that the soul's idolatry could lavish upon them.

It has sometimes been suggested that the superiority of the Greeks in delineating the figure arose from the familiarity with it which they acquired from their frequent opportunities of viewing it nude,—on account of their usages, costumes, climate, &c. This is too superficial an account of that vital faculty of skill and knowledge upon this subject, which was a part of the inherent capacity of the Greek. His superiority, in this matter, is rather to be referred to that susceptibility to the mental impression of this image which is implied in his making a religion of it,—to the enduring distinctness with which it stamped itself upon a moral nature, in this respect, peculiar in its organization, —to the revering interest, the pious scrutiny, the adoring earnestness of attention with which he was predisposed always to contemplate and study its form—to the ethereal sensibility and intensity of apprehension with which his consciousness riveted

itself upon it. The outflow and characteristic exercise of Grecian inspiration in sculpture was in the representation of their mythology, which included heroes, or deified men, as well as gods of the first rank. Later, it extended to winners at the public games, athletes, runners, boxers;—but this class of persons partook, in the national feeling, of a heroic or half-divine superiority. A particular type of form, highly ideal, became appropriate to them, as to the heroes, and to each of the gods. It may be added, that a capacity thus derived from religious impressibility extended to a great number of natural forms, which were to the Greeks measurably objects of a divine regard. Many animals, as connected with the gods, or with sacrifices, were sacred beings to them, and became subjects of their surpassing gift in sculpture. In general, nature,—the visible, the sensible, the actual,—was to the Hellenic soul Religion; as inward and reflective emotions were and are to the modern European.

Italian painting is a character as definite, an inspiration as special, and a perfection as absolute, as Greek sculpture. The limits of the life of this spiritual plant of beauty may be fixed with much precision. The first bud broke through the hard rind of conventionality about the year 1220, and the scene of its first growth may be fixed at Siena; and by the year 1320 the germination of the whole trunk was decisively advanced. Cimabue and Giotto had spread examples of Art over all Italy. In the next century, till 1470, all the branches and sprays that the frame was to exhibit were grown; the leafage was luxuriantly full, and the buds of the flowers were formed. Memmi, the Gaddis, the Orgagnas, the Lippis, Masaccio, and more than all, as relates to spiritual development, Fra Beato had lived and wrought. About 1470, the peerless blossom of Perfection began to expand, and continued open for seventy years, the brightest period of its glow being between 1500 and 1535. Its life declined and expired almost immediately. After 1570, nothing of original or progressive vitality was produced in Italy. Fra Bartolommeo had died in 1517; Leonardo in 1519; Rafael in 1520; Correggio in 1534; Michael Angelo, at a great age, in

1563. Giorgione had died in 1511; John Bellini in 1516; Titian survived till 1576, at the age of 99; and Veronese died in 1588. The complete exhaustion of the vital force of Art, in the production of the great painters who were all living in 1500, is a noticeable fact. With the exception of the after-growth of the Bolognese school,—of whom Dominichino, Guido, and Guercino, alone are worth notice,—which flourished between 1600 and 1660, nothing in the manner of the previous days, but false and feeble imitations, appeared.

The organic distinctions of the various schools, and their historical development, will form the subject of another paper. At present, in connection with the principle immediately in hand, we shall note but two things: First, that this evolution of artist power in Italy took place in direct association with a great increase and action of religious feeling in Italy; and secondly, that all the subjects of the painters' toils were to them objects of adoration; the Virgin, the Saviour, the Saints. The type which was earliest and chiefly perfected, and which led the development, was the Virgin, who was then the principal object of affective adoration; and it was mainly in connection with the adoration of her divinity that this new religious movement took place.

I know not a spot upon which one who takes an interest in tracing the mental and moral history of the world, may stand and look around him with deeper reflections than will occur to him upon the hillside terrace on which stands the triple church of Francesco, at Assisi. The village is poor and neglected; and in the more distant prospect little is to be seen but the bare undulation of hill and valley, which gives to all that part of Italy a pensive, yet engaging, elegance. But in Religion and in Art, that scene is a memorable one. If there has been, or now is, any reservoir or fountain of evangelical life in the huge system of the Church of Rome, it is to be found in the brotherhood of the spiritual Franciscans. Among them is the enthusiasm, the sympathy, the more sensuous emotion of religion. The grave of the founder is beneath your feet. The cell in which he lived and felt and prayed is at the base of the moun-

tain upon which you stand; and the piety of modern times has erected a noble cathedral to mark and defend that holy retreat, whose rude oaken door is guarded as the monument of a sanctity whose living influences are not yet exhausted. And when you observe that the church of San Francesco beside you contains upon its walls the finest museum that exists of the earliest works of Italian Art,—that Perugia, identified with the original and greatest movement in painting, is distinctly seen on the opposite hill,—and that Siena and Florence lie not far beyond it, the local connection between the origin of the religious revival in Italy and the development of Art readily suggests the probability of a rational one.

It is agreed by ecclesiastical writers, that there took place, in the beginning and middle of the thirteenth century, a decided increase of religious enthusiasm in the church, especially in the south of Europe, which was manifested by the formation of new monastic orders. The most eminent of these, who, from that time to this, have been the chief depositories of the devout feeling which has sustained and extended the church, were the mendicant or begging friars; the most conspicuous fraternities of which were the Dominicans and Franciscans. The religious passion which, on the one hand, carried such multitudes of persons into these orders; and on the other, caused them to be honored and followed with such earnestness by the laity at large, makes the establishment of these orders a monument of a great augmentation of pious sensibility in the Romish Society. To fix the date and peculiar seats of this movement, we may note that St. Francis was born at Assisi, in 1182, and died at the same place, in 1226; that St. Dominic was born in Old Castile in 1170 (?) and died in Italy in 1221; that St. Catharine of Siena was born in 1347, and died in 1380; and St. Bernardino, of Siena, was born in 1380.

When we inquire for the first appearances of Italian genius in Art, we find that the earliest authentic production of this character is a Madonna, by Guido of Siena, which hangs in a chapel in the north transept of the church of San Dominic, in Siena, and bears the contemporary date, 1221. It is a work

of great merit, in that stage of painting, which till then had not advanced beyond the meagre and conventional types of Byzantine figuring. The face of the Virgin has even more nature than that of Cimabue's great Madonna in the church of Santa Maria Novella, at Florence; and there is much freedom and grace in the figure of the child, who sits in her lap with his feet crossed. Another work, by the same artist, also a Madonna and child, is in the academy of that city, (No. 2.) The child is well and strongly drawn, and his face is expressive. Other painters speedily appeared upon the same spot; one of the ablest of whom was Duccio di Buoninsegna. By this artist, besides the celebrated work, in the cathedral, of the Passion of Christ, and its reverse of the Madonna and Saints, is a good painting, in the Academia, of the Virgin and Child, and four saints in panels. A more eminent name appears about the same time, at Florence, in Cimabue, whose Madonna, once the adoration of the city, is a work of grand genius, and will still be found in the highest degree impressive and effective. The upper church, at Assisi, contains a ceiling painted by him, with figures of the four Doctors of the Church, in one compartment, and the Madonna, Christ, St. John Baptist and St. Francis, in another. To him succeeded Giotto, four of whose works are on the vault, under the cross, in the lower church of Assisi, which contains also works by his pupils, and by the early artists of Perugia. I mention these brief particulars to show that Art, in Italy, rose in immediate connection with that particular movement in religion that carried the Romish or Italian church into a situation in which the northern countries of Europe did not long submit to be; that this manifestation took place on and near the very spot where one of the most signal events in religious enthusiasm was fixed; and the new monastery of St. Francis, at Assisi, was the principal and earliest patron of nascent Art. It should be added, that the monastery and order of St. Dominic, early established at Florence, soon gave Fra Beato and Fra Bartolommeo to Art.

There is no doubt whatever, that about the time that Art thus began to appear, there was a general stirring in Italian life

and character, and that, without it, this display of Art could not have been produced. But it is equally certain, that an increased intensity of a peculiar kind of religious devotion was a part of this movement, and that the appearance of Art was particularly allied with this excitement in the church.

When you look at the subjects in the perfecting and beautifying of which Italian genius, from first to last, was occupied, you find that all of them were holy persons, and beings adored. It was in representing, visibly, the mythology of the Romish church, that the art-inspiration of medieval Italy worked itself out. But it was especially in the pictorial deification of the Madonna that creative genius then reached the standard of ideal perfection which makes the glory of these schools. And here we may note also, a particular historical relation between Religion and Art upon this point. It was about the end of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth century that the character of the Virgin was raised into real divinity by the establishment of the doctrine of her immaculate conception. The controversy upon this topic began about 1140, and raged for above a century, when it may be said to have gained that ascendency and growing moral power which it has ever since maintained. A leading characteristic of the Franciscan revival was the special exaltation and adoration of this lady, and the enthusiasm of the order became identified with this new doctrine,—a theory so necessary to justify that inordinate worship of her which has pervaded the whole church, that the Franciscans have almost obtained the final seal of infallibility upon it, notwithstanding its manifest heresy in point of doctrine. In all its range Italian art never went beyond spiritual subjects; so different, in that respect, from the scope of our modern painters.*

* How completely painting was anciently felt to be a religious exercise, may be seen in the very curious "*Guide de la Peinture*," translated by M. Didron from a Byzantine Greek MS., said by the monks of Mount Athos, from whom he obtained it, to be of the tenth or eleventh century, and, in his own opinion, of the fifteenth or sixteenth, but derived from earlier works and representing the views and feelings of the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The work is inscribed to the Virgin, in a dedication, which, after some ardent compliments to her beauty and graciousness, proceeds as follows: "Saint Luke,

Certainly, one of the most memorable accumulations and exhibitions of art-capacity that the history of our race exhibits, working out a completely new style or medium for the notation of the conceptions of Art and then revealing and perpetuating

after having been sanctified by the precepts of the Gospel, which he proclaimed by preaching and writing, desired to manifest to mankind the most sacred love which he had for your gracious and divine greatness. He judged, and rightly, that out of all his treasures of science and spiritual wealth, he could make you no worthy offering except in the representation of your admirable and charming beauty, which he had contemplated actually with his own eyes. This holy and learned personage employed all the resources of colors and gilt mosaics to produce faithful representations of this image in pictures, according to the rules of his art. I, in my turn, a feeble imitator, desired to follow the example of this accomplished man, and devoted myself to sacred painting, with a belief that my capacity would second my good will, for the accomplishment of any duty to your sacred person, your venerable greatness, your admirable magnificence." Here the beautifying, in pictures, of the countenance of the Virgin, is considered as an acceptable duty and as a religious service.

After an address to all painters, follows "Some preliminary exercises and instructions for him who would learn the art of painting." The first exercise enjoined is drawing, freely and generally. "Next, let him address to Jesus Christ, the following prayer, before an image of the Mother of God, the Virgin the conductress, while a priest blesses him: "King of Heaven," &c.; then the Magnificat, an invitatory and the Versicles of the Transfiguration; then let him pronounce aloud this prayer," &c. A part of the prayer is, "Divine Lord of existence, lighten and guide my soul, and the heart and mind of thy servant (N.): direct his hands so that he may worthily and truly represent your countenance, and those of your most holy mother and all the saints, for the glory, joy and decoration of your holy church." "*After the prayer*," continues the manual, "let him study the proportions and expressions of figures," &c. "Do not begin your work," he goes on, "without reflection; but operate with the fear of God and with piety, in this art, which was a divine thing." "It is a divine work," he says again, "and one which God has taught us, as is evident to every one, from a number of reasons, &c. This excellent employment was equally acceptable to the holy Mother of God, and approved by her, as every one knows, since she encouraged and blessed the apostles and the evangelist St. Luke, on account of his skill, and said to him, "The grace of him whom I brought forth is spread over them for my sake." And it is not only St. Luke who is blessed, but all those who labor in the production of the miraculous works, the sacred portraits of the Lord, of the Mother of God and the other saints; for this art of painting is acceptable to God and favorably regarded by him. So, all those that work with care and piety, received from heaven graces and blessings." It was thus, by exalting his imagination with the idea of the Transfiguration, and kindling his heart with prayer and benediction, that the ancient painter approached his work.

in the language of these new forms a thousand ideal sentiments of sublimity and beauty, is presented to us in Gothic architecture; and from it we propose to draw the third illustration of the principle involved in the present discussion. I shall have occasion, in another paper, to trace the history and progress of this style of Art with some definiteness; but, for the present, it is enough to say, that the first germination of this new creative energy appears about A. D. 1050, and chiefly among the Normans of France and England, where it swelled forth with extraordinary power and vividness; and that, after passing through a regular life, composed of an herculean infancy, a graceful youth, a maturity and an old age, it became extinct before the year 1550: so completely dead, that, since that time, in no nation of Europe have men been able to compose in that medium; the forms having ceased to be vital and plastic, and the spirit which once animated and disposed them, having departed from the life of men; the language thus being lost, and the sentiments appropriate to be embodied in it, being no longer produced by the mind.

It was in the erection and decoration of sacred buildings, exclusively, that this new spirit of Art accomplished such extraordinary results. The sense that the building to be fashioned was to become the home of the Spirit of the All-Holy; and the enthusiastic design to raise it to a divineness worthy of the shrine of his worship, and to stamp upon it a symbolism of the greatness of his power and the beauty of his love; that became the actuating instinct of this earnest Art. The subject, in brooding upon which the conceptions of these men became impregnated with the kindling fire of creation, was to them a feeling of religion. Devotion was the expanding and exalting influence that wrought within their imaginations. Castles, and palaces, and towers, and towns, were built in those days, but it was not in their construction that this style became evolved. When matured in ecclesiastical buildings, it, of course, extended to other buildings; but it originated and grew up and educated itself in the service of the church; and every thing in this architecture, whether as respects constructive principles or decora-

tive details, is essentially ecclesiastical. Personally considered, it began and always dwelt in the bosom of the church. Its professors were the priesthood. Nay, to a great extent, the working masons were in minor orders; and capitals were wrought, and arches channeled by hands ordained to holy tasks; so sacred was the whole work considered.

When you look at the time when this æsthetic overflow of feeling took place, you will find that it was contemporaneously with a great expansion and agitation in the religious emotions of Europe, especially in the transalpine nations. A memorable evidence of the excess in which spiritual enthusiasm at that time was generated in society,—of the enlargement of holy zeal beyond what the forms, and modes, and uses of ordinary life could contain or conduct—is furnished by the Crusades, of which the first took place in the year 1095. Of course, the feeling, which then came to a crisis, had been on the rise for some years before: so that the budding forth of Gothic architecture is contemporary with the commencement of one of the greatest and most general augmentations or secretions of instinctive religious sentiment or passion that the world has ever known. Moreover, this movement in favor of the Crusades took place chiefly in France, England, and Germany; and the leaders and armies of the invasion were principally from those countries, and not from Italy; which comports with the fact that this architecture was almost wholly of transalpine growth. The religious start in Italy, which has given her a supremacy in spiritual things, which she has since held, did not take place till the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and, as already stated, was simultaneous with the rise of painting in that country.

Another indication of the superabundant religious sensibility that began to appear about that time, and was immediately connected with the production of architectural works, is the formation of separate, resident monastic establishments. This system of a detached corps of monkish orders, strictly celibate, devoted specifically to the elaboration of the spiritual empire of the church, was the work of St. Gregory the Seventh, who ascended the pontifical throne in the year 1073. The earliest of these

monastic orders was instituted in the Lamousin in the year ——. The order of Carthusians was established by St. Bruno, about the year 1100. Others soon followed. And it was mainly in consequence of these associations of men in a religious life of seclusion, that those edifices were erected. Most of the chapels and cathedrals in which this architecture was used, were parts of monasteries.

From all this it may safely be concluded, that Gothic architecture was a direct emanation from a growing element of religious fervor; that in fact it was an æsthetic exercise of worshiping feeling; an imaginative effort to continue material forms that should be meet to be regarded with sentiments of adoration, and felt to be types of things divine. Drawing its animating energy from an overcharged religiousness, or superstition, it declined when that spiritual force, which once had given it impulse, abated. The date of the extinction of this art-inspiration is the era of that great diminution of religious feeling, of which the Reformation is the great social monument. I do not question that the Reformation gave us a purer doctrine, a sounder morality, a better society; but it would be idle to deny that it was the result and the record of an immense decrease of spiritual sensibility, which had been before then, no doubt, for all purposes of utility and knowledge, in excess. But it was that very excess, producing a kind of idolatry of visible things that were associated with the religion, that engendered Art. Since the Reformation, that enthusiasm and self-dedication have been spent on industry, science, and other temporal engagements, which, before, were concentrated upon religion.

It is obvious that as far as regards the sacred character of the buildings, the same remarks which have been made respecting Gothic architecture are applicable to Grecian. This art attained its great perfection in exercising itself exclusively upon temples: and thus was a collateral effect of religious feeling.

If the law above stated be correctly inferred, it might be expected that a people, whose objects of worship were purely

abstract and ideal, should be able to exhibit a powerful and brilliant literature, in connection with religion, but not to attain the highest eminence in the creation of forms of visible grandeur and beauty. Protestantism has never produced a great artist. The last of the heroic race of painters were Rubens and Vandyke; and both were Catholics. The loftiest school of our own day, that of Munich, is composed either of Catholics or persons who being Protestant at the outset, became Catholic in the process of becoming artists. But I reserve the further prosecution of these reflections for a paper in which I propose to consider the prospects of this age in respect to Art, at large.

ART,

SYMBOLICAL, NOT IMITATIVE.

ART is, in its nature, symbolical, not imitative.

Those numerous theorists who tell us that Art has its origin in the instinctive disposition of man to mimic what he sees, and that the interest of Art arises from the pleasure we experience in meeting with a lively imitation of some real thing, give an account of the matter which is erroneous in fact and in principle. They found a hasty hypothesis upon the character of Art as they see it in its old age and decrepitude; and they assume dispositions in man appropriate to sustain a supposition, which upon examination will be found as superficial, as at the first view it may be plausible. A reference to the historical origin and progress of Art, will establish the law that Art begins in man's efforts to deliver himself of his most inward and conscience-haunting emotions: that he does this, at first, in a sort of hieroglyphic shapes which, though undoubtedly derived from visible forms, or partially suggested by them, owe their value in his estimation, not to what they really resemble, but to what they are understood to represent; and that, although Art, in its advancement, works out its meaning through forms based upon the truth of nature, yet so long as it is, veritably and progressively, Art, its typical and suggestive qualities are always predominant over its transcriptive character.

It is said to be a natural instinct and pleasure of man to draw

resemblances of things which have struck him in the world, as is shown in the dispositions of children and savages. I doubt if either one or the other is prompted to draw a likeness of a sensible thing by any other feeling or motive than that the thing as thus drawn or painted, or carved upon his rock or sand, or slate or paper, represents to him much more than the outward object in its actual and material state contains, or is. This fondness in children and savages for drawing and modeling, belongs to the general system of *Expression*. Every feeling, every sentiment, every thought, in man, impulsively tends to outwardness or utterance: for, these all are agitations of the interior life which are propagated towards the exterior organs. As gesticulation, and singing, and talking, are modes of giving vent to earnest and natural emotions and interests, so is drawing the mute utterance of deep and silent movements within the soul, which become typified and registered in these outlines. And figures caught from nature are adopted for these types, and especially the human figure is so chosen, from the obvious circumstances that the imagination is more familiar with them, and that they are already much associated with the very feeling designed to be expressed. But, if in children there be, at a tolerably developed age, a readiness accurately to copy the forms of objects, for the praise of skill which it acquires, which is a part of the process of education, like the learning of lessons by memory, to discover what is their earliest and strongest instinct in this way, we must go back to the age, when, in those endless sports, which Wordsworth finely views as life-rehearsals, they turn all common objects and implements into characters and properties of their little dramas,—"each" thing, in quick succession "playing many parts." Imagination is then so over-powerful that figurative apprehension prevails entirely over sensible perception, and the dreams that form their inward life, work themselves out in visionary scenes through symbols formed from familiar articles by the typifying energy of their conceptions.

The history of Art will be found to display the following law as to its origin and development. It sets out with a symbolism

chiefly mental or conventional. This is its archaic state. Next, it discovers and works out the inherent capacity of natural forms, when idealized by the imagination, to symbolize those spiritual sentiments which form the subject of Art. This is its perfect condition. Finally, in its last and lowest stage, it forgets its prophetic and mediatorial function, and merely reflects the dull actual: and this is the state in which Art is at the present time, and to which it has been tending for two centuries and a half. And it must be observed that this law of the progress of Art, is a law of the continuous *diminution* of spiritual significancy. The religious feeling,—the interior meaning to be communicated or represented,—is greatest in the earliest epoch; so great, indeed, at that time, as to exceed the capacity of natural forms, however idealized, to convey them, and therefore requiring prescriptive types to be employed, which makes the comprehension of them partly a matter of tradition and learning, or, at all events, limits it to the particular race among whom these types are devised. Later, when this religious passion, at first almost physical in its directness and vehemence, has, either by the exhaustion of its own early intensity, or through the increase of controling intellect, or by a social education which makes it gentle and ductile, become diminished into a matter of earnest sentiment, it grows capable of entering into union with purely natural forms in an idealized state, and of being completely carried and explained by them. To this epoch, of religious sentiment, belongs the perfection of Art. Ultimately, all religious motive vanishes away from the schools, and it requires an argument to prove that Art was consecrated for a mission somewhat higher than a juggling illusion of the senses.

The symbols that are used in the archaic stage of Art, are, no doubt, derived, and partly imitated, from reality. But if in part or chiefly they resemble reality, they are also designedly altered from it, in some degree. The type thus modified becomes determinate. In its subsequent reproductions, it is plain that there is not in the artists' minds an *intention* to approach as near as possible to nature, but on the contrary there is an

intention to adhere to the type where it differs from nature, for the reason that it is in those prescriptive variations from nature, that its typical significance chiefly lies. The type itself, it is true, undergoes a certain evolution; but that progress is one naturally resulting from the mental reproduction of the type by the successive generations of artists, and not caused by renewed efforts to copy more closely from nature. This derivation from reality also characterizes more or less all hieroglyphic and picture languages. The shapes are derived from reality, but the meaning is chiefly conventional.

The greatest transition that Art ever undergoes is when it passes from the use of partially conventional symbols to the universal symbolism of natural forms: but the natural into which the type thus passes is always that from which originally it was deflected. The philosophy of this new condition of the subject lies in the permanent, fundamental law, that all natural and real forms have an indwelling capacity to serve the imagination in different degrees for the representation of moral and spiritual sentiments; and the human form possesses this power beyond every other object. That principle results from the relations which the Creator has established between all the parts of his system; the how and why, lie among the uncommunicated secrets of existence. It is the foundation of all the glorious life of high Art. It applies in some to every natural and real, or, in the highest sense, useful work, as in another paper I have stated; but to the form of man above all others.

But it is not natural forms in their ordinary and actual conditions that possess, at least in any high degree, this significant and expressive virtue. They must be acted upon by the imagination and idealized to that perfection which constitutes Beauty, in order to exhibit this power. It is the imaginative conception, or ideal of each form, that is truly the natural language of Art. To make real forms symbolic of the emotions of Art, there must continue to be a mental modification of them, but that modification, in the complete stage of Art, is the conceptive reaction which brings it up to its ideal beauty. Language,

whether of forms or sounds, must be largely mental in its essence, in order to serve as a medium for the mind; and the mental quality, that the forms of Art must partake, consists in that refining and moulding influence of spiritual imagination which makes them ideal; and in proportion to the degree of ideal beauty which any form possesses will be its expressiveness in Art. The nature of that ideal modification of real objects which produces beauty, I have touched upon elsewhere.

The principle above stated, that Art begins with an intense and highly intellectual symbolism, and then passes to the use of an ideal image of some natural form, and relies no longer on a conventional significance in its type, but on the spiritual influences inherent in the perfections of the form concerned, is not notional, but is inferred from observation of the arts above mentioned of Greek sculpture, Italian painting, and Greek and Gothic architecture.

No one familiar with specimens of both styles, will doubt that Greek sculpture is derived from Egyptian sculpture. They are in fact different stages of the same art; Egyptian sculpture being the archaic state of Greek sculpture, and Greek being the perfect state of Egyptian. It is obvious to any one who views the colossal images of Egypt, which probably in all cases represent deities or deified kings, that they are highly symbolical in their purpose, and in a great degree conventional and fixed in their mode of representation. And if we trace Egyptian art upward into Hindoo, of which it was probably an advanced growth, we find the forms still more fictitious, hieroglyphic and conventional. And it will be observed that, in Egyptian and Oriental archaic art generally, though the figures of divine and mystic beings are *derived* from those of men and beasts, yet some arbitrary change or addition is always made in or to the figure, to show that it is not meant for a portraiture or imitation of an individual person or animal, but is the representative of some divinity, or principle, or feeling. Portions of different animals were combined together in their sphinxes, which were significant of qualities and ideas to which we have not the key. No one will suppose that the human colossal figures

which are there met with, are Egypt's best endeavors to exactly imitate the figure of a man. The human face and form are the element from which the representation is derived; but they are modified into a peculiar and unvarying shape, so as to become a token and sign of some deity or some mental or moral existence. The same thing may be said of their drawings of men and horses, with their crooked faces and shadow-like elongation of legs. In these, the effort was not to portray men and horses, as accurately as possible. Those fixed types, altered from natural objects, were the prescriptive symbols of certain matters; so sacred that no artist might alter them, even to improve their verisimilitude or beauty. They were settled by the priests, and, like all other early arts, were a matter of religion; and consequently the types in Egypt continued unchanged through centuries, being the same at the end as at the beginning, though the skill in rendering the type varied and improved greatly. There is every reason to suppose that each peculiarity of attitude, limb and feature was considered emblematic of some intellectual, moral or personal characteristic.

It was in this stage that sculpture came under the action of Greek genius. Of the derivation of the early Greek school from Egyptian, or rather of its identity with it, no one can doubt. View, for example, a Juno which stands in the outer room of the Ludovisi gallery at Rome, and which belongs to a very remote period of Greek Art. The hair is bound over the head by a broad fillet, beneath which hang short crisp curls like filberts. Behind the ears are long stiff ropes of hair coming down upon the shoulders. The derivations of this costume from the extraordinary wig or cap which forms the head-dress of Egyptian gods and kings, seems obvious. The forehead is smooth, the expression immobile, and the whole aspect unmistakably Egyptian. The Glyptothek of Munich, however, affords the best opportunity for studying the connection between the sculpture of the Nile and the Ilissus. The first hall contains Egyptian works; the second, the earliest Greek; and the derivation of one from the other is obvious. But in the sculptures from the temple of Jupiter in Ægina, which occupy the

third room, we have the metamorphosis in the very act of taking place. The heads of the figures are Egyptian; all alike; all with those thick lips which give an appearance of smiling. But the limbs have the freedom, nature and brilliance of pure Greek Art. The reason of the similarity and immobile expression of the heads is to be found in the prescriptive sanctity of the type appropriate to the half-divine beings. And it may be observed that the figure of Minerva, in the centre of the pediment, is more antique and Egyptian, throughout, than the others, as if less liberty could be taken with the personal image of a being fully divine.

The process of the change from one to the other of these styles, appears to have been, that in reproducing and improving the symbolic, under circumstances of greater freedom from the priestly superstition that kept it unchangeable in Egypt, it was at length brought to an excellence so striking, that its inherent beauty was felt to have a higher power of kindling sentiment than the outworn prescription of an exhausted symbol. But Greek Art always retained a certain symbolism in the appropriation of a special style of ideal to the different grades of gods of the higher class, and gods of the lower class and heroes and men, and of particular elevated types of feature to each god: and we probably trace in the fixed, abstracted, pensive countenances of the Greek divinities, the lingering influence of that mysterious Egyptian face, with its calm, strong, brooding look of Fate.

In the Etruscan nation, which was partly Oriental in its derivation, Art ran a corresponding cycle, showing that the evolution which in Egypt and Greece had been illustrated in the case of statues, was strictly normal and natural, being essentially the same with that which in Etruria occurred in drawings upon vases. The earliest Etruscan style has Egyptian characteristics; its later is purely Grecian. I presume the explanation to be, that according to the ordinary development of imagination, in the progress of national civilization, under similar circumstances, the Egyptian type and style would be improved into the Greek.

In Italian painting, this symbolic condition of the infancy of Art, and the gradual passage outward into nature, ideally elevated, is clearly traceable. Italian Art is derived directly out of Byzantine Art, which is the first school of modern painting. To speak of the constant symbolism of the Pagan Art that was adopted by Christians in the early period, is beyond the range I have prescribed to myself. But it may be observed in passing, that the whole of that style was entirely symbolical. Enter the circular church of S. Costanza near Rome, erected by Constantine, and the brilliant mosaics in the ceiling, representing grapes, vine-leaves, birds, &c., will seem to identify a heathen dwelling, until you learn that all of these are Christian emblems. In other mosaics of that period, the Saviour is scarcely ever exhibited in his real aspect as a man, but under the likeness of a lamb, a fish, &c. But all this style is to be considered as Pagan Art applied to Christian purposes. The beginning of genuine Christian Art in painting,—the infancy of that Art which grew to perfection in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was in the school of Byzantium. That was the first time that Art undertook to represent, by visible lineaments, the spiritual characteristics of the Christian life: and this style thus had from its feeblest commencement a new and even antagonist principle of life from the degraded Roman Art which it superseded. It was as if a wind from one quarter, long failing and fitful, had at length died away, and a current from an opposite direction had begun to come out. And this I take to be in truth, the first germ, in history, of that splendid Art of painting which we justly set with pride against the sculpture of the Greeks. For notwithstanding what has of late years been said respecting the merit of the Greek paintings discovered at Pompeii, I must adhere to the opinion that painting, as we conceive of it, is exclusively modern and Christian. If the frescoes in the Museo Borbonico are examined, they will be found to be nothing else than sculpture drawn upon a flat surface. In conception, manner, and effect, they are altogether different from painting as illustrated in Italy, and are essentially statuary.

The period of the origin of this Byzantine style may be

fixed in the ninth century, when the vehement dispute respecting images having been decided in favor of the practice of representation in a special way, gave rise to a class of purely religious and emblematic paintings, through the medium of human types. This new Art was entirely an ecclesiastical pursuit: the modes of representation were settled by the church, and it was practiced exclusively by monks. The *purpose* of this style is particularized by this original and special characteristic, that it undertook to express or denote, by the manner of the features and limbs, the moral graces of the divine and saintly characters. It took its outlines, of course, from the degraded Roman Art, then existing; but it used them with a new intention and effect. The heads of saints were depicted with meagre, sorrowful, ascetic expressions, which are not to be regarded as attempts to imitate, in the best practicable way, the natural, visible beauty and dignity of the human face, but to indicate the mortification, self-denial, and carnal humiliation, which were the virtues glorified by the church. The beauty contemplated was altogether inward and mental. So, in the scene of the crucifixion, the Saviour was drawn emaciated almost to a skeleton, a mode of figuring, long maintained among the early German artists, among many of whom, such as Wolgemuth and Albert Durer, a certain asceticism of purpose is discernible. Sir Joshua Reynolds remarks, upon one of these pictures, that the early artists seem to have painted the crucifixion, upon a supposition that the Saviour died by starvation. The purpose, really, was to symbolize to the thought that subdual of all natural and personal glory and vanity, that victory over the flesh, its pride, its boast, and its enjoyments, which were identified with the Redeemer's merit in that transaction. This style, thus symbolical in character, and intellectual in significance, was prescribed and conventional in its methods. The modes of representation were fixed by ecclesiastical authority, so that it was not lawful to change them. They form, in effect, a hieroglyphic language, embodying theological meanings, and speaking to the mind, rather than the senses. It appears from the "*Manuel d'Iconographie Chrétienne*," translated by

M. Didron, and before referred to, that particular directions for representing every scene and subject that the painter was permitted to treat, was given in the monkish manuscripts from which the paintings of that day were made. And it may be remarked, as a curious fact, that the subjects and the method of treating them, which are found throughout all the schools of Italy and Germany in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, are quite the same as those contained in M. Didron's manuscript; rendering it perfectly clear that they were derived from some such ecclesiastical precepts.

It was upon the types of this Byzantine school, that the infant genius of Italian Art began to work in the thirteenth century. It was in reproducing their forms and countenances, under a condition of increased freedom from the superstitious rigor of symbolism, and with a more genial sympathy with the nature whence those shapes and faces originally were drawn, that the earliest movements of creative power were manifested in pictures. Let us recur to the Madonnas of Duccio di Siena, in the church of San Dominico in Siena, and Cimabue, in the Novella at Florence; taking the former, especially, as a monument, because it is the oldest existing *picture*, or movable work, of an Italian artist, and bears the date, A. D., 1220. Any one familiar with the Byzantine specimens which remain in the Italian galleries, will at once see that these are entirely of that school in their style, and differ from good specimens in nothing but the increased degree of nature and humanity that softens and animates the faces. It is simply the frozen or petrified type of womanhood, which had been preserved like a mummy under the huge robe in which the Virgin was represented, now gradually melting and relaxing back into life and consciousness. But Byzantine in style as these works are, they are Italian in the power of their inspiration. It is rather the mode, at present, as in Dante's day, to exalt Giotto at the expense of Cimabue; but it seems to me that, in reference to the time when he wrought, the latter deserves to be considered as one of the mightiest and most original geniuses that ever appeared; fit herald of the coming of Leonardo and Michael Angelo;

the flaming morning-star of a day that spread from the Gulf of Naples to the Adriatic, bright with the splendors of Rafael, Correggio, Titian, and Dominichino. The Madonna in the Santa Maria Novella is, to my feelings, a work of exalted and ever-during merit, worthy to be carried, at this day, in triumph through the streets. It is a great work, in comparison with any age; and has more inspiration than could be gleaned from all the pictures that have been painted in Europe in the two last centuries. In the east transept, for the church runs north and south, stands this celebrated work. It is very large. The Virgin, of colossal size, is seated on a throne, holding the infant in her lap. Her robe and head-dress are extremely dark, and bordered with gold. Her face is of a natural form, and full of beauty and expression; the eyes open and large. The child, whose right hand is held out, with two fingers extended, in the attitude of benediction, as practiced in the Latin Church, is a fine figure. Along the sides of the picture, are six kneeling forms of angels, in various positions, freely and excellently drawn; with countenances of heavenly loveliness, and in attitudes highly graceful. A spiritual power pervades the work, which stamps it as the production of a truly great artist.

Giotto, however, is a name justly memorable, on account of the prodigious advance which he made in leading Art in the direction of life and reality,—qualities for which he was more remarkable than for spirituality, and in which he was not universally followed by the most eminent of his immediate Florentine successors. Fortunately for the greatness of the Florentine school, its passage into perfect nature was postponed for nearly two centuries. That interval shows a constant progress, under many varieties of manner, in developing the riches of conception, and the resources of form and composition. We may note two classes of these artists: those who were pre-eminently spiritual, such as Fra Beato and Orcagna; and those whose bias, like Giotto's, was to the actual, such as Filippino Lippi, Benozzo Gozzoli, and Cosimo Roselli. The two characters were best united in Masaccio. But in the works of all these artists, until we come to Leonardo, more or less of the old conventionalism

stiffens the figures and distorts the composition. Something of the archaic symbolism, which, in giving intensity to inward expression and significance, made the attitudes and grouping awkward, was always visible. But at last, by Leonardo da Vinci, the conceptions of Art were embodied in forms entirely natural in character, movement, and condition. In the productions of that wonderful man, the spiritual and the real were brought into union in a harmony the most absolute. From that time, Art spoke the universal language of nature. He is the author of this great transition, and the father of the perfect school of Art. Then quickly followed Michael Angelo and Rafael, and the style was irrevocably established. Much of the freedom and actuality of manner which Leonardo and Michael Angelo instituted, was derived from their anatomical studies, and from their practice in modeling and casting. But the general transition was principally stimulated by the rediscoveries then made of the ancient works of Greek sculpture, nearly all of which had been lost beneath the rubbish and mould of centuries.

In the older works of Fra Beato and Perugino, the faces are little else than calm mirrors of passive mental sweetness and purity, and the figures serve for little but to sustain the faces. If the countenances form deep and satisfying studies of spirituality, it is no objection that the attitude or action be not altogether lifelike. In like manner, in that earlier school, we meet with many instances where, although the forms may be accurately and finely drawn, the composition is wholly spiritual and symbolical, and not in the least historical or dramatic; as in pictures where the Madonna is seated on a throne, with one or two saints on either side of her. These seem to be derived from a more ancient style of representing the Madonna on a central panel, and two or four saints in separate compartments adjoining her. Then the removal of the dividing frames placed the holy attendants in rows beside her, as is common in Perugino, and is sometimes found in Rafael, as, for example in the Madonna di Foligno. The composition does not pretend to represent any thing that did or might take place. Saints of the

most various times are brought together around the mother and infant. The parties are not attending to one another. Each stands wrapt in meditation. The impression and interest of each are meant to be spiritual; and the company represents nothing but an aggregation of pious contemplations. In the succeeding style, figures are brought together only as taking part in some consistent and probable action, as in Correggio's St. Jerome.

The truth and greatness of this new and perfect style rest upon this principle or law: that the forms and scenes of life, viewed of course ideally, possess capacity to embody and represent all spiritual sentiments. In another department, Shakspeare has shown that society, as it moves, illustrates moral truth more accurately, fully, and strikingly than any dissertations could reveal it. But to have this representative power of instruction, it must be viewed and rendered imaginatively; and in reading or seeing Shakspeare's dramas, one knows not which to consider more remarkable, the truthfulness to nature or the vivid imaginativeness of conception, by which that high truth is brought out. The living greatness and intellectual power of that dramatist lie in the naturalness of his characters and scenes, and in their immense elevation above the literality of the actual. To form the consummate manner of Leonardo and Michael Angelo, a common approximation took place between the spiritual feeling on the one hand, and the natural form on the other. The human figure was conceived of, with a dignity, variety, expressiveness, and grandeur fit to indicate every spiritual feeling; and the spiritual was apprehended no longer in the abstract and morbid manner formerly prevailing, but in a concrete, personated, and individual style. The spirituality is identified with character, and treated illustratively instead of directly. But the spiritual still is the great and paramount subject of the artist, and living forms are but the medium of its display.

If we were compelled to assign an explanation of the almost instantaneous decline which this great Art underwent in the middle of the sixteenth century,—the loss of inspiration that

befell it like the accident of a moment,—we should connect the declension with that change in the *purpose* of artists, by which the imitation of the real came to be considered the substantive object of Art, and not the manifestation of moral truths through the means of the natural. When in the sedulous study and elaboration of living forms, undertaken, at first, to make them serve a higher function, the painter became fascinated and satisfied with the mere realization of the outward and visible, then Art fell like lightning from the heaven of its divineness. In Leonardo, Michael Angelo, and Rafael, every limb, every feature, every action,—all that enters into the outlines, the composition, and the light and shade,—is significant of something mental. After them, the material and visible predominates over the inward and suggestive. Parts, or the whole, are painted, for the effect on the senses, not the influence of the soul. And now, critics teach and artists practice, upon the maxim that Art consists in the most lifelike transfer of objects from reality to canvas. To paint a figure, or other object, in such a manner that it shall look in every respect like the thing itself, and almost be mistaken for it, is the disgraceful boast of modern Art.

Landscape, no doubt, belongs to the declining day of Art's inspiration. The shapes and scenes of the inanimate world are unfit to be the vehicles of the fervid, deep, impetuous emotions of the early and strong hours of the life of Art: the human form and face, only, can supply them with a language. Landscape, therefore, begins under the reign of later and milder sentiments. Claude, Salvator, and Gaspard Poussin, appeared a century after Rafael. Still, according to its capacity, landscape, in its best days and in the hands of these masters, has clearly a symbolical character; and is representative or suggestive of certain appropriate moral sentiments. The horror of the sombre forest is made tributary to an effect of fierce crime, bitter remorse, gloomy contemplation, or savage cynicism; the vivid morning betokens enterprise in commencing action; the noon speaks of broad, bright, happy safety and contentment; the evening breathes domestic quiet, pensive meditation and

sweet repose. This moral purpose and effect of landscape are conspicuous in the great early masters I have named. The first grand landscapes that we know of, were created to increase the moral interest of a living composition which was itself the direct and main theme of the painter. These are contained in the Peter Martyr of Titian, in the church of San Giovanni é Paolo, in Venice, and in the Saint Jerome in the Desert, in the Brera at Milan, (No. 6 of the catalogue,) from the hand of the same various and all-accomplished artist. In the former of these, how significantly the scenery augments the sternness of the deed, yet supplies the higher view of the saintly suffering. The light streaming down from the open heaven upon the dark trees, kindles them with a lurid illumination: terror fills the woods; but above, the placidness of the dark blue sky explains and justifies the providence which permits the barbarity. In the other, the matted hemlock trees which imprison the praying eremite, and the mass of light which, beyond him, pours in from the deep heaven, with its whitish clouds, exemplify the inward condition of the solitary wrestler with sin. In all of Claude's landscapes the emblematic meaning is obvious. He usually adds some subsidiary composition of persons, to point the inherent design; and most of his pictures have received, from himself or others, some allegorical name. The same thing is yet more apparent in Salvator, whose scenes have an irresistible effect on the imagination, and who often introduces figures to aid in representing the sentiment of the landscape. Take, for example, the two black and wild, but most powerful Salvators in the Marquis of Westminster's collection in London; Democritus contemplating the end of all things,—seated in a gloomy wood with a heap of skulls and bones at his feet, and Diogenes about to throw away his wooden cup on seeing a man drink from a spring without one. The landscape effect in both of these is principally and powerfully moral. When you pass to the woods and fields of Ruysdael and Böth, you find that the charm of the scene still lies in the indication of sentiment. It is not, perhaps, a spiritual, or even moral sentiment; it may be only a natural one. But still, in their works, the character of land-

scape Art is, the production of some imaginative feeling through the medium of an ideal scene.

At present, we live in a time when landscape is almost the only growth that Art has strength enough to put forth, and landscape, only in that last and lowest stage in which all mental significance is lost, and nothing but an illusive imitation of objects, for themselves, is valued; as in Achenbach.

The law, that Art begins with an invented symbolism, then takes up actual forms as the basis of ideal creations for the embodiment of profound sentiments, and at last loses sight of every such secondary meaning, and merely reproduces the real form for its own purpose of its utility, with such fantastical decorations as can be accumulated upon it, is also illustrated in the history of Architecture. Gothic, Roman, Greek, and Egyptian architecture are to be viewed as constituting but one vital and continuous trunk; each having grown out of its predecessor. Egyptian architecture is clearly thus far symbolical, that its structures are not imitated from any dwellings actually used at the time, but are constructed upon some remote or imagined type, adapted to denote the gloom and mystery of a sombre religion. If Mr. Hope's conjecture be just, that the type of Egyptian buildings is the cavern hewn out of the rock, with upright supports left standing to sustain the roof, that architecture undoubtedly belongs to the first, symbolic stage, for such excavations assuredly did not form the contemporary habitations of that people, and probably did not even at the earliest times. The cavernous style of India and Egypt, as well the style of the Druids, was probably mystic in its character, and designed to produce awe. On the other hand, Chinese and Greek architecture belong to the second stage, when familiar and actual forms are idealized for the type of structures; the former using the tent, and the latter the cottage. The Greeks borrowed the column and entablature, with some attending elements, from Egypt, but applied them up to a form, which, to them was a natural and familiar object of life, the cottage. Roman architecture was merely Greek architecture worked with such modifications as the use of the arch, in connection with the

entablature introduced; and it was the mixture of two incongruous principles that made that style so false. When Gothic passed out of Romanesque, took up the arch alone, and, therewith, developed a consistent and harmonious system, it seized the familiar and immediate form of the Basilica, and expanded and idealized it into the cathedral. In both Greek and Gothic architecture, forms previously in use were adopted as vehicles of the religious sentiments which either style embodied; of wide, sustained and graceful majesty in the one case, and of long-drawn, lofty, still-receding vastness and solemnity in the other. Architecture, now, has no fixed character at all. It merely continues and repeats old forms, sometimes of the temple, sometimes of the cathedral; without any reference to imaginative or moral effect, and aiming only at some cleverness in copying the original which it produces.

Before leaving this law of the transition of art, from conventional symbolism suggested by nature, into pure and perfect natural and common forms, it may be noted that this transition has taken place commonly when art, in its former state, has past over to some other people, by whom the sacred immutability of the symbolic type is felt with less rigor. It is only the artist of some other, though kindred country, less imbued with reverence for the model, who feels freedom to improve it by human amendments. Thus, the forms of Egyptian sculpture were brought up to consummate nature, only when they passed from Egypt into Greece; and Byzantine symbolism in painting became freed and fashioned into human beauty, not in the East, where its shapes are still a religion, but in Italy, where they were but a prescriptive model, not an all-sacred sign.

I have gone through this investigation for the purpose of arriving at one critical principle in Art. It might have been easy to produce conviction, by a comparison of examples, that that style of Art, which, like Michael Angelo's, lightens forth mighty truths, solemn lessons, piercing judgments, is higher than that which transcribes a horse, a dog, or a rock, so faithfully that you are first surprised, then amused, and finally disgusted at the deception. But the historical survey we have made, fur-

nishes us with an inductive demonstration, a scientific certainty, founded on the origin and growth of Art, that its nature and essential function, are, to communicate spiritual impressions, to represent and thereby awaken moral emotions, to signalize the principles of the interior and higher life; and that natural forms,—the human form and the human countenance,—furnish in the most complete condition of Art, the types and language of its meaning, only because of their fixed essential adaptation to represent and convey, through a sympathetic medium and with sympathetic power, every variety of spiritual excellence that can have a personal existence. It follows, therefore, incontestably, that those modern schools of Art which rest in mere transcripts of actual and visible objects, seeking no ulterior suggestive effect, but aiming only at illusive imitation, is wholly *from* the native and appointed purpose of Art. Those who paint in that way, are not occupied about Art, at all. The modern, critical principle, which recommends and applauds the most real and lifelike imitation of figures, is false and erring. Such toys, as are thus produced, do not even form the *language* of Art; for natural forms must be recast in the imagination, and exalted by the reflection of the mind, before they enter into the symbolic dialect of inspiration. In proportion as an artist makes his figures actual and real in appearance, he diminishes their æsthetic significance; and when he accomplishes an effect of deception or illusion, he has set the seal of dumb imbecility upon his work. The modern condition of Art is directly opposite to that primitive state of things which existed in the days of Cimabue and Duccio di Siena. Art had then too many ideas for its power of expression; now, it has no ideas whatever to express. In that former Art, the fervor of indwelling ideas gradually raised and perfected the forms through which those ideas sought utterance; in this, the cold reality of form extinguishes all suggestions of ideas. The one was quick with the glories of Leonardo, Michael Angelo and Rafael; the other is smitten with incurable barrenness.

THE LAW

OF THE

DEVELOPMENT OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

I HAVE already spoken of that æsthetic inspiration of which Gothic architecture is the great monument; and have shown that it was one of collateral manifestations of an expanding and soaring increase in religious feeling in Transalpine Europe. A minuter attention to the conditions under which that vital energy evolved itself, advanced through continuous stages of progressive life, and then stagnated and became extinct, will throw some light on the psychological nature and laws of Art.

In tracing such history, it will be found that this creative spirit showed itself almost simultaneously in England, France, and Germany; a little later in Italy, the Netherlands and probably Spain; modified more or less by national circumstances in each country. It was the outflow of the genius of the race in these regions. No individual persons can be named who made this or that advance. It may be said to have evolved itself, by steps taken instinctively and blindly, here and there, but constituting, when connected, a harmonious and definite progression. Emanating from a part of our nature much less abstract, voluntary, and conscious than the intellect, its advance may be called a veritable growth. Like religion itself, of which it is a flower, it seems to shoot forth from the aggregated sympathy and intelligence of kindred nations.

Another important matter to be noted is, that this new style of Art developed itself directly out of that which had existed before; and each successive phase of it was derived immediately from the preceding one. The creative spirit of this Art began to move and manifest itself before the new types and forms that afterwards became identified with it, were produced. At first, it clothed itself entirely in the old shapes of an outworn Art; expanding, amplifying, and newly connecting them, however, into a capacity to give expression to its meanings. Gradually the combinations and modifications of these forms, which its operations made, educed new ones, which then became the winged and sympathetic language of this eloquent inspiration. But the spirit came first, and not the forms; and the spirit created the forms which it required for its uses.

The first marked and unmistakable manifestation of Gothic is the Norman architecture, which originated about Caen, was brought at the Conquest into England, and there received a splendid series of developments. This grew entirely out of the Romanesque architecture of the preceding centuries, which had shaped itself from the ruins of Roman Art. The Gothic cathedral took its form and members from the Basilicas of Rome, which had their nave and side-aisles, clerestory, triforium, and a tribune or choir, which was generally apsidal. The Gothic builders altered the proportions of these members, and produced new and peculiar effects, but the formal elements which they used were those which had been employed before. Even the characteristic ornaments of the Norman are old. The zigzag, or cheveron moulding, appears in Adams's drawings of the palace of Diocletian, at Spalatro. Besides this Norman movement in France and England, there had been, a little before, and about the same time, an activity in the purely Romanesque architecture, as in the older parts of the cathedral of Mentz, which yet have little or nothing of a Gothic character. But the Norman architecture of England, while it is Romanesque in its forms, is thoroughly Gothic in spirit and character, and properly to be regarded as the first full style of that architecture. I can imagine nothing more completely

from all rational purpose, than the discussions which have been carried on, about the origin of pointed architecture and the pointed arch. If those who have contended for this or that source of the pointed arch, under a supposition that the origin of pointed architecture was involved in that inquiry, had explored the great Norman cathedrals of England, they would have found that Gothic cathedral architecture, in every one of its characteristic qualities and impressions, was developed and established before the pointed arch was used. In its constructive principles, in its imaginative conception and effect, in general aspect and in particular detail, the Norman architecture of England is perfectly Gothic architecture. Let any man view the nave of Durham Cathedral—one of the mightiest and most sublime of the structures of man, yet light, and rich, and various, with the ease and power of a creative sentiment conscious of resources inexhaustible—the nave and transepts of Ely—the nave and some other parts of Gloucester—and he will never doubt that English Norman is a genuine style of Gothic. The fact, that in nearly all the English cathedrals, a part of the building is in the Norman style, and the rest in early English, decorated or perpendicular, and that all these parts unite and harmonize in a concord the most delightful, proves that they are entirely homogeneous. The same thing is demonstrated, more conclusively, by the circumstance that the Norman nave of Winchester, constructed in ——, was altered in ——, into a ——, by merely a superficial chiseling. The only considerable difference in the Norman is that the arches are round; but that and other differences do not separate it from any one of the later pointed styles more than they are discriminated from one another. Though this style seems to have begun in Normandy, and been advanced with some force in France, England is the region in which it swelled forth with an enthusiasm and an energy, in infancy, prophetic of the mighty exhibitions its mature life was to display. In Germany, its shoots were feeble. Bamberg Cathedral is, perhaps, one of the best specimens.

There was a great progression in the round arched English Norman; and its later forms grew far more light, and delicate,

and enriched, than its earlier. Finally, it passed into the pointed. It had lasted from the Conquest, in 1066, for about a century and a half; and then, about the year 1200, the pointed manner superseded it. No one, I think, can traverse England and see the principal ancient churches and cathedrals of that land without forming a firm opinion that the pointed style grew naturally and easily out of the later Norman. Notwithstanding the numerous plausible treatises that have been written in favor of other hypotheses, an observation of a number of early buildings satisfied me that the use of the pointed arch, in this architecture, was suggested by the intersection of round arches in galleries, and ornamental arch-courses. The question is not of the invention of the pointed arch, which was known long before, but of its employment in Gothic architecture. A strong illustration in support of this theory may be seen in the Chapter-house of the Cathedral of Bristol, which was also the Chapter-house of the old Monastery of Augustine. Nothing can exceed the architectural splendor and luxuriance of that apartment, which is purely Norman, though the richest and most beautiful specimen that I know of. It belongs to the date A. D. 1140. There is a long range of intersecting circular arches round the walls; and, where they intersect, it is opened, above and below; thus forming narrow pointed arches of great beauty. All the other arches in the room are round. As an evidence of the richness of this Norman example,—above the stall-arches, the space is richly paneled in diamonds.

View, also, the choir and transept of Canterbury Cathedral, where round and pointed arches are mixed in a way that shows that at that date they were used indifferently and in union. The style of that part of the building, one acquainted with English specimens would probably call Norman, but with pointed arches freely employed in it. In the Temple Church, at London, any one looking at the range of arches in the upper part of the circular portion of that structure would be at a loss to decide whether the architect primarily intended round or pointed arches, or did not equally intend both, alternately. The lower part of the building is composed of pointed arches, and the upper gallery

is, probably, an instance of pointed arches having their mouldings carried along the wall so as to form full circular arches, rather than of a range designed to be round, accidentally discovering pointed arches by intersection. It is, therefore, perhaps, an example of lingering upon round arches after the pointed were set entirely free; but whichever way it be looked at, it is an evidence of the close relation of the round and pointed manner. A consideration which indicates such intersection of round arches to have suggested the pointed style in Gothic, is that the form of the pointed arch, when it thus first came in, and during the whole period called Early English, is extremely narrow, or lancet; just the shape produced by such intersection, and entirely different from the forms of the Eastern arch, which are broad. The English arch grew wider in later times, by embracing several associated lancet arches. Any one who studies French or English Gothic historically, will not be inclined to adopt the theory of an oriental origin of the pointed style. The hypothesis which represents the pointed arch as evolved from the necessity or convenience of groining elongated areas, still acknowledges the use of this arch to be self-developed from the inherent tendencies and capacities of the style.

When, in the progress of working round-headed arches, the imagination of the Gothic builder became acquainted with this new type,—this new formal element of combination,—the tall lancet arch, it obviously suggested a new and appropriate conception of design and composition. And it is chiefly in composition and ideal conception, that the Early Pointed differs from the Norman; and it was that arch that led at once to the soaring, and shapely, and slender constructions that succeeded. Then rose to heaven the gleaming needles of Salisbury's long arcades; whose arches seem to be hung down from the skies rather than raised from the earth; whose fearlessly upspringing shafts are a perpetual chant of *Sursum Corda;* creating an ever-upward current of feelings. Then swelled on high the vault of Amiens; fit to be the portal of the world above. Then shot into the clouds, the arrowy flights of Cologne's luminous choir windows, lost in

a vision of gorgeous hues, as the dazzled sight droops from its straining gaze.

> .... Aerias telum contorsit in auras,
> Ostentans artem pariter, arcumque sonantem.
> —Volans liquidis in nubibus arsit arundo
> Signavitque viam flammis, tenuesque recessit
> Consumta in ventos.

The Norman style had previously worked itself out of the massive and cavernous heaviness of its first manner into a more elegant and delicate lightness; and each one of its members was ready to undergo that modification which adapted it to enter into the unity of the Early English effect. The piers or pillars, for example, of the later round-arch style in France and England had departed from the single thick cylinder of the early period, into a combination of four or more round pillars encircling a central one; and the transition from this to the clustered pier of the Early Pointed was gradual and easy; and the moulding which represented the connecting band of these several shafts, became the ring so characteristic of Early English. An usual style of arching in the Norman and Romanesque, was to include a triplet of little arches under one embracing arch; and when the large arch became pointed, and these smaller arches were pressed together, the central one was lifted from its feet, and the whole were brought up against the sides of the including arch; and then, coalescing with it, they formed the trefoiled arch, one of the most pervading and peculiar of the Early English elements. In like manner, the cheveron became sharpened into the tooth ornament.

This new style, which prevailed about a century, gradually expanded, and grew more solid, and received richer and heavier decorations; the arches widened, and the pier grew broader; and, finally, it passed into a new type, the Decorated, sometimes called the Perfect Gothic; though, according to my taste, it is the later and richer forms of the Early English, which in purity, expression and beauty, display the perfection of the Gothic Art. But the derivation of this variety, out of its predecessor, was natural and continuous. In the windows of the Early English,

particularly as it advanced, we constantly find a combination of two arches under one containing arch, with a trefoiled circle, or several such, or some similar figures, in the head. In the Decorated, all these coalesce into a single window, or arch; the dividing shafts being thinned away into vertical mullions, and the heads of the included arches and circles or trefoils or quatrefoils combining into one complex and flowing figure, by a transition which, in France, where chiefly it was evolved, may be traced with an absolute conviction of certainty. At the same time, to suit this widened type of window, the piers, which before had maintained the indications of a cluster of distinct shafts, now ran together into one somewhat monstrous figure. Another element, which perhaps is the most striking and uniform characteristic of the Decorated style, is the angular pediment or canopy raised over the arch. This appears to have been a simple intrusion into the Gothic, of a Roman or classic form, and probably was caught from Italy. But Gothic Art, then, had vigor enough to assimilate it to itself and work it up into its own system. It set crockets and a finial upon it, and, like a convert to a new faith of Art, it became one of the most orthodox and conspicuous members. This is the style which is the most widely spread throughout the continent; and in Germany, it continued to the end; for though it grew more expanded and richer, and more adorned, even to capriciousness and bad taste; yet, in that country, no new, distinctive style of Gothic appeared. In England, however, and in France, there remained enough organizing or germinative energy, to produce, in each country, one further and peculiar type, as the last flash of Gothic inspiration. These are the Perpendicular in England, and the Flamboyant in France.

The fortunes of the life of the later Gothic seem to have been principally influenced by the introduction of paneling; which was, no doubt, of classic or Italian derivation. It is found copiously in the later German Gothic, but it did not enter into a vital and modifying connection with it; it merely mixes with it subordinately. In England, the chief peculiarities of the Perpendicular may be referred to its taking up and incorpo-

rating into itself, the form and principle of rectangular paneling; —the setting of arches in panels, and the running of paneled bands and galleries around and across other members. The vertical mullions in the heads of windows, which became one of the most popular signs of that style, arose obviously from the mixture of rectangular paneling with arches. That vertical kind of tracery was probably first worked out in screens and galleries, from putting arches into panels, and was then applied to windows. But the earliest perpendicular compound windows are formed by running up a square paneled frame between the subordinate arches which form the window. However, when once this union of vertical lines in tracery was effected, its varieties of course became endless. The origin of the transom, which in England seems peculiar to the Perpendicular, but on the continent is constantly found in the Decorated, is easily explained. In the French cathedrals, where the effort seems to have been to reduce the walls as much as possible to windows, probably for the display of painted glass, in which that country excelled, we find the triforium and clerestory so much expanded and connected that the interval between them becomes merely a tablet or a little gallery. In the ends of the nave and transepts, where the arrangement actually passes into one great window, this little paneled or arched gallery still runs across, and gave rise to transoms, which in England are narrowed down into plain bars, but on the continent are often found as veritable little galleries.

The peculiarities of the French Flamboyant style are by no means confined, as is often supposed, to the flowing and flaming tracery in the heads of windows, which would make it only a late and full style of Decorated. In galleries, screens, staircases, &c., it evolves an original, definite, and extremely agreeable style of Art. No one can look at the curious, circular, porch-like façade of the church of St. Maclou, at Rouen, or the brilliant staircase in the west corner of the north transept of Rouen cathedral, which leads into the library, or the splendid but mutilated remains of the Bourbon chapel in the cathedral of Lyons, without agreeing that the Flamboyant had its own

true germ of life, and that it is one of the most vital and genuine of the French types of Gothic. Mainly, however, and in what it differs specifically from the ordinary Decorated style, it is characterized by a wavy and very luxuriant style of paneling.

The latest Gothic in all countries might fitly be called the Paneled Gothic; the paneling being rectangular or vertical in England, and wavy in France.

The inquiry, whether France, England, or Germany is entitled to the honor of having developed the Gothic style, is equally jejune with the search after the foreign sources of the pointed arch. When the discussion of a question leads only to perplexity, it may be concluded that the question does not truly arise, or is not properly put. This architecture was developed concurrently in France and England. The transition from Norman to Early Gothic, and thence to Decorated, consisted in several alterations; and a careful examination of specimens in the two countries makes it probable, that some particulars were worked out in one country, and some in the other, and that all being consistent, and belonging to the same advanced stage of the style, they were united into one new type of Art. For example, in the Early Pointed, while I am inclined to think that England worked out the pointed arch, and established the corresponding system of composition, I should infer that France contributed the slight clustered pier, because those combinations of slender columns surrounding a larger central one, out of which it grew, are more general in France, and continued there longer, as if they were native to the soil. But, upon the whole, I think that England is fairly entitled to the merit of somewhat leading France in the development of the Early Pointed system, as a complete style of construction, and a new character of Art; because, as far as I can determine, the English buildings in this way are a little earlier in date than similar ones in France; and because the late and light Norman, out of which I think it sprang, was brought to that pregnant fullness and force in England only; and because it flourished long and purely and proudly on English soil, whereas in France it passed almost immediately into Decorated. But if England may make

this boast, France justly claims the creation of the Decorated. The wide arches in which it deals are connected with that love of transparency which caused the French builders to make large windows a principal feature in their cathedrals; and the progress of window-head tracery may be followed step by step in France, which cannot be done in England. This style soon became European. The Norman, Early English, and Perpendicular are essentially English styles, the first and last almost exclusively so; the Flamboyant is French; the Decorated is continental. In England, the number of buildings in this last style is small, in comparison with those in the other three manners. But viewing Gothic in its entireness, it is in England and France that the rich resources of that Art were developed; and Germany adopted, employed, and illustrated the style, rather than created it. I cannot repress my surprise that Mr. Hope should have maintained the opinion that Germany is the native land of the Gothic, chiefly on the ground that the German cathedrals are greater and finer than those of any other country. That very circumstance is an indication the other way. They are grander and richer and more gorgeous, because the builders of them were dealing with a style of Art whose capacities were then fully brought out, and afforded an almost boundless choice of elements. The composition of the elements of Art in a vast edifice is a different matter from the evolution or creation of those elements as forms capable of a congruous union into effective compositions. In that sort of combination, the architects of Cologne, Strasbourg, and Fribourg, deserve great applause, but little or nothing in those buildings belongs to the history of the development and perfecting of the types and æsthetic materials of Gothic Art. The formation or improvement of an alphabet or language is a distinct affair from the creation of lofty works in it, when it has become settled. Mr. Hope's architecture is valuable for the progress of building from the time of Constantine till the appearance of Gothic; but this latter he had not studied historically or minutely.

The evasive uncertainty and illusive interest of this inquiry as to the country which developed Gothic architecture, arises

from certain *mental* laws of Art, or rather laws of the mind in respect to Art, which are not always considered. If any one studies architectural specimens on English, French, or even German soil, exclusively, he will probably make up his mind that the development took place in the country to which he is attending; because he will see there a continuous and natural progression, and a regular series of all the transitions that the Art, in its general history, has gone through. Yet many of these advancements, which seem to be growths of the spot, may have been derived from abroad. For the adoption of a foreign novelty in Art is not a mechanical importation of a material object, it is the mental incorporation of an ideal influence; and the mind, in taking into itself any new type, always, by its inherent laws, recasts it into an assimilation with its own natural and previous conceptions, and reproduces it under modifications that ally it to pre-existing apprehensions. It does not take up the novelty as a new starting-point for its labors; it works its old forms under modifications derived from the new suggestion. So that, while there is a vital energy in the mental constitution of Art, in any land, the progression of Art there will have the appearance of being self-evolved, though much may have been imitated from a distance. This, of course, is while there is a life of art-power at home; for, if that is completely dead, foreign forms come in, entirely, or by piecemeal, by a process differing little from local transportation.

While the continent and England thus co-operated in the elaboration of Gothic architecture, the former excelled in those great fabrics which make the glory of medieval construction, and the latter worked the successive styles with greater purity, and realized in them a finer discrimination of character. Purity of style probably consists in combining only those elements which are strictly homogeneous, and tributary to one impression or sentiment: and to seize the characteristic expression of each element, and bring it out the most justly, and in conjunction only with matters that co-operate to the same effect, accomplishes a purity that is essentially classic; and this is to be seen in England as nowhere else. Its Norman had a clear, definite,

and most solemn grandeur; awing the sense, arresting the imagination in an expectation of something to be revealed from a call to reverence, so emphatic and impressive. The ordinary Romanesque of the continent exhibits nothing like this. In England, the Early Pointed differs from the Decorated in moral significance, in imaginative impression, in inherent ideal sentiment. View, for example, the north transept of York Minster, with its great window of lancet arches, called the Seven Sisters; or the long chapel of the Nine Altars at the head of Durham Cathedral, forming a second transept, the most exquisite specimen of Early English in the kingdom; what romantic grace of melancholy tenderness, what pensive charm of wasted elegance, —like some ballad tale of neglected and enduring sentiment,— hangs around the scene! The passage from this to the Decorated style of the nave of York is a change from the presence of a love-lorn, gentle maiden, to the company of an expanded, happy matron. So, in England, the latest Gothic of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, St. George's at Windsor, or King's College Chapel, has a wholly different character, and a distinct ordonnance of lines, from the Decorated Chapter-house of Ely. Whereas, we are not conscious of any such change of sentiment or effect in passing from the early to the middle and thence to the late Gothic, in France and Germany; these vary, not essentially in tone or significance, but only in the degree of fullness and richness. In the English cathedrals, these strongly discriminated styles are placed side by side; the rule apparently being, that every kind of new erection, or change, or addition, should be executed in the manner that was prevailing at the time. They are juxta-placed, each in its own fixed character, but they are never confused together. Thus, in the beautiful Early English choir of Ely, three arches nearest the cross, which had been destroyed by the fall of part of the tower, were rebuilt in a rich Decorated manner in the fourteenth century. Salisbury is almost the only cathedral in the kingdom which is in a uniform style. The others are patchworks of several, sometimes of all the four styles. England is the country in which to study the *language* of this architecture in all its varieties; but the finest

works in it, though produced in some instances after the language had grown a little debased, are abroad. The English cathedrals are of wonderful interest and beauty, but rather from the surpassing excellence with which the styles are illustrated, than from the combined richness and expression of the whole. In England you admire the elegant perfection of arches, piers, screens, or windows; in France your mind is lost in the magnificence and power of the entire combination. But if England's cathedrals are inferior to those of France, they are more beautiful than any thing else in the world. Durham and Ely and Winchester and Salisbury—what needs the soul of man more impressive, glorious, transcendent than these?

There are some differences in the arrangement of the French and English cathedrals. In the latter, the last end is commonly square, which allows of a great window. The continental choirs are generally apsidal, with chapel-flanked aisles flowing continuously round them. This circular termination is retained from the old Basilicas and Romanesque churches. Almost the only square-ended cathedral that I recollect, is Laon. In France, the clerestory and triforium windows are of much greater size and extent, constituting almost walls of glass; so that the illumination is very complete. Colored glass accordingly forms a striking characteristic. Much of it is of great antiquity and well preserved. The splendor and beauty of the hues are wonderful. On the continent, the exteriors, and particularly the façades, are much more showy than in England. The profusion of wide flying buttresses, which, in the latter country, are not very common, give the French and German cathedrals a striking aspect.

I have traced these brief notices of Gothic architecture, not for the purpose of giving an exposition of this style of building, but to illustrate by such a review, some of the characteristics and laws which belong to the development and natural history of Art. Gothic architecture, like Italian painting, is not so interesting from its inherent beauty, as on account of the light which it throws upon the laws of the mind in one of its most curious departments. In the paper on the schools of painting, it will

be seen that the same principles are manifested in the case of a kindred faculty, and I have there discussed them somewhat more at large.

From the remarks in a previous paper, it appears that this creative spirit was an emanation or outworking of religious sentiment existing in excess; and that when this excess corrected or discharged itself at the Reformation, the life of architecture went out.

The circumstances in regard to this architecture, noted in the present paper, indicate that Art proceeds from an inspiration pervading society in certain nations or regions. The collective mind of a whole community appears to be the seat of this creative instinct, and individuals in different places and successive times are the organs of certain progressions and improvements in the Art, which, when viewed together, are found to have a systematic connection that the separate agents neither knew nor intended.

It appears also, from the example of Gothic architecture, that every movement in Art, whether it be such a movement as is the beginning of a new style, or such an one as is only a progression in that style, proceeds out of the Art which was existing before. In the mental history of society, there is a perpetual continuity, and the relations to previous conditions are stronger, in proportion as the matter belongs more to the instinctive and less to the abstract faculties. Art is the result of the affections working intellectually; and the progress of any art forms an unbroken trunk. New influences, new particulars, may come athwart the progression, and be worked up into and with that which was before; but some fibres of connection run through every transition.

It is further to be noted, that while the vital force of Gothic architecture continued, it had in it a constant principle or impulse of progression and evolution, so that each progress brought with it still a tendency to push forward into a further stage. The early Norman advanced into the late Norman; the first style of Early English grew into a subsequent manner considerably different; and so there was an early and a late Decorated;

and an early and a late Perpendicular. This unconscious progression in the type of an art; this successive reproduction of the style under a modified variety, and not repetition of an unaltered form, is one of the most important laws of Art. It furnishes a certain test of vitality in Art; and when there is no continuous progression, in better or worse taste, but merely stagnation or capricious and unconnected shootings in this or that direction, the life of Art is gone. It indicates, also, that Art is the growth of a living element,—the development of a natural germ of creative force. It suggests, too, that every gift of art-genius in a nation, necessarily works itself out to exhaustion: and it explains why artist-power always exists or is found in occasional inspirations or schools.

When the moral force of the Gothic principle was spent, architecture no longer threw itself into other and further stages of existence, but lingered upon itself, and grew luxuriant and corrupt. At length, Italian sentiments, ideas and forms came athwart it, which it had neither character enough to resist, nor reactive energy enough to subdue and incorporate; and its long and glorious career was at an end. You may trace, by monuments, almost the year and day of this demise. It was between the commencement and the completion of King's College Chapel, at Cambridge. It was between the erection of the chantries of Fox and of Gardiner in the choir of Westminster Cathedral. It was between the date of the erection of the façade and the towers of the Cathedral of Tours. When Gothic Art admitted an infusion of Italian principles, it grew depraved upon the instant; and when it lost its purity, it forfeited its inspiration. Then succeeded a long era of oppressive bad taste, from which we happily have been relieved for the last half century, by having no taste at all.

Since Gothic ceased to be an inspiration, sundry small attempts have been made to build in it,—chiefly in the poorest style,—the Perpendicular; and two great attempts, Orleans Cathedral and the new Parliament Houses.

The Cathedral was begun by Henry IV. after the year 1600, and is a respectable but cold imitation of previous works with-

out a spark of creative interest. If any one would see the difference between an architecture that is yet vital, and one that is merely mechanical; between a form created and a form combined; let him compare the Cathedral of Tours with that of Orleans, which is closely modeled from it. The styles of both are similar, and in both there prevails throughout a unity in style. But the unity of one is made up into a variety as exhaustless as it is delightful; that of the other is a wearying monotony. The architect of Tours makes no two of his window-heads alike; he diversifies them by differences of every sort that are consistent with their prescribed character; he groups them variously; he introduces galleries which, themselves, are full of fine diversities. But, chiefly, he gives freedom and originality, and the glow and grace of an animated existence to his work by moulding it upon certain sentiments of spiritual grandeur and beauty, which charge the whole structure with significance and glory. Though dealing with fixed elements, he combines them into a rich, impassioned, eloquent result. In Orleans, there was no foregoing instinct of a feeling or a truth to be embodied or represented. It is a meaningless geometric figure, filled up with a tedious repetition of arches, minted in the same die.

Or, let any man make the circuit of French or English cathedrals, and then place himself on Westminster Bridge, in front of one of the most boasted structures of modern times. I speak not of the vicious taste which has misapplied to a great political edifice, that extremely ornate style of Perpendicular which is adapted only to chapels, chantries, or at most to a choir. Viewed as a composition, or creation of form, the new Parliament House, grandiose in dimensions and gorgeous in decorations, shows not one ray of invention, not one touch of original conception, not one suggestion of sentiment or one breathing of life. It resembles a cast-iron stove on a great scale, or a cast-iron railing in which a commonplace form is repeated insipidly without modification. Chartres or Ely is a tree, growing freely and boldly, encountering obstacles, and surmounting or working them in with an energy that makes deviation a new and higher

illustration of principle, exhibiting a thousand beauties of light and shade by its interlacing branches and its flowering foliage, glittering with dewy freshness, and full of the song of birds. The Senate House is the same tree, dead, and reconstructed by the rules of carpentry into a large ornamented box. It is not unfitly called a monument of Gothic Art; for it announces the death and sepulture of that whose merits it was raised to display.

THE

PRINCIPLE OF BEAUTY IN WORKS OF ART.

[AN UNCORRECTED FRAGMENT.]

THE philosophy of taste has become little else than a system of verbal confusion, because it has dealt in metaphysical conception upon a subject that is experimental and actual. "The Beautiful," as a mental essence, is an empty and unprofitable notion. The attempt to explore the inherent nature and constitution of beauty is idle. But we may reasonably investigate the law of the development or derivation of beautiful forms.

There are indefinite varieties and degrees of beauty in different objects; and the attempt to draw a line of definition which shall include all beauty on the one hand, and exclude nothing that has beauty on the other, will cause the failure of all theorists who endeavor to impound the beautiful in their hypotheses. But in some material arts, we meet with examples in a style which our sentiments, and the history of the world, concur in indicating as the practical perfection of beauty in the subject concerned. This highest beauty is the matter which in Art we seek for, and the only valuable inquiry is, what is the method through which it is pursued, and what are the relations under which it appears. When moulded into forms of such beauty,

matter has power to make a direct address to our highest and finest sentiments: like the animated features of a person, it becomes representative of emotions; it telegraphs thoughts and feelings into our spirits, with an immediateness, decision, and distinctness, greater than the rational powers of language can exhibit; it touches notes of sympathy which we cannot reach, because they lie beyond the sweep of intellectual apprehension.

This high, perfect beauty has never been reached but in one way; by the imagination taking up some natural or useful form, and reproducing it according to the imagination's own elevating and improving conception. This power of beautifying forms in the process of reflecting them,—of transmuting them into elegance by conceiving them—is the inherent property of imagination, resulting from its rational constitution; it differs in different persons, and he who is most largely dowered with this brightly-moulding reactiveness of spirit, is the greatest artist. Beauty, then, is an imaginative image of some real form. But the natural, or useful, in its highest sense, is the necessary base of the highest beauty; and the recognition of nature and utility, that is, reality and meaning, must extend through every part of the work, and if there is any member, or detail of ornament, which the imagination cannot refer to nature or connect with some purpose or significance, the beauty is of a low, base kind, nearer to disgust than delight. When ornaments that have not a natural or rational connection with the work are added, a debased beauty is produced, gratifying only to false taste.

Why the high and true beautiful can be derived only from the real and practical, no reason need or can be given. The observation that it is so in the great examples of such beauty that the world has seen, is enough to warrant us in concluding that this is a general law. But, it is in accordance with the constitution of life. The actual, as conceived by the intellect, gives us science, and the actual, as conceived by the imagination, may give us beauty. As the justness of the inductive method is founded in the circumstance that the connections of

things, which the reason makes in following its own notions, do not result in truth, but that we must follow the indications of nature to attain it, so it seems that the forms and combinations which the fancy contrives, never reach that beauty, and that adaptation to human feeling, which may be found by adhering to the suggestions of reality. No forms but those of nature and utility can have the rational unity and homogeneousness necessary to produce that instantaneous effect upon the spirit which is essential to the highest effect.

A representation of reality must therefore be the basis of every subject of Art, and of every ornament connected with that subject. As for the elevation and modification which reality must undergo from the imagination in passing into the beautiful, the character of that change lies hidden within the veiled chambers of the intelligence itself, which no eye may inspect. Under the inspirations of feeling, the exalting, and vivifying, and illuminating powers of imagination are almost boundless. The reflection of an object in a pure, clear lake, reproduces it in all its truth, but refined, and recast into some degree of beauty. When an object has passed before the senses, and the memory would again present it to our attention, the form, thus revived, though the same, is another. But when Imagination new-creates the image, under the influence of some emotion, such as reverence, love, or admiration, which urges it to brighten, and raise, and glorify the object, it comes forth, as it were, transfigured, spiritualized, made perfect. This is the beauty-bearing function of Imagination; and this explains why it must act under the instigation of the religious sentiment,—which includes the whole family of those sentiments which revere, admire, and love —in order to realize the perfections of Art.

How was the beauty of Greek sculpture derived? The imagination, acting on a real object, the human object, and conceiving it with the pleasurable glow of a natural and cheerful worship, evolved those examples of excellence. Those who suppose that there is one absolute standard of beauty of form, existing in the spirit, and that this is approached or touched in some of the great models of Greece, are following the reveries

of a vicious and exploded metaphysics. No account can be given of the proportions and prevailing curvatures of the Apollo, the Hercules, or the Venus, than to refer them to the idiosyncrasy of the imaginative mating of the sculptor's mind, in which they were cast. There is nothing absolute in them as types of abstract perfection. These examples of beauty are very numerous; they vary greatly from one another; all have some specific merit; there is none of which it could be said, "Nothing can go beyond it."

But the objects which these remarks have principally in view is to point out the law upon which depends the special excellence of Greek architecture and of Gothic architecture of the best times, over some other styles, especially the Roman and modern Italian. It is this; that all the ornaments are derived immediately out of the actual constitution and nature of the structure, and are, to the imagination, but reality modified into elegance without departing from its own truth.

Take, for illustration, the highest and most classic type of Grecian architecture, the Parthenon. In the first place, the basis of the entire form was a real and familiar object, the Cottage. As for the proportions, they can only be referred, as in the case of sculpture, to the imaginations of the architects reproducing this form under the influence of certain sentiments of simple majesty, chaste elegance or luxuriant richness; and they were, therefore, as various as the resources of their imaginations, which were boundless in conception. The whole system of ornaments depended upon displaying to the eye the actual construction of the building, and incorporating into permanent decorations those appropriate adjuncts which in the actual use of the fane were wont to be connected with it. All that is the decorative is directly founded upon the real; and retains that suggestion of nature and utility which gives it meaning and truth. The triglyphs, afterwards in the Ionic, the dentils, represented the termination of the rafters when the structure was of wood; the guttæ

[Here apparently a small part of the MS. is lost.]

The wide-spreading roof, upheld by long colonnades, was in-

tended to give shelter to the worshipers as they thronged to the celebrations. In fact, the conception of the temple is not that of a close building surrounded by an appendage of columns; it is that of a roof sustained by a colonnade upon a platform, and having in the centre a small enclosure for sacrifices. Such character and purpose are wholly falsified in applying this form to modern building service, where the walls form the real limits of the building, and the side colonnades are but a superfluous addition. In the Parthenon nothing was adventitious; every thing had relation to nature, use and meaning.

When you come to Roman architecture, the matter is different. The use of the arch brought in a new principle of construction and support; yet in apparent effect the Greek style was adhered to. Hence, all became imposture. The arch was concealed; false entablatures were fabricated; and as the true elements of the building could not be shown, to form a basis of decoration, ornaments wholly foreign and fanciful were heaped on. The same remarks apply to the revived style which flourished in Italy after the downfall of Gothic in the sixteenth century.

The Gothic, as we have seen, worked itself out of the Romanesque; but finally it attained this characteristic of true beauty, that all its decorations grew directly out of its construction, by an evolution not only natural but almost necessary, and were therefore homogeneous with it.

As for the general relation between the mental conception of the building, and the illustration of that conception in the construction, it must be recollected that the essential, germinal principle of difference between the temple and the cathedral, is, that the former is built for exterior effect, the latter for interior. On occasions of worship, the multitude surrounded one edifice, but filled the other. The temple has, as regards architectural impression, really no interior at all; for the small *cella* or *naos* which hid the penetralia, entered not at all into the effect of the structure. From this difference in character and design, the whole diversity between the characters of Greek and Gothic

forms and decorations may be derived. To the former, viewed from without, an aspect of elevated repose must belong; and all the decorations must be superficial. The elaboration of an impressive and inspiring interior led, necessarily, to soaring height, and a general upwardness of all the courses; to long-drawn vistas, side by side; to grand portals to give entrance, and a multitude of windows to give light; and to a general style of decoration, concave, receding and perspective.

The cathedral, in its general form and arrangement, is not a fanciful contrivance; it is but an imaginative expansion and modification of the Basilica, which had been framed for utility and convenience. In regard to decoration, taking it at the period of its perfection, every thing is derived out of reality, and is representative of truth. I have already intimated that the maturity of the Early English era embodies the highest beauty; it will be found also to illustrate the greatest degree of this sort of actuality. That elegant clustering of the piers, for example, is not a fantastic scolloping of a circular form; it grows from a genuine combination of distinct shafts to which the architects were led by the desire to produce an effect of indefinite elevation in their interiors. The nave piers sustain the longitudinal and transverse arches and ribs both of the aisle and nave vaulting; but while the pier was a single cylinder, there was a complete break, and even opposition, between its plain roundness and the multitudinous arches that rose from it. To obviate this, each arch, above, was furnished with its own small column, from which it rose without interruption. Thus the pier became a group of attached pillars, each running up into an arch-moulding, so that the eye was carried up the shaft, which bent inward as it ascended, and instead of seeming terminated by the arch, appeared prolonged into it. These combined shafts then became the Early English pier, the capital of which is a mere band to retain the shafts ere they begin to diverge; a purpose more clearly intimated by there being other little bands or rings placed around the cluster at several points. And it is because all this appears clearly and truthfully in the Early English, and is obscured somewhat, when, in the Decorated,

the clusters run into one, and still more, when, in the Perpendicular, some of the faces become flat, that our taste seems justified on fixing, in the period of Early English, the rational perfection of the beauty of Gothic. Again, the exquisite rib vaulting and groining of the ceilings, is a mere display of the actual principles upon which the building is held up. And in regard to foliation and tracery, the matter to be noted as the chief characteristic of the best days of Gothic, is, that the ornamental elements are but the great constituent parts of the building on a smaller scale. They are arches and parts of arches; they run in combinations of lines described by the compass. They are not contrivances of fancy, or importations from other sources, they are derived from the organization of the building. This gives not only a homogeneity to every part, but a sobriety and genuineness that deserve to be called classic. When you pass from these geometrical decorations of true Gothic to a style of ornament like that in the windows of the Or San Michele at Florence, where roses and arabesques fill up the vacant surfaces, you are aware at once of the intervention of false taste. Gothic architecture, in its true condition, is a character of Art, as genuine and pure, and as firmly founded in principle as Greek; and if it be less beautiful,—which I readily admit,—it is because the type, itself, the arched interior, is not capable of illustrating so high a grade of natural beauty as that of the columnar and entablatured exterior, though more expressive of moral and spiritual conceptions. Roman architecture, ancient or revived, is really a debased and promiscuous thing.

[The residue of the MS., which appears to have extended to some length, is, unhappily, not found among the author's papers.]

THE

CATHEDRALS OF THE CONTINENT.

To one who loves to view those works which serve as registers of man's nature and feelings in the past, no structures upon earth are more interesting than the Gothic cathedrals of Europe. Shrines of the piety of the years that are gone! Vast as the enthusiasm of those who reared them! Soaring as their hopes! Solemn and beautiful, and eternal as the life they represent!

I shall endeavor to give some description of certain edifices of this kind in France, Germany, and Italy.

RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.

The Cathedral of Rheims is one of the grandest and most memorable in France. The town lies in the lowest part of a wide hollow plain; and as you come towards it, this enormous structure, looming up fully two-thirds of its height above the general level of the houses, looks like a great cloud hanging above the city; something that belongs to the heavens rather than the earth.

Of the decorated splendor of the western front, where every course and moulding runs into richness, and which blooms and blushes with beauty, it is difficult to speak justly. Flowering and luxuriant as it is, the distribution of the parts is regular, and the unity complete. The whole of the face below the towers is arranged in three grades or stories. The wide base is composed of, apparently, five arched portals, under crooked canopies or pediments, forming together, a kind of frame which rises

pyramidically in the centre. The two at the ends, however, are only low buttresses faced with arches; the three inner ones being the veritable portals. These are extremely deep, and are narrower as they recede; their vertical mouldings are enriched with rows of statued saints, nearly of life-size, and the arches are strung round with range after range of somewhat smaller sculptures. The pediments over the doors, and also the faces of the false portals at either extremity, are loaded with reliefs. The arch-heads of all the portals, which are very lofty, contain circular windows of colored glass, the central one having a wheel of great magnitude. The middle story consists of a broad pointed window, almost wholly filled with a huge wheel; and on either side of it two tall, light, airy open-work lancet windows. Above this, a range of sculptured figures standing closely together on little pedestals, within open shrines, and larger than life, runs like a scolloped band or crown along the top of the whole façade. The towers, which are of an elegant openwork, like that at the sides of the great wheel-window below, are carried up one story above the front, and there terminate a little imperfectly. The pyramidal arrangement is attended to, throughout, with great delicacy and effectiveness. The sheath of the front narrows with each ascending story, and the upward line of the building recedes in the same way.

Of that style of illustrated or animated Architecture, in which sculpture is worked up profusely, the front of Rheims must be allowed to form a very successful example. To me it is less agreeable, because less natural and consistent than the method, more common in England, and to be found in the earlier buildings of France, which uses purely architectural forms of geometric characters. But since statuary was to be largely employed —according to the type then prevalent—its *assimilation* with the organic outlines of the compass and square, in the present case, certainly show great knowledge and a mastering genius. The composition of the whole façade exhibits a varied and luxurious invention, a nice sense of proportion, and a power to dispose multitudinous details into grand and orderly masses, by which simplicity is restored to a combination that otherwise might have

become embarrassed. As your eye returns over the whole façade, or lingers upon the brilliant effects which its many combinations develop, you cannot but admire the creative vigor which could marshal and group the elements of sculpture and of architecture into union without mixture, and in a manner to co-operate without losing their distinctness. The lowest story or base, consisting of the portals, is exceedingly rich with sculpture, and is the heaviest part of the whole front. In the middle range, with its central wheel-window and the open lancet arches on either side of it, there is no sculpture, except half a dozen figures between, and at the outsides of these. Above this, the third story, in its line of kings, prophets and apostles, returns upon sculpture, yet in a manner lighter and simpler than that which prevails about the portals. Then rise on high the towers, in airy openness, altogether free from figures. Thus, the first and third stories correspond in being chiefly sculptural, but the higher one much less copiously so; the second, and the towers, in being purely architectural; the second, however, which allies the first and third, has enough of sculpture to keep up the sense of consistency and connection between them. Thus a series of sculptural and architectural courses, interposed in an ascending and diminishing range, carries you from the gates of the church, around which earthly life clings, into the pinnacles above the church, which no mortal form may scale, and which may be visited only by the viewless angels from the air. The clear geometric spaces of the towers and of those parts of the second story which fall under the towers—wholly free from statuary—intervene with agreeable effect, to ventilate, as it were, the holy crowd that clusters about the front of the sanctuary, and to interrupt that oppressiveness which such a dense multitude even of saintly and apostolic humanity might have caused. In the second range, and in the towers, you have chiefly openness of effect; in the third range, made up of niched figures, you have closeness: in the base, where the tall deep doors are separated by walls made up of sculpture, you have openness and closeness finely alternating. This is like a succession of lights and shades in a picture. I touch but a few points of the interest and beauty of this noble

front. Like all other cathedrals that were built while Gothic architecture was yet a living and plastic essence, it must be studied, in its combination and unity, as a creation of inspired Art; the forms and figures which it deals in, being but the elements, whose significance is derived from the moulding shapes in which they are disposed. Thus dealt with, architecture becomes a symbolic medium of spiritual meaning, of imaginative suggestion, not less ideal and prophetic than music, painting, or song. In the rich and grand impressions which this remarkable front evolves, one may see, as in an opera of Mozart, an ever-gushing sensuousness of melodies, controlled, regulated and toned down by a yet mightier and more commanding power of harmony.

On entering the left-hand door of the front, you are struck by the uncommon height, length and width of the aisle that expands before you, and are awed by the glimpse which you get of the nave with its richly colored clerestory and bluish triforium. As you advance under the nave, the vastness of the fabric, modulated into simplicity, dignity and strength, comes upon you like the deep, slow, thunder-tones of a mighty organ. It gave me the impression of being the largest cathedral I had ever seen. The altitude both of the nave and the aisles is unusually great; and they are separated from one another by circular columns, each of which has four smaller ones attached to it. The capitals are low, and the arches that spring from them are stilted; elongated I mean, and running vertically a good way before the bend begins. The piers nearest the front door, and the piers of the cross, are more numerously clustered, and run continuously to the top. The nave-aisles have no chapels, but between their windows are clustered columns, which have, in their centres, the ring peculiar to Early English; and the clustered piers at the cross, which go up to the vault, have three such rings in different parts of their height. The capitals of the several columns are of rich leaf and grape-bunch mouldings, and are of a yellow color, probably painted; yet resembling the fresh tones of the Caen quarries, of which some of the English cathedrals are built. Two of the mouldings of each arch are of the same color. The

ribs of the roof, in like manner, are yellow, and the vault is blue, starred over with gold fleur-de-lys.

The architecture of the building is, for the most part, uniform throughout. The triforium is a gallery of single pointed arches, resting on single detached circular columns of good size; and having the inner wall, behind, of a blue or other dark color. The clerestory consists of a range of large arches going up to the vaulting of the roof; and each containing a circle enclosing a seifoil, in the head, and under it two pointed arches. This arrangement runs round the whole church. The side windows of the nave-aisles are similar; but they are short, and high, not coming to the ground. A range of three or four steps, forming seats, extends along those aisle walls; and above them, covering the lower part of the windows, are ancient tapestries.

The transepts are short, but broad, and with aisles. At the end of the north one is the organ, with a fine rose window over it. The end of the south transept is especially beautiful. Above the door, are, first, three thin lancet windows of thoroughly Early English character; the two circular little columns between them standing out clear. Over these are three round-headed arches cut out in the wall, with their two dividing columns also clear, and containing in their tops, three round windows filled with seifoils. Above the whole, a wheel-window with painted glass.

The choir is round at the end, and its circling aisle is surrounded with open chapels of much elegance, which indicate a more advanced stage of Art. Many of the columns of the choir are simply round. The chancel, or ecclesiastical choir, as in Westminster Abbey, comes far down into the body of the church, embracing three arches of the nave. It is raised several steps, and surrounded by a lofty open iron railing. The high altar is directly between the piers of the cross at the entrance of the choir of the cathedral. At the upper end of the choir is another altar.

The clerestory windows, throughout the building, and the rose windows, are filled with stained glass, which for splendor and beauty, I prefer even to Chartres. In each of the two arches

into which the clerestory windows of the nave are divided, are two saintly figures on a colored ground, producing a fine impression. Two of those windows about the centre of the nave, are filled with a mosaic glass of various colors, scarlet, blue, green, the most gorgeous, I think, that I ever beheld; and apparently of the greatest antiquity. The windows of the ground floor are not colored, except those in the chapel at the extreme end of the choir, which seem to have modern glass. As you stand near the entrance of the nave, and look along the massive vista which is ended by the three splendid windows of the clerestory at the end of the choir, and by the windows of the chapel below them, the effect is excellent. But the most striking feature of the interior, is the view towards the great front window of the cathedral. Place yourself under the cross and look towards the western wall, and the spectacle is one of unsurpassed magnificence and glory. The nave there terminates in one stately arched window formed of many windows. The top of the great arch is occupied by a vast wheel filled with glass of scarlet and green, which in brilliancy and purity is, without exception, the most powerful I am acquainted with. The intervals of the arch, above and below the wheel, contain smaller wheels, all of which are glittering with similar colors. The triforium, which runs along under the large wheel, is open through and glazed; and blazes with forms of saints glowing in robes that are radiant with a lustre caught from the inmost heaven. The tall arch-head of the centre door, also, has its rose; and is wholly filled with glass of a blue and fawn color. Around the three doors, and filling the intervals that they do not occupy, are ranges of marble sculptures, set in recesses, and having an effect very original and agreeable. The incomparable richness of the varied influences that united in that picture—the forms of arch and circle joined in a complication that never became confused—the hues in which the thick crystals, admitting no glare and dimming no ray, turned the stream of the setting sun into a glory of rainbows, blent in endless diversity of combination, whose harmonic tones spread through the air like a music audible to the soul alone,—this made up a vision, fit

rightly to inspire and attune the musing hopes of those who bowed beneath that canopy.

If one were called to determine this building's place in the chronology of architecture, merely from the structure itself, upon what may be called internal evidence, one might confidently refer it to an early and rudimentary period of the style, on the other side of the channel, called Early English. Some of the columns of the choir are circular, as in the Romanesque or Norman; then, in the nave, the circular columns, with smaller columns attached, indicate a transition toward the clustered and ringed piers which are seen in other parts, and which are altogether of the Early English character. But I have found in the interior of Rheims no example of a trefoil arch; which is one of the most fixed characteristics of Early English. On the outside, the pointed arches of the nave and choir along the sides of the building, have, around their outer moulding, little rose-like ornaments, closely resembling the double-toothed ornament, and producing a similar effect. But within, the *impression* is not like Salisbury. It is French altogether. In the columns of the naive-aisles, and the manner in which they are carried up above the first capitals, you may see a strong resemblance to Chartres; this being apparently a more advanced stage of the same style. It has a solidity and polished plainness, not free from melancholy, which makes it fit to have been through many ages the scene of the coronation of the descendants of Clovis.

From documents, it appears, I believe, that this cathedral was begun about 1211, and at least the choir finished in 1241. The façade certainly belongs to the beginning of the 15th century, and must be nearly contemporary with that of Strasbourg.

BOURGES.

Of all the cathedrals I have seen, I know of nothing of such imaginative, spiritual, ethereal beauty, as the interior of Bourges. In regularity and simplicity, it exceeds perhaps even Salisbury;

yet in every line of its fabric, the vivifying touch of creative genius is visible. The elements are the finest and most delicate that were ever combined for so great an effect as this; but it is the inspired ideality of impression with which these forms are played upon; the poetic significance and suggestiveness of the composition, that constitutes the mental charm of this half-heavenly erection. Beneath his hand who fashioned this structure,—arches, vaults, columns, surfaces,—were as the finest notes of an organ under the fingers of a master, who, forming in his mind some airy conception of the beautiful and exalting, steeps it in sounds, that crystallize around it, until some one of Art's deathless existences is formed for the glory and gladness of the world. Matter, under the contagious fires of such an artist's handling, becomes animated and co-operative: his touch seems to shoot electric energies of intelligence into mechanical substances; to infuse instincts of forms by which they voluntarily marshal themselves into the array of beauty.

The chief peculiarity of Bourges consists in the absence of transepts, and in there being double aisles, so that the eye ranges along five unbroken vistas of arches, stretching away into the dimness of airy distance; and as the columns throughout are very lofty, slender, and open, an indefinite variety of perspective combinations are offered to the observer in different parts of the building. As you enter the portal of the west front, next to the centre, the view which you catch of the long and lofty perspective of the highest side aisle, reaching as it seems to the clouds, and extending so far that persons at the opposite end can scarcely be distinguished, is like the stroke of a romancer's wand upon your senses, nor are you at all disenchanted, as advancing further, the whole of the simple, yet rich effect is shed in beauty upon your spirit. The nave, sustained by light and shapely clustered pillars, and displaying a magnificent loftiness,* extends uninterruptedly into the apsidal choir; and is flanked on both sides with aisles that rise to the height of 65 feet, next to which, are lower aisles, and out of these open chapels with

* 117 feet, or 33 feet more than Salisbury.

richly painted flamboyant windows. The height of the first range of side aisles is so great, that the effect produced is not that of double aisles, but of a winged nave, or a nave descending by gradences into its side aisles ; and the impression thus produced is wonderfully original, expressive and rich. The clerestory and triforium windows of the nave, the former filled with colored glass, consist of series of slender and delicate arches, simply pointed or trefold, grouped in clusters of three in the clerestory and six in the triforium. The first and highest side aisles have similar clerestory and triforium windows, except that the former are grouped in pairs and the latter in sets of four. At the end of the nave is a fine west window, extending nearly across it, composed of two great arches with a wheel in a diamond in the head between them, the whole richly colored ; and beneath is the organ over the chief door, which is low. The choir is surrounded by a light iron railing, and is raised above the nave by three low steps ; at the upper end rises another step, and beyond it another, on which platform stands the high altar. The columns that surround the choir with open arches are slenderer than in the nave, and shooting up to an extraordinary elevation, the effect which they produce surpasses any thing that I am acquainted with. In the eastern apoe, (?) and the eastern part of the cathedral generally, the lowest windows of the outer aisles, and the clerestory windows of both the inner aisles and the nave, are filled with ancient stained glass, blue and crimson, of extraordinary splendor, and when the morning sun streams upon it, the illumination is magnificent.

Although the style of the interior is uniform from end to end, the building discloses in every direction as you pass to different points of view, an innumerable variety of perspective arrangements and graduated effects. Looking across the cathedral, you see five succeeding rows of elegant little arches, mounting, with delicate variations, one above another till they seem to scale the heavens. First are the arches of the low outmost aisles, athwart which also you catch sight of the highly colored and decorated flamboyant windows of the chapels ; next above come the triforium and clerestory archlets of the first or inner

aisles; and then mounting still upward, the scolloped lines of the clerestory and triforium of the nave. The ground vaultings of the double aisles, when you are looking *directly* across, produce still additional rows of arches. It might seem that in this significant construction the sacred artist meant to typify the church of God under that vision, in the Patriarch's sleep, of steps stretched to heaven, whereon seraphs ascended and descended, and the angel of God himself struggled with humanity, when its grosser qualities were laid in slumber by the solemn influences of the scene and hour. The simple arrangement of having the choir discriminated from the nave merely by a low triple step, and the great altar placed at the summit of a triple platform, united full ecclesiastical suggestions with unimpaired architectural effect. The glassy choir might have seemed to him fit to be the luminous canopy of the angels, who beneath the moon of Bethlehem sang the jubilee of Peace on earth and good-will towards men. To me the musiclike sweetness of the structure, seemed to embody a translation into visible forms, of the delicate caroling of some celestial band. The chords of those exquisite lines of small arches that swept in successive ranges along the building, flowed out into effects like Beethoven's harmonies. They were like successive waves in the Summer-ocean of Beauty, which rolled along one after another till in the distance they were dissolved into light.

The particular in which it seems to me that the founder of Bourges Cathedral exhibits a deep, and accurate, and fearless genius, is in wholly discarding the system of transepts. The cross form is, in my judgment, inappropriate in Gothic architecture. Its proper employment is in connection with the dome, as in the Byzantine and Italian structures, and its most true condition, is that of the equilateral cross, as in the matchless type of Santa Maria Degli Angeli, and in the face of St. Peter's as determined by Michael Angelo: for then the whole comes into one definite view. But the characteristic effect of Gothic consists in developing long continuous vistas of arched avenues; and the transept only breaks and defeats this impression. Transepts never enter into the general effect of a Gothic cathedral.

They are distinct and detached limbs, contributing to the feeling of variety and size, but nothing more. It was the inherent permanence of a traditionary type in Art, particularly connected with religious symbolism, which caused it to be continued in the Gothic structures. Yet many artists have felt the evil and labored to defeat it. In the Cathedral of Siena, for example, the vaulting of the nave and aisles, including the triforium gallery, which there is a vast apartment, is carried right along through the transepts, which are thus reduced to truncated arms cut off and dangling uselessly at the sides. This produces not only a strange multiplicity, but an awkward confusion. At Lucca, another device is tried. The arched walls which form the sides of the nave are carried on across the transepts, making a couple of open shields athwart them. The objection to this, is that the upper arched spaces in this wall have absolutely no meaning. They unite or separate the airy extent of the transepts from those of the cross: but they can neither be regarded as in the nature of windows nor of doors. They lack that sense of purpose, utility, or meaning, which is indispensable as an ingredient in the beautiful. They betray themselves for an architectural *shift*, or device intended to produce a particular effect. They gave me the impression of a ruin. The builder of Bourges has solved the difficulty, in the method that is correct in principle, and decisive in effect. Adopting the bold, and admirable suggestion of discarding the transepts altogether, he has made the most exquisite and only faultless Gothic interior in Europe.

One circumstance which gives to these great cathedrals peculiar interest as symbolic creations of Art, is the *impersonal* character which belongs to them. The builders or designers of Strasbourg, of Friburg, and of Milan are known: but with these and perhaps one or two other exceptions, the cathedrals of the Middle Ages come down to us as emanations of the æsthetic energy of society at large; as symbolical and typical embodiments of the ecclesiastical inspiration, in an age whose power was eminently constructive. This merging of the individual in the universal, in the history of the buildings, is especially

appropriate in works meant to symbolize religion. In scarcely any instance—Cologne is almost the only exception—have any plans, designs, or sketches for these works come down to us. They seem to have inspirations or instincts of creations; effluences of the action of imaginations combined into mental unity, by the action of one feeling, animated by one faith. Yet what a race of artists thus cheat the toll of Fame! Here were persons who possessed a variety and power of composition that might set them on a level with Michael Angelo or Rubens; conceptions of beauty scarcely less exquisite than Rafael's; a feeling as sensitive as Fra Bartolommeo's; a spiritual sensibility and thoughtfulness as profound as Leonardo's! Yet they survive to us, only in their works; known not, nor whispered among men, honored not on their rolls of renown, is the name of him whose genius hung in the dim air the storied arches of this cathedral nave of Bourges; in which, rising gallery above gallery, in light and varied range, and seeming to bridge the interval between earth and heaven, stand in the highest clerestory in glittering robes, against the light, Prophets, and Saints, and Martyrs, and Apostles, beckoning us upward to their glittering home. Yet that this is throughout the conception and plan of one man—on whom all a poet's soul, and a builder's science largely had been poured—no one will doubt who views the harmony and order of these complex details—who considers how the artful combination of regular elements works out not only a grand and combined impression, but fills up the progress of the work with innumerable passages of elegance, running athwart and throughout the majesty of the composition, till the result is as entire and single as a shapely tree, and the parts as varied and free as the leaves and branches that contribute to form it.

The exterior front of Bourges is unworthy to indicate to the world the rare elegance of the fairy beauties within. The five portals, enriched all around the arches with graceful sculptured figures, separated in rows by mouldings of rich leaf-cordage (?) are unsurpassed. The principal tower,—a noble one,—bears, like one of those of Rouen Cathedral, the humiliating name of

the *butter-tower*, having been built with money derived from the sale of indulgences to eat dainties in Lent. A humiliating title it may be called, as it shows that this glorious structure was the offspring, not of men's piety, but of their infirmities, and that while it is a monument to GOD'S glory it is a memorial of his creatures' weakness, and even of the corruption of his best gift, the Church.

ROUEN CATHEDRAL.

Rouen possesses two specimens of these interesting structures. The Cathedral and the Church of St. Ouen. The impressive effect of the façade of the cathedral, arises chiefly from its extraordinary breadth; which, with the two towers, that stand, in fact, at the sides of the building, in a line with the front wall of the nave, is greater, I think, than any other in Europe. The north tower, which is capped with a dumpy spire, is in an early style, probably of the twelfth century, with some tall-pointed arches closed up. The other, called the butter-tower, is in a rich decorated manner, crowned with an octagonal, which has probably served as a model for the more modern one of Orleans. The architecture of the interior has many peculiarities with which it is needless to fatigue the reader. The effect is antique, yet brilliant and imposing. One of the most memorable circumstances connected with this cathedral was its being the burial place of many sovereigns, warriors, and statesmen, much connected with the history of England.

CHURCH OF ST. OUEN.

But the Church of St. Ouen is by far the most beautiful of the monuments of this town; and is one of the most original and delicate creations in medieval constructive Art. Viewed either from within or without, it seems like a vast cross-shaped lantern. The outer walls of the nave aisles, which are without chapels, are composed of a range of broad, decorated windows,

pretty high from the ground, and separated only by rather slender clusters of columns. The triforium is absorbed into the broad clerestory windows. It consists of a double gallery, glazed on the outside, and separated from the clerestory by a slight horizontal course, with two or three ranges of little arches under it, so that the whole space above the lower aisle arches has the effect of being one range of vast windows divided in the middle by a transom, and having the lower part arched as the upper. This arrangement, above and below, prevails through the whole church, nave, transepts, and choir. Every where the walls seem to have run to windows. Except the low wall which runs around under the aisle windows, like a parapet or bulwark, the entire structure below the roof is of glass divided and supported by slender piers, buttresses and clustered shafts. The great number of tall, shapely-banded pillars, and the great height and length of the church, in comparison with its width, produces a striking result. You feel as if you stood in some avenue in a forest of tall trees, sacred to purity, and peace, and stillness. As the glass for the most part is richly colored, the impression, when the sun is bright, is the most enchanting and bewildering that can be conceived. How strongly we must admire the creative fancy, the forbearing taste of those who, in erecting a building of such consequence, could remain true to the simplicity of a plan so slight in its design, but so certain in its effect! A clear and deep moral conception must have been the guiding and sustaining genius of this work; and it is instantly revealed in it: St. Ouen must have been the suggestion of some gentle spirit whose wide human sympathies viewed religion only as the loveliest emanation of that beneficent Nature, whose all-circling compassion woos to restoration all whom it has made. The material and complicated grandeur of other cathedrals fits them to be symbols of that artificial and metaphysical church catholic upon earth, whose system, wonderful and venerable as it may be, is essentially of human elaboration and structure. Its mighty and enduring vastness substitutes to your mind an earthly conception of the Infinite. The more it works out in scientific and æsthetic operations and

details, illustrations of the divine, the more thoroughly is man's character stamped upon it. But St. Ouen embodies that elder, wider, and wiser view which contemplates Revelation only as the fullness and assurance of a grace previously developed in Natural Religion. It gladdens the spirit of the worshiper with the mild brightness of the heaven of Nature. It shuts not out, but rather gathers in, the glory of the open universe. It is a house of garnered light, whose rich, soft, iris-lustre is only a revelation to us of a glory before inherent in the common day, though invisible: as Redemption was in humanity. These lovely tones that here pervade the air, are but the Church's interpretation to us of a refining beauty in life; but which, without that revealing interpretation, never could have been unsphered to us. It renders to us only natural light; but in the glory of its elemental fineness. Touched by the appeal of its simple and natural sanctity, the hand of revolution, which destroyed so many monuments in this region, spared its graces; and though plundered by those savages of spiritual life, the religious Jacobins of the sixteenth century, the Huguenots, its frame remains uninjured. It was begun in 1318, but not finished till 1500.

The front, unfinished for many centuries, has lately been completed according to the original design, with two fine spired towers, lightly and elegantly arched and decorated. It is of great beauty and in good taste.

CATHEDRAL OF AMIENS.

It was about half an hour after ten o'clock on Sunday morning when I entered Amiens Cathedral. The bishop and his gilded canonry were engaged in celebrating high mass. As the chapels that surround the apsidal choir are almost formed of large windows, of which the effect is, to shed a flood of roseate and orange light through the whole eastern end of the cathedral, it seemed as if, like the promised miracle of the temple of old, the Spirit of God was present in effulgence, and the glory of the Lord overshadowed the altar of his worship.

The interior of the cathedral is extremely beautiful, and in a taste which no criticism can reprove. The style is quite uniform, and recalls Salisbury at once; but it belongs clearly to a rather more advanced stage. I should call it Early English, just flowering and half flowered into Decorated. The triforium windows of the nave and transepts,—the gallery round the west front within,—and the lancet-headed windows or open arches around the apse of the choir—are decidedly Early English: but the other large windows, the triforium of the choir, and the rest of the style, generally would, in England, rather be referred to Decorated. The central columns which sustain the vault at the cross are remarkably light and graceful. The aisles of both the nave and choir, on both sides, are surrounded with chapels. The triforium of the choir and east sides of the transepts is a clear-story, having double windows, the outer glazed. The plain design of the builders has been to accumulate light in the eastern part of the cathedral. There are fine wheel-windows in the ends of each transept of the nave. The vault of the nave rises to the magnificent height of 132 feet; which is nearly 50 more than Westminster. There is an opening in the vault to which you may ascend, and look down from it upon the people below, who appear like pigmies. But a better view of the building is from the high gallery that runs along the interior west wall. In the north transept, I found a Latin inscription to Gresset; recording that his bones, having long rested elsewhere, were, in 1811, moved thither and interred with great pomp. The west front is in a rich style of Decorated Gothic. The mouldings of the three portals are deep; the upright columns being enriched with saints or bishops, and the arches adorned with strings of sculptured figures, and the door-heads having ranges of bas-reliefs; the centre representing the Last Judgment. All this is quite like Rheims. Over the doors is a range of gallery windows, in a style like Early English: and above this is a splendid rose window. The proportions of the front are agreeable; and the manner in which each successive story or stage recedes behind the other, and grows lighter as it goes higher, is commendable. The view from the towers is

good. The valleys of the higher and lower Somme, beautifully wooded, lie beneath your eye. In one of the turrets you are shown a small chamber, whence Henry IV. observed the retreat of the Spanish army; and in the centre of it a round stone table, where he afterwards breakfasted with a joyous appetite. The flèche or spire is extremely thin and arrowy: quite contemptible indeed.

The age of this building agrees pretty well with the character I have assigned it as a mixture of Early English and Early Decorated. It was begun in 1220. and completely finished in 1288. Salisbury was begun in the same year, 1220, but pushed forward so rapidly, that a large part was finished in five years, and the whole was completed in 1258. Thus, begun in the same year, the completion of Amiens extends over thirty years later than the conclusion of Salisbury. Tintern and Netley belong to the year 1240, and Westminster Abbey, the Chapel of the Nine Altars at Durham, and the choir of Ely, 1240–50. So that Amiens was building, after the best Early English monuments in England were completed.

The interior of Amiens certainly commands one's mental admiration. There is nothing that a severe taste can condemn; indeed every thing that it must admire. The altitude, particularly, is glorious. Yet altogether it fails to excite much enthusiasm. It wants character and expression. Its monotonous regularity and uniformity make it more an illustration of rules of architecture, than an embodiment of the spirit of Art. I find not in it those daring outbreaks of creative power; those unconscious workings out of deep sentiments; those bold and varied compositions; those individual characteristics, in which the conventional outlines of the science become subordinate to absorbing influences of special genius: which I do see in Tours, and Rheims, and Bourges. We pronounce it faultless and near to perfection; yet we do not find it so delightful as some others.

CATHEDRAL OF TOURS.

This Cathedral is the exquisitely fragrant full-blown flower of Gothic Art in France. The interior is in a style of which it would be difficult to convey any notion to a person familiar only with those combinations which are found in England: for here are columns which might have been transported from Salisbury, or the Nine Altars at Durham, and there arches and panels that are kindred to St. George's at Windsor, or the Seventh Henry's chapel at Westminster. I know not any nave which, viewed from the choir, presents so impressive and elegant a *coup d'œil*. From the front door to the transepts, it consists of eight arches on either side, delicately clustered in an Early English manner; the capitals of the side aisles being of rich grape-leaf mouldings, but the pilasters fronting on the nave running up to the roof, which is neatly vaulted with finely cut bosses (?) in the centres. The piers of the nave nearest the door of entrance, advance somewhat into the nave, forming a kind of tower, and rise continuously in very delicately clustered lines to the roof. The nave piers at the opposite end, also, forming the corpus of the cross, project to the same extent, and come into line with those nearest the door, and rise to the vault with elegant mouldings, like them in every respect. As you stand in the choir, the combination of these two sets of pillars, rising above eighty feet, uninterrupted by side-aisle capitals, and limiting the nave between two shapely and very lofty and magnificent portals, forms a composition of irresistible grandeur and beauty. Each of the arches that connect the nave with its side aisles, is on the nave side, set in a plain panel, with the horizontal line of which it is connected by a small square, set lozenge-wise, on the top of the arch. Above this, you see an illustration of that tendency of French Gothic to run into windows, wherever it is practicable to do so, in the triforium and clerestory expanding and coalescing into great sheets of glass. The triforium consists of pairs of variously-headed flamboyant arches, each set in a panel, and forming a continuous

gallery, having corresponding ones on its outer side, some of which are glazed, others walled up wholly or in part. Immediately over the triforium, and separated from it only by a slight horizontal moulding, are the double clerestory windows, of great size, going to the roof, and forming continuous sides of glass around the upper part of the whole cathedral. In fact, the clerestory and triforium constitute a series of great windows, separated in the midst by transoms, double-arched below. The view which, from the choir, you get of the interior west front, set in the frame of the snow-white portal-like arches I have described, is excellent. Over the low door are two square panels, side by side, their angles rounded off, and filled with flamboyant patterns of stained glass, and over these a stilted arch flamboyant, glazed and colored. Above this, is the same arrangement as the clerestory and triforium galleries of the sides of the nave, but here unequivocally producing the effect of one vast window, divided by a transom, having a double range of arches below it, both filled with colored glass, and having a little gallery along the base: the top of the upper part having a grand wheel-head. There are lofty side aisles to the nave, and on each side of them capacious chapels of the same height, connected with one another, and giving the effect of double aisles. Many of the high and large windows of these chapels are filled with very brilliant painted glass with figures; probably not of much antiquity, but producing a showy effect when seen from the nave.

The same arrangement of clerestory and triforium which I have noted in the nave, continues around the transepts, except that the arches of each are in triplets; there being two such in each transept side. This fine and free variety of detail in connection with an uniform general plan, produces a fresh and agreeable impression. The end of the north transept has an enormous wheel-window filling its whole width; and under it, a gallery of quatrefoils with a double range of six arches below, the outside range glazed, and the whole thing filled with colored glass. The end of the south transept is chiefly occupied by a great organ; but, above it, glitters the top of a splendid window, run-

ning quite across, and with a sort of diamond-wheel in the top, finely colored.

The choir, which is apsidal, is wider than the nave, and its aisles also widen upon those of the nave, and form fine spaces surrounded by chapels. The lower arches immediately surrounding the choir are tall, narrow, and lance-like; set in panels with the spandrils decorated with flowers in bas relief. Over these, the arrangement of triforium and clerestory windows is like that in the nave, only that the triforium windows are sometimes triple or quadruple, and always have a little gallery of quatrefoils or of low arches running along the base. The rich yet simple and elegant impression of these three ranges of arches in the choir, is extremely good. The upper double circuit of windows is filled with very ancient, gorgeously-colored glass, so that the whole air is resplendent with crimson and blue. The windows of the outer chapels, at the end of the apse, are also filled in a similar manner. It would be difficult to conceive a more striking and captivating effect of colored glass. The glass windows, which form the upper sides of the nave, are plain; and as you enter the west door you see no colors, except at the end of the choir, through which streams a gloriously varied purple lustre. The colored windows there, are disposed so as to produce at the top, in the very tall and broad clerestory, a continuous wide sheet of violet light broken into a mass of fragments by the little figures that fill it, and which are distributed throughout in flamboyant patterns of flowing richness. In the middle or triforium range, is a narrower and more interrupted entrance of light; and in the lowest range, there is a still thinner extent of lustre, from the end chapel, seen through the choir arches. The three ranges together thus form a fan-shaped illumination, expanding as it ascends, till it seems to open into the broad diffused glory of the courts of heaven. The kindled splendor of the skies seems to form the canopy of the sanctuary, into which the narrow rays from the altar, streaming upward, radiate and are absorbed.

An example of the wonderful freedom and care with which these ancient builders dealt with the forms that were before

them, may be seen in the marked effect occasioned by the choir and its aisles being so much wider than the nave with its aisles. The nave seems like a long avenue leading into the church which might seem to begin with the transepts and choir. Such an arrangement, however, would have caused the nave to appear too narrow, were it not for the great height and width of the side aisles, which come to the relief of the true nave, and the adjacent chapels, which produce a great expansion, and restore to the body of the church that pre-eminence of grandeur which it ought to possess over the choir.

The lofty and wide façade of this cathedral, up to the point where the towers begin to rise above the roof, comes upon the imagination of the spectator like a suffusing shower of unexhausted richness and beauty. Flamboyance, in all its gorgeous luxury, "here reigns, and revels here." The canopies, which hang like veils of lace over the little tribunes surrounding the deep-set doors, have lately been restored with skill, but the statues beneath are not. But, while up to that point all is glorious, all beyond it is bad. The towers are sadly goitred, being too wide for the bases, and are in an impure style. The term between the erection of the façade and of those towers, would fix pretty distinctly the date of the corruption and death of the Gothic.

STRASBOURG CATHEDRAL.

The front of Strasbourg Cathedral is one of those productions in which the work of man rises so high in the sphere of sublimity and great perfection, as to seem fit to take its place among the silent and eternal monuments of Nature. A vast interior may produce the impression of a profound and mystic grandeur; but that is chiefly because it is viewed apart from standards of comparison, and thus the mind's solemn feelings flow forth and distend the space into an ideal immensity corresponding with an emotion of reverence that grows within the spirit. But look upon the front of Strasbourg Cathedral from some point where you may view at the same time the noble mountain ranges of

the Vosges and the Black Forest, divided by the broad waters of the grandest river of Europe; view it when the sun in heaven stands in splendor beside its sky-piercing spire, and sends down upon it a gushing tribute of enkindling lustre, or when the ancient stars come forth upon the sky to gladden themselves with its beauty, and the new-born moon walks over the whole circle of the heavens to view the entireness of the wondrous pile; then, even then, in the presence of such objects, which are the joy of creation, the representatives of the energy of the Infinite—Strasbourg Cathedral seems, and ever shall seem, "a glorious work"* of power, of beauty, and of grandeur.

The extraordinary height to which the vast breadth of this façade rises, shooting thence still upward in the fountain-like jet of its spire, furnishes some explanation of this effect. As you come upon the place where it stands, it seems to rear itself aloft like the wall of the world coming athwart you, as if it would stop all progress and all view. It is enough to say, that it is the highest human structure upon the face of earth. The Great Pyramid of Egypt has always been deemed a considerable elevation; but Strasbourg surpasses it by twenty-four feet. St. Peter's, at Rome, buries its head among the clouds of wonder and amazement; but this spire, from the pavement, is forty feet loftier than the top of the cross of St. Peter's. The solid façade, before the solitary tower begins, is 230 feet, which is — feet —— than the spire of Trinity Church in New York. This is not the real height of the vault of the nave, but is occasioned by the wall of a tower and the space between them being carried up solidly about half the height of the real front below, thus producing a sort of screen running back the depth of the towers. The composition and plan or ordonnance of this façade, differs entirely from that of Rheims, with which a careless eye sometimes compares it. The façade, or broad front of Rheims, is its own "be-all and end-all;" and is intended to be complete and sufficient without towers or spires. Its controling lines

* *Anno Domini* 1277, *in die beati Urbani hoc gloriosum opus inchoavit magister Erwinus de Steinbach.*—Inscription formerly existing on the arch of the north portal.

are horizontal, and distribute the whole into three galleries of several ranges. The lines and divisions of Strasbourg front are vertical. The whole façade has reference to the towers, and seems to be derived from them, or to be the commencement of them. From the pavement upward, the front is to be conceived as consisting of a pair of towers corresponding in arrangement, and between these a central space filled up in a different manner, all distributed in three horizontal courses. Thus looked at, the façade possesses entire distinctness and harmony: every part is tributary to one grand and characteristic effect. The decoration is generally geometrical. There is sculpture about the doors; and on the head of the first story of the façade are four noticeable figures on horseback: Clovis, Dagobert, Rudolph of Hapsburgh, and Louis XIV. When I stood in the presence of this beautiful erection, the French monarch seemed fully justified in stealing Strasbourg from the emperor.

The peculiar interest of Strasbourg consists in the absolute unity between the towers and the façade; the tower being a constituent element in the façade, and the façade determining and modifying the character of the tower and spire. What I may call the *dignity* of the spire is admirable. Most of the spires of cathedrals of great height are either thin and contemptible, or they are overheavy with lacelike ornaments. Strasbourg is airy but firm, broad and easy, and viewed from a distance, perhaps the tapering part of the spire appears too short: but looked at from the platz below—when the tower would necessarily appear foreshortened—the proportion seems to be perfect. It seems like a pointed crown of light let down from heaven upon the airy tower. The union of the spire and tower, the touchstone of cathedral genius, is here as rare and perfect as at Friburg, yet wholly different. The difficulty is solved at Friburg by the resources of consummate science. It is solved there to the mental satisfaction, and by mere architectural skill. Here at Strasbourg it is avoided, through the poetic powers of the imagination, in the development of the spire out of the tower. [MS. is here illegible.] Material form seems to be so impregnated with vital force and its instincts, as to develop a

growth of forms harmonized by the affinities of natural evolution. The octagonal spire itself begins in the same octagonal form at the very roots of the tower; and the tower is formed merely by four tourelles or tall slender turrets, attending the included octagon like buttresses for a certain distance, and constituting the quadrangular tower, which will be found to include an octagon all the way to its base. Their cessation follows the continuance of the spire, which then acquires a steplike pointed form, from the vertical lines stopping one after another, beginning from the outer and coming inwards. Thus the spire seems to rise out of the tower like a flower out of the stalk which bears it aloft. A little calix or rind forms the connecting member, and the spiritual germ unfolds itself in light, and loveliness, and fragrance. Thus all notable transitions from tower to spire, from square to octagon, from cylindrical to pointed, is avoided. This furnishes an example of original and various invention of those great composers in stone—those artists in mechanical forms—who exhibited all the glories of creative art in the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries.

There are three fine portals separated from one another, one under each tower and in the centre. Their heads are pointed with rich pediments over them, and a good deal of sculpture. In the next, or middle portion of the façade, there is in the centre an immense and resplendent marigold window; and on either side of it, under the towers, one large open pointed window. Above, in the third and highest range, in the centre, two pointed and pedimented windows; and on either side a pair of three lancet windows. In the same plane with the outer line of the four buttresses which run up, defining the two towers, are bars of stone running up vertically and forming a kind of network, which gives a delightful chiaro-scuro effect to the façade. It produces that effect of depth which charms so in Leonardo's or Correggio's pictures, and throws an ideality over the mass which is peculiar. It creates artificially a kind of aërial perspective, which softens and shadows the masses of stone. The plain, stern outline of the façade and tower, as marked by the buttresses and columned angles, keep up the simplicity

and grandeur of feature required for true effect in so great a building, while the veil of delicate lines hung across the intervening spaces, and shedding fineness and finish on the retreating breadths of the front, seem like a rich atmospheric medium through which the structure is viewed, and by whose influence it is beautified.

The proportions of the whole front appear to be unexceptionable; formed especially for grandeur and majesty. Whether you regard the distribution and regularity of the principal parts, or the elegance, consistency, variety, architectural purity and propriety of the details and decorations, the display is among the finest in the world.

The façades of the south and north transepts are also worthy of attention. The former consists, at the base, of a double Romanesque door, deep and loaded with sculptures. In the range above are a pair of double-pointed windows, and between them, images of the Virgin and child, set in a shrine of the rarest delicacy and richness; and over it an astronomical clock. In the third and highest range, are two rose windows filled with circular lights of colored glass. Before the north transept, and in advance of its façade, is a porch exceedingly rich with sculptures and flamboyant arch mouldings; the whole obviously built on, long after the regular front of the transept. In the centre of this porch is a representation, in sculpture, of the Entombment, and around the columns at the sides are numerous figures of saints. Over this porch, in the façade of the transept, are two rose windows, scolloped in a Romanesque style; above a gallery of Romanesque screenwork, and, in the pediment, a rose again. Over the upper rose is a semicircular capping or outer moulding with the billet ornament of the English Norman. Around the nave on the outside runs a wall with decorated windows. On the south side this is roofed over, and used as a workshop for masons; on the other it is not roofed.

The interior nave of Strasbourg is striking, not for airy altitude or vistaed length, but for breadth and fullness, and for a certain creamy richness of color. It has massiveness of outline combined with an elegance of outward finish, solidity of propor-

tions, and purity of architecture. The material is a stone of light and dark brown intermixed, which has an effect, which if you wanted a terrifying illustration, might be compared to a snake, but if you wanted a true one, to the color of castile soap; a little recalling the black and white zebra style, as Hope calls it, of the Cathedral of Siena.

As I entered the door of the north transept, the nave was filled with a thousand worshipers, who were kneeling towards one of the side chapels, while female voices were chanting the Ave Maria. The windows being all richly colored, a sacred dimness filled the nave. Anon, the great organ began slowly to peal through the minster. The congregation rose and crossed themselves, and withdrew through the various doors, and I was left in solitude to pursue my architectural researches.

From the west door to the cross, are eight elegantly clustered columns; the first from the door, which support the tower, being of an enormous mass, but superficially clustered so as to assume an air of grace and lightness. These columns have leaf capitals at the height of the aisles on three sides; but in front, on the nave, they run up to the centre of the clerestory windows before they form capitals for the roof, which consists of a plain groining of stone ribs like the columns, on a white ground. The triforium, between each pair of piers, consists of two sets of double decorated arches set in rectangular panels, and open through, and filled with colored glass. The clerestory windows are broad, filling the whole space between the pilasters, and reach to the roof. Against one of the columns of the nave is a very rich carved pulpit, of the end of the 15th century.

In the side aisles, opposite to the first arch from the west door, there is a tall window on each side with a grand wheel in the top, filled with deeply colored glass. Then follow very broad double windows, with decorated heads. The great breadth of these windows, in proportion to the height, forms one of the most marked features of this cathedral. Under them, and round the whole base of the side-aisle walls, runs an open screenwork of Early English trefoil arches or columns. After this, towards the transepts, the side aisles expand into two

chapels on each side, which are entered, each of those on one side under two lancet arches, and each of those on the other under three such arches entirely Early English in character. The outsides of the clustered columns of these arches are adorned with sculptured images in very rich, light tabernacles. The head of the west window of the north chapel is quite in the perpendicular style.

The columns at the cross, at the head of the nave, are of immense solidity, consisting of short clustered Romanesque columns mounted on an octagonal base, eleven or twelve feet high; the effect being entirely consistent with that of the nave columns. The arches of the cross are pointed. The intersection of the cross is separated from the transepts by a tall, round column, having a single leaf capital in a Roman style. In the centre of the north transept is a similar round column supporting the groining of the transept. In the centre of the south transept is a column, consisting of a slender circular column, with four small attached columns at equal distances, and between them three ranges of angels and saints of considerable height, each in a shrine. In this transept is the celebrated toy-clock. The choir is very short. The choir and transepts, within and without, are in a Romanesque style, and are obviously much older than the nave. The building has been so often destroyed by fire and rebuilt, that it is difficult to determine from documents the age [MS. is here illegible.] They have been ascribed to the age of Charlemagne; but an eye familiar with the chronology of architecture in France and Germany, would have no difficulty in referring them to the 12th century.

The present nave was begun by Erwin de Steinback, and finished by the same architect in 1275.* In 1298 a great fire consumed all the combustible part of the structure, and after it the windows were reconstructed with greater elegance. The massive outline indicates the middle of the 13th century; the windows and other ornaments the 14th and 15th.

* *Notice sur la Cathedrale.* Strasbourg, 1850, p. 9.

FRIBURG CATHEDRAL.

If any one wishes to see, in an architectural form, an earthly image of Perfection,—to behold a material structure that is radiant with the beauties of exhaustless grace, and yet pervaded by severeness of purity,—to study a model of scientific skill which, to the most learned, might teach some new resources of invention,—let him give hours and days of delighted survey to the tower of the Cathedral of Friburg in the Breisgau. It is one of those rare facilities of creation which glowing Art,—in the controlled vigor of its maturity,—inspired by genius, furnished with knowledge, and aided by a thousand favoring accidents,—at times lances forth from the spiritual life of Beauty into the visible immortality of Fame. A brilliancy of tone is imparted to the composition by the clean simplicity of arrangement which predominates throughout all the delicate richness of the finish; and the integrity of the pervading outline is maintained so distinctly and entirely through the whole work, that the inherent majesty of the form seems to keep in subordination all that is adventitious in the decoration: and thus a certain moral charm is added to the constructive graces of the vision, to make it a true exemplar in the best and highest taste. As the composing parts of such a work separate and arrange themselves under our scrutiny, and element after element marshals itself into the combined impression as with a fresh contingent of effect, we say to ourselves in doubt, "Could the builder, indeed, have meant all that we behold? Does his production set before us a soul-conceived type of divineness, or does our kindling imagination illuminate and deck his work with a significance and suggestion, to which his mind, it may be, was a stranger?" A question asked in a trifling vein, but capable of being answered in a profound one. In truth, æsthetic sense is so much a social consciousness, a spiritual communion, that the vital medium of Art is reproduced only in the reaction between the creator's work and the admirer's soul. The production itself is but the dim hieroglyphic mark which

the glance of intelligent sympathy brightens into luminous and significant power. The glory, the divinity of Art exists only for and in those minds which are capable of being provoked by it into emotions which are almost creative in their energy of conception: oftentimes it is a relation to some instinct of the author's mind, who, for the residue of his life, may alone comprehend what only he has created. The true beauty of the Apollo, or the San Sisto Madonna, inheres not in the canvas or marble; it lives only within that tumultuous splendor of the observer's imagination which, impregnated by the work into a sensibility receptive of creation, finds realized in its recesses of thought a glory of form, which the production itself only calls up.

The Cathedral is well placed, in a considerable *Platz*, and is approached in front by a street, though somewhat obliquely. The lower part of the tower forms a porch in front of the nave; and its low, wide portal is defined by deep, receding ranges of slender shafts quite plain. The sides of the interior of the porch are surrounded by double seats, probably for catechumens, and above them, against the walls, is a screen of trefoil arches under canopies, and over them small saintly figures, under open pinnacles. The vault of the porch has formerly been painted with figures, which are now nearly obliterated. In the centre there is a circular opening, which corresponds with similar ones in the upper stories, so as to enable one to look down almost from the summit of the tower. The door which leads into the cathedral is strung round with sculpture like Strasbourg and Rheims. The interior, which is of gray stone, with light clustered piers, has a good effect. The nave aisles are extremely wide, and contain six broad decorated windows, with rich colored glass, partly modern, partly ancient, the latter of exquisite beauty; below these, against the wall, runs a screen or gallery of open decorated work, a foot and a half high, and, beneath it, an open screenwork of trefoiled arches. The nave, which is divided from its aisles by six arches, is very lofty and narrow, without triforium, and with a clerestory formed at a great height by the side arches of the vault. On the front of each nave-pier, is a saintly figure as large as life, under a rich

canopy; and as you look along this fine vista to the distant choir, which is long and apsidal, and full of light, you are reminded of Amiens. The choir is raised a few steps above the nave, and contains large colored clerestory windows, which are transomed, but with decorated heads; and the lower windows of the chapels that surround the choir aisles also contain much bright and luxurious color. The choir has an elaborately sculptured monument to Marshal De Root, distinguished under Maria Theresa; and tombs with effigies of the Dukes of Zahringen. Under one of the kneeling figures is this inscription: "*Conradus D. Z. Fr. Bertoldi III. cœpit hanc cædem cum turre* A. D. MCXXIII. *Finiit fere cum vita* IV. NON. *Jan.* MCLII." But this was, probably, put there long after his death, and the dates must certainly be inaccurate. The transepts, which are short and chiefly Romanesque, are likely to be of that period; but the nave and great tower must be a century later.

The tower at Friburg forms the entire front of the Cathedral; an arrangement existing also at Ulm. It consists of three parts, which, though strongly distinguished in form and character, yet melt into one another with an organic continuity in transition, which must ever be the admiration of the beholder. The lower part, to the top of the roof, is square and solid, with heavy flank buttresses at the angles and front ones on either side of the door, which are divided by set-offs into half-a-dozen stages. Above this rises a very tall, open, and airy octagonal lantern, with long, slender-pointed windows, each divided into three compartments by two thin barlike mullions, with transoms over trefoil heads, and the tops filled with lacelike flowing tracery. In front of the alternate faces, and corresponding with the angles of the square base of the tower, stand buttresslike pyramids of the richest and lightest pinnacles, rising one out of another. They consist of a solid triangular base, with rectangular faces, upon which rise, in the tapering form just mentioned, two or three stones of little saint-enshrining tabernacles, terminated by crownlike finials. This lantern passes into a lofty octagonal spire, the triangular faces of which contain, in height, six or seven

ranges of foliated ornaments like roses, wrought in open stone-work, each range different from the others. On the outside, along the ribs of the spire, are exquisitely moulded crockets terminated in human heads. At the very summit, expands a cross-shaped flower, which crowns the fane like a star let down from heaven.

The *callida junctura*, by which the open lantern of the centre is jointed into the solid tower of the base, and the octagonal shape of the former harmonized with the square form of the lower part by means of the four buttresslike pinnacles that stand beside it throughout its whole elevation, and thus make its mass at once octagonal and rectangular, is worthy to receive unbounded approbation. In the solid base of those buttresses, the keynote of the lower tower runs on into the composition of the lantern; and, again, in the small statue-holding shrines which appear about the top of the solid tower, and about the head and sides of the entrance portals, you have an anticipation or souvenir of the delightful style of the central lantern.

Not less elegant is the vanishing away of the lantern tower of the centre, into the spire of the highest part. The ribs of the faces of both are in continuous lines, and the vertical piers of the tower run up some distance till they terminate in pinnacles. The top of the lantern, as already remarked, ends in a fringe of decorated arches, which are richly canopied: and thus the spire rises out of a coronet of pinnacles, and arches, and canopies, like a loyal nature soaring aloft from amidst a throng of humbler ministers that gird and glorify it. They seem to attend it on its way with banners of rejoicing; and when it shoots upward, far beyond their following, they send their exulting sympathies straining after it.

The whole of this steeple, and, indeed, the whole exterior of the edifice, is built uniformly of stone of a reddish color, the effect of which is agreeable. The entire height of the spire is $380\frac{1}{2}$ feet, which though $93\frac{1}{2}$ feet less than Strasbourg, is a hundred more than Trinity Church in New York.

In viewing again and again this best inspired of earth's efforts to beautify matter into a fit tabernacle for the indwelling of

Heaven's presence, you are, above all things, impressed with the exquisite proportion of the ascending parts of the tower; a proportion that is founded upon some mental considerations, and neither settled nor regulated by merely mechanical relations; the central and highest members being elongated, beyond a mere linear proportion, according to the degree in which they are lighter and more pierced. It is not, therefore, a proportion depending merely upon form; and if the lantern and spire were solid, like the base, it is probable that they would appear too high for it. But the mind, taking in an accompanying reference to the airy lightness of these upper members, recognizes the propriety of their greater altitude, and the imagination draws a peculiar pleasure from a construction that seems to comply with it even to a deviation from the rigidness of material rules. Next to the profound and subtle proportion of the parts, should be noted the finely discriminated and empha sized *expression* of each different member: the broad, solid, pyramidal base, all firmness and strength; the light, bright, joyous, self-sustaining fabric of the central part: the delicate lines of the "starry-pointing" spire, its edges, fretted like a cloud in the wind, its sides seeming to be crumbled by the consuming air, and the whole just mouldering, as it were, into the vaporous medium that envelopes it. But the highest and most characteristic beauty of Friburg consists in the connection or identity of the tower with the body of the church, as parts of a combining whole. The lower part of the tower does not seem planted apart from the nave; it is but its front: and the entire church is the true base of the spire. The same ordonnance of composition prevails throughout the whole exterior of the cathedral; the body of which is surrounded by an army of flying buttresses, pinnacled and statued, and tabernacled like the lantern; and has, at the angles, between the transepts and choir, two tall turrets, Romanesque for some distance, but decorated like the lantern, as to the upper parts, and terminated with small spires resembling the great one. The side view is striking: statues and spout-monsters of every sort, with richly crocketed pinnacles, crowd the view. With the exception of the round

arched galleries at the end of the transepts within, and something in the same manner on the outside of the south transept, the style of the cathedral is pure; and the exterior of the tower and nave display, not only great richness, but a perfect propriety and correspondence. Viewing the whole mass of the building and spire in combination, and noting the numerous flame-shaped turrets that start up at every point, the cathedral seems like a vast censer of naphtha, streaming towards the skies; one great leading jet being surrounded by smaller spurts of upward-stretching fire. There, circled by the wild and frowning hills of the Black Forest, which are piled around it, in variety of confusion, stands this unmatched type of the Beauty of Holiness; fit symbol of the Grace of the whole earth. Lingering around this lovely pile, through the mild hours of the earlier autumn,—climbing often among the pinnacles of its spire, to me, it ever appeared a mythic representation of the Catholic Faith. Its wide, walled, crowd-containing body seemed like that visible constitution of the church, which, founded on the plain of Truth, reared by the spiritual energies of the past, and buttressed without, by a thousand feelings, and interests, and thoughts, is a refuge from the storms of Nature, an altar of ever-burning worship. Above, and, as it was evolved out of the structure beneath, like an air-flower out of the material stalk which nurtured it, hangs the finely-shafted frame of light, like the mysterious temple of spiritual consciousness, which religion opens out, for each heart, above the thronged tabernacle of visible communion, the home of beautiful peace, a tower of high and calm perception, a lantern, full of the illumination of the upper sphere: yet not limitless, not the true heaven, but even there, where it seems most delightful to the sight, closing upon the view and narrowing away till it becomes nothing but a pointing line to the star that hangs above to indicate a dwelling that awaits us within the invisible, not made with hands, whose glories mortal eye may not see, nor living heart conceive.

The tower of Friburg may safely be pronounced the finest in Europe. In point of height it is the fourth. Strasbourg being 474 feet; St. Stephen's, at Vienna, 469 feet; Antwerp, 404

feet; Friburg, 380½. Of the other famed spires, that of the Town Hall at Brussels is 364 feet high; that of Malines is 348 feet; of Chartres, 304 feet. Antwerp, which has neither grace nor proportion, and in which both the courses and their decorations are crowded together oppressively, has no pretension to be compared with it. As little has St. Stephen's; in reference to which it may be observed, that while the outline of Friburg, from the outer base to the apex, constitutes, like it, almost a regular pyramid, that general form is, in the case of Friburg, interrupted and varied with a freedom and diversity as delightful as the monotony of St. Stephen's is stupid and commonplace. Admirable as Strasbourg is, the spire is rather one pinnacle of a mighty façade, than the tower of a cathedral; and in completeness, unity, proportion and a sweet and harmonious variety, it must yield to the smaller minster on the other bank of the Rhine. Next to Friburg, Chartres is perhaps the most elegant on the continent, yet it lacks the dignity, fullness and noble self-assertion of the German. In most spires, the builder seems to have been anxious to hurry over and confuse the connection of the spire and the base tower, and then to bring his spire to its point as rapidly as possible. In Friburg the deliberateness with which these difficult parts are handled, and instead of being abbreviated or concealed, are expanded and exposed, accomplishes the finest solution of the problem. The secret of the beautiful effect of this tower, in comparison with others, consists, first, in the great height of the open lantern which mediates and interprets between the solid tower below and the tapering spire above, and next in the lofty and slender lightness of the final spire. In Friburg, I cannot perceive that any fault is present, or that any beauty could be added without endangering the simplicity and clearness of the outlines. I tore myself away with the reluctance of a lover from this captivating form of beauty; and I shall always retain a conviction that there is one perfect thing in the world,—the tower and spire of Friburg Cathedral.

RATISBON, OR REGENSBURGH CATHEDRAL.

The Cathedral of Ratisbon, or Regensburgh, as it is called by the Germans from the river Regen, which there comes into the Danube, is a work of the first class, and one of the best in Germany. King Ludwig, whose energy and liberality, guided by a correct judgment, led him to create much that was new and improve all that was old, in every part of his dominions, had induced the canons to clear out all the rubbish of altars and monuments with which the bad taste of the seventeenth century had choked so many of the northern continental churches; and a room or two in the cloisters is filled with the mass of trumpery thus purged out. The interior is now clear; and as the stone is of a soft rich gray, and the columns neatly clustered, and the proportion in all respects excellent, the effect is impressive and agreeable. The choir is apsidal, with three faces, which are filled above and below with rich windows. The building exhibits the whole history of the progress from an early form corresponding with Early English down to the late style of Decorated, in which the paneling characteristic of the English Perpendicular already appears. The side windows consist of double lancet arches trefoiled, and enclosed in a larger arch, with a trefoiled circle in the head; entirely like Early English. The windows outside have the angular canopy richly crocketed, which characterizes the Decorated. The aisles, which do not go up as far as the choir, are circularly apsid; and as high up as to the second story they are built out as wide as the transepts. The great breadth thus obtained, produces a fine effect. The choir windows, as well as some others, have fine ancient colored glass. The side and west windows contain modern stained glass; some from Munich, the gift of King Ludwig; some from Nuremberg. The western front is wide, consisting of two unfinished towers with bold square buttresses at either angle, and a central space in the same plane between them. In the south transept is a well under a rich and elegant canopy, with figures of Christ and the Samaritan woman on the columns. It is declared by

the common people to be the identical well at which the scene occurred; an opinion which, as a Churchman, I am prevented from agreeing to, since it is well known that the scene really occurred at a well in the centre of the cloisters of the Lateran at Rome. A magnificent object in the centre of the nave, is a monument to the Cardinal Bishop, Prince Philip William of Bavaria, consisting of a lofty rectangular base, upon which, before a high crucifix, kneels, in his costume of Cardinal, the venerable figure of the high-born saint.

The Esel tower, called so because constructed for the ascent of the asses employed to carry materials to the summit, leads to the roof, whence the view is excellent. There is some elaborate and beautiful old sculpture along the top of the parapet, that surrounds this covering. The windows and other ornaments of the two towers do not correspond; and, notwithstanding the size, the whole has a feeble air. A triangular projecting porch forms the central entrance, and though much adorned, has a mean appearance. The cloisters, which are Romanesque of the eleventh or twelfth centuries, and have the pavement filled with richly cut slabs, covering bishops and other dignitaries, are curious.

CATHEDRAL OF MAGDEBURG.

The Cathedral of Magdeburg is a noble relic of religious Art, and it were worth the traveler's while to turn aside to visit it, were it only to cool and freshen his spirit in the atmosphere of silent and solemn grandeur in which its ancient aisles still garner the influences of a distant age, to which heaven, with its high cleansing calmness, was nearer than it is to ours. Within, this cathedral has much of the look of an English late Norman church, an effect partly due to its style, which is a transition from Romanesque to Early Gothic, partly to its great size, and to its being cleared of altars and other marks of Romish worship, and having the aspect of a merely historical monument of something passed away. It is now used by the Protestant-Lutherans, and when I entered, an ordination was taking place. Let not the

anti-Puseyite unduly be alarmed, if I report that two candles were burning on an unquestionable altar, on which also rested an unmistakable crucifix. These supposed badges of Romanism are usual in the Protestant Church of Prussia. The choir is apsidal, and as you enter it, through a screen, with double doors, quite in the English Perpendicular style, with a railing on the top, you find it separated from its surrounding aisle by open lancet arches, unequivocally Early English in effect. Between these and the triforium are some square openings, with sprawling trefoil arches over them, resting on ornamented little pillars in the wall, and at the sides of them are small standing figures of saints cut in the wall. These, as well as some very small figures seated in niches, in the wall around the choir aisles, seem to be remnants of an older church which stood here, and which have been built up into this one. Of the triforium windows, some are lancet, and others round-headed, but long and ringed in the centre like the Early English shafts. The large clerestory windows above, are filled with modern painted glass. Around the choir runs an apsidal aisle with chapels outside of it. The nave has massive piers, consisting of squares with circles clustered about them like many specimens of late Norman in England. It has no triforium, but very long clerestory windows. The windows of the side aisles are long, narrow and numerous; and their heads, as well as those of the clerestory, contain three circles. At the ends of the transepts are large decorated windows. Many interesting old monuments surround the walls. The cloisters are quite perfect, forming a complete square. The side which is opposite and parallel to the cathedral, appears to be of great antiquity. It consists of triple small arches under one containing arch; the westernmost dividing column of each triplet being curiously carved throughout, and each differently from another; the remaining column being plain. It calls to mind the cloisters of the Lateran at Rome. The façade [MS. lost.]

BAMBERG CATHEDRAL.

It was with feelings kindred to those that Johnson, with such pathetic eloquence, has expressed, in connection with the ruins of Iona, that in a dull afternoon of October, I clambered up the paved steep on which stands the ancient conventual and cathedral church of Bamberg. Once it was a very sanctuary and citadel of the church: venerable at home for the company of spiritual persons who there found refuge for study and prayer: famed and feared abroad for the armies which its mitred chief commanded in those battlesome gusts of mediæval life which caused the lamp of piety and learning oftentimes to flicker, and sometimes for a season to be extinguished. All now has passed away. The city is an undistinguished member of the kingdom of Bavaria. Its religious glories live only in the innumerable monuments and sepulchral slabs that crowd its church and cloisters. Its library has been scattered, and many a portly volume from its shelves have I purchased in America, in years when I little expected that, in person, I should moralize in the veritable scene of the "Monasterium Bambergense."

The cathedral, which has lately been restored and put in complete order, is perhaps the most elegant and interesting specimen of the latest Romanesque or earliest Gothic, in the north of Europe. It stands on a sloping platz opposite to the Schloss or palace, from one of the loftiest windows of which the weak and worthless Berthier, who had married a princess of the house, fell to the pavement beneath, in a fit of remorse, ennui, or vertigo,—which of the three no one valued him enough to inquire. The east front has, at the angles, lofty Romanesque towers, with several ranges of small round-headed windows, and terminated by slender spires. These towers have, in front, rich doors like English Norman; and that in the southern one is ornamented with zigzag, but as the stone is fresh, one cannot be sure that the design also may not be recent. The east end, between the towers, projects in a rich five-sided apse, which has, high up, a range of round-headed windows, and in a higher story,

directly under the cornice, a row of small round-headed open arches in triplets. Under the large windows are *horizontal* mouldings, exhibiting a resemblance to the ornaments of the English Norman arches; a circular billet, a double-tooth, which is to be seen also upon the exterior of Magdeburg, and a wedge or sharp cheveron. The west end of the church, which is in a late style, has also two steepled square towers; but at the four corners of each story or course are small open lanterns, formed by groups of four columns, producing a rich and brilliant effect.

The interior presents a long nave, with apsidal choirs at either end, and a transept. Towards the east end, the nave rises by steps; and beneath, is a cryptal church, lighted by windows from without, and from the nave and aisles of the cathedral. The elevated east apse has, below its large windows, a gallery of small arches on pillars variously ornamented, some being twisted, others knotted in the centre, a caprice to be found elsewhere in Romanesque churches, such as the cathedral of Modena. The groining of the western apse is extremely elegant; and its ceiling is painted in antique figures of a Greek type in reddish colors; as also a trifoiled gallery in the lower part of that apse is similarly painted; the remains of ancient frescoes.

This cathedral is a mausoleum of departed piety and renown. A hundred monuments in brass and marble cover the walls. A brow that once ached under the load of the tiara, and hands that have wielded the sceptre of Cæsar, moulder together beneath this pavement. Pope Clement the Second, who had been Bishop of Bamberg, rests within the western choir: and in the nave is the highly wrought tomb of the Emperor Henry the Second and Cunegund his wife: the cathedral, like the church which it represents, being capacious enough to hold calmly within its enclosure, the rival glories of Pope and Emperor. Against a pillar, near the eastern choir, is a monument of King Stephen of Hungary, consisting of an equestrian statue under a canopy. Among the dead here honored, is the name of Hohenlohe, an ancestor of the miraculous prince. But nothing

within these historic walls appeared to me so full of pathetic interest, as an inscription against the north side of the church, under a bronze full-length figure on a tall stone pedestal, and under a stone canopy. It is in Latin, and records that the "Venerable line of Bishops, Princes, and Dukes of Herbipolis, illustrious through a thousand and sixty years, ended by the death of George Charles, Bishop of Bamberg and Wurtzberg, Prince and Duke of East France," (Franconia). He died in 1808.

"Venerabilis series
Episcoporum, Principum, Ducum
Herbipolensium
Per mille et sexaginta annos gloriosa
Desinit obitu
Georgii Caroli
Episc. Bamberg. et Wirseburg. S. K. I. Principis
Et Franciæ Orientalis Ducis."

The chapel of the Holy Nail, a long apartment on the south, has its walls lined with bronze monuments of canons, many of them well executed.

CATHEDRAL OF ULM.

The Cathedral of Ulm is one of the most noticeable of these great structures in Germany. Its dimensions within are of extraordinary magnitude. The nave piers are flat on the sides, but round-clustered towards the nave and aisles. The arches between them are of elegant lancet shapes. The very broad aisles are divided, each by a row of cylindrical columns, and are elaborately groined. There are no triforium windows. The choir is apsidal, and contains fine old painted glass. The stalls are most elaborately and beautifully carved. Along the desks, where the passages to the seats behind intervene, there are busts of figures as large as life, in ordinary costume, carved in dark-brown wood, and looking so lifelike that I took them at first for real persons. A very rich tabernacle, to hold the sacrament in Catholic times, of great height, and similar to the one in St. Laurence's Church, Nuremberg, stands on the left of

the choir. The cathedral is now in the hands of Protestants, who form the great majority of the inhabitants; and I found a malignant perversely praying at the opposite end of the building, with a crowd of standing listeners before him. There is a box for the receipt of contributions to finish the Dom, as at Cologne; but I refused to lavish a single kreutzer on a fanaticism which would be incapable of making proper use of the temple when it might be completed.

Outside, the aisles and buttresses are of brick, but the sides of the upper part of the nave, and some other parts of the outside, are of stone. The tower, which stands single at the west end of the church, is all of stone, and though but half-finished, it almost threatens the supremacy of Strasbourg and Friburg. It was intended to have been carried up 491 feet, but the actual height is only 317 feet. In front, it projects, by means of buttresses, so as to form a very elegant porch. The outer doors are triple, tall lancet arches, the columns of which are light, and have along them little sculptured figures in tabernacles. The inner doors consist of a double-pointed arch, with sculptures above. Thence the tower ascends with a finely tapering inclination. In each of the second and third stories, it has two windows; those in the upper, very tall and slender. Over them is an elegant gridiron work of thin circular bars or columns, in the Strasbourg style, producing an excellent effect. They terminate at the top in delicate and rich finials. So far as this tower goes, it is unexceptionable, and, had it been completed, it might have been the most magnificent in Europe. But, unhappily, like most of man's upward efforts, it stops far too short of Heaven.

ST. STEPHEN'S, AT VIENNA.

St. Stephen's, at Vienna, deserves to be ranked among the great cathedrals of Gothic Germany. It stands in the centre of a considerable platz in the heart of the city. It is of great height. The roof stretches up with extraordinary elevation, with ranges of little windows, and is tiled in various colors, and

in various figures of zigzag. In one place is a huge Austrian eagle. The lofty, isosceles-triangle character of the roof; the numerous pediments that run along the tops of the walls; and, above all, the peculiar shape and character of the tower, which begins to taper, spire-fashion, from the ground, and is covered with ranges of crocketed pediments, or angular substitutes for arches, gives the whole structure a tented look, not inappropriate to a building so much connected with the history of the wars of the Christian defenders of Europe and the Turkish Moslem. The west end is of an antique, Romanesque character, probably of the eleventh or twelfth century; the rest is rich and luxurious. The tower, which is 465 feet high, is the second in Europe, being, in fact, only nine feet less than Strasbourg.

The prospect from it is admirable, and is the only point from which you can obtain a satisfactory view of the city. The arrangement of that capital is peculiar. It has not the vertebrated construction of a great street or two, running lengthwise through it, but a star-fish organization, or spider's-web arrangement, consisting of circling streets, pierced by numerous avenues radiating from the centre. On this account, on the plain, there are scarcely any fine continuous views. But when you ascend the tower of St. Stephen's, which stands in the centre of the inner town, the whole lies clearly and effectively beneath you. Around the base of the cathedral is clustered the city proper, surrounded by a circular wall. Outside of this extends the broad, circling, grassy, and shaded glacis; and outside of these the suburbs, like a belt, surrounds the planetary citadel. The line of the glacis which faces towards the glacis (?) is occupied by large and fine public buildings, which, when thus seen in connection, offer an imposing appearance. The whole surrounding landscape of hill and plain is singularly impressive. On one side, at the distance of a mile or two, is a tumbled pile of hills, through which the Danube cleaves its resistless way; and on another, the endless plain of the Marchfield, stretching away into the expanses of Hungary, and exhibiting the battle-fields of Wagram, and Espern, and Essling,

and the Isle of Lobau, in full view, almost at your feet. With "a thousand heavy times that had befallen" in the wars of Turk and Christian, is that town, which was the reconnoitring point for the commander of the city during the sieges of Vienna, connected; and with scarcely less exciting scenes in recent times of revolution and civil war. It was on the 30th of October, 1848, that the gallant but unfortunate Messenhauser, after the capitulation of the revolted city to the imperial troops had already been negotiated, ascended this tower to descry the fortunes of the battle which was taking place between the beleaguering Austrians and the Hungarians who had marched to the relief of the city, and which, even in the last moment, gave new hopes of safety and independence. The thickness of the fog rendered it impossible to see the contending lines; and the vicissitudes of a contest on which his own life depended could be inferred only from the direction and distances of the firing, which sometimes approached, sometimes receded, sometimes broke out in one quarter, and sometimes in another. From time to time, as any change, favorable or otherwise, appeared to take place, he dispatched bulletins to the people below, who crowded the cathedral and the platz around it, half mad with eagerness, hope, and terror. After high expectations had several times been raised, a final bulletin told them that all was lost. Messenhauser was soon after tried and shot.

The interior of St. Stephen's is one of the most impressive, sombre-sublime things that I have ever seen: very dark,—of a pure but extremely rich Gothic,—the columns elegantly clustered or channeled, and loaded with sculptures of saints under canopies of delicate fretwork, looking as if carved out of ebony. The altars are against the columns of the nave. The choir is without light, except from two tall, slender windows at the end of it, which are filled with antique glass, and shed a golden lustre upon the high altar. There is a mysterious blackness of darkness in the interior of this cathedral by no means comfortable. Yet the services are exhibited here with great effect. Vienna, being the most licentious capital in Europe, is also, not unnaturally, the most devout. I shall not quickly forget the touch-

ing beauty of a vesper service; here so different from such scenes in Italy, where there are an army of priests but generally no congregation at all. The whole floor of the cathedral, as I entered one afternoon, was covered by a kneeling throng; and, when the organ struck up, the entire body of worshipers—soldiers, peasants, ladies, children, servants, princes—joined in the chant with an effect irresistibly pathetic. In Germany, all sing as well as smoke; and the Catholic service, when the entire congregation take part in the singing, makes a depth and breadth of harmony which has an unearthly grandeur.

MILAN CATHEDRAL.*

The pointed architecture of the Teutons took root in Italy, and produced copious fruit, more especially in Lombardy. But it is a light, thin, timid, and exotic growth; always retaining the slight and slender forms of the earliest style of the Transalpine nations, and never swelling and advancing into the luxurious expansion and fervent vitality of Germany, France, and England. In Naples, are specimens of a foreign Gothic imported into that region. But one specimen, perhaps the only one, of early German Gothic in Italy, is to be seen in the triple church of San Francisco at Assisi. It was built by a German artist, and the ribbed vaulting of the upper church, and its lancet windows, speak a pretty pure Teutonic dialect. Other things than its architecture render it one of the most interesting buildings in the world; for its ceiling is covered with frescoes by Cimabue, some of which are as fresh and bright as while they were yet damp from the hand of the great father of modern Art; and its middle crypt is a museum of the early Florentine and Perugian schools, being painted all over by Giotto, Cavallini, Taddeo Gaddi, L'Ingegno, Lo Spagna. In two other instances German architects have been employed in Italy; in the Certosa near Pavia, and the Cathedral of Milan. The interior of the former shows many particulars of pure Gothic, but joined with more that is not.

* Endorsed by Mr. Wallace "Very unfinished."

The Cathedral of Milan, stands alone in the fields of Art. It is like nothing else in the world, before or since. It seems as if upon the confines of the Teutonic and Ausonian territory, the pure and fervid spirits of German Gothic and of the half classical Italian Gothic had coalesced, and their several excellences had become identified in the strange and almost supernatural loveliness of an offspring, which, though absolutely special and individual, and not one of a race of such, is yet consistent in its novel organization, and irresistible in its fascinating effect. It is not that mechanical minglement of two styles which forms a debased Art; the combination of the elements is a vital assimilation of the two germs, which produces a variety upon both species, more elegant than either. There was just that degree of specific nearness in the two, which allows of a productive union; for the Italian Gothic is a cross between true Gothic and classical, and thus German Gothic, when crossed with this mixture, is still joined with something homogeneous. We have seen many instances of Gothic constructions controlled by classic ideas and decorations, and the effect has been fatal: but here is a partially classical construction swayed and moulded by Gothic spirit and conception, and the result is admirable. The exterior of the building has not the outlines of a cathedral, but rather the massive and spreading repose of a Greek temple; yet the dress of decorations in which it is arrayed is Transalpine and still not inappropriate. Within, the vaulting seems not to be true Gothic: the piers, the relation of the nave to its aisles, with the incidents of triforium and clerestory, are quite remote from the cathedral structures of the north, yet the pervading tone,—the resulting impression, is Gothic of the most refined and spiritual sort. It is a monster, perhaps, according to the botany of architecture, but it is like the peerless and perfect rose, which passes out of the family of order, only to become the queen over all orders: and we may grant pardon to a deviation which works out an affluence of charms that bewilders the mind in admiration and makes faint the sense with delight. This cathedral is not the child of law and calculation, but of nature and love; and its glowing beauties catch a higher, warmer color, from those

instincts of feeling which gushed into forbidden union for its creation. I leave to architects to chronicle its departure from this or from that type of the schools: as an enthusiast worshiper of the beautiful, I care not for the rank or genealogy of my idol. Wherever beauty blooms, there glow the feelings of my heart's devotion.

There is wild grace in the delicate and luxurious elegances of Milan, which inflames the admiration into an ecstacy of pleasure. I shall not speedily forget the revelation of joy born of beauty, that opened in an instant upon me, as on the morning after my arrival in Milan, I walked forth from the Inn of Gran' Bretagna along one of the streets, without plan or purpose, and presently found myself upon the piazza of the gorgeous duomo. The façade is bad, on account of the Roman doors and windows which have been let into it. But stand off towards the south side, and view it diagonally, so as to bring the side and roof well into combination, and you will confess that a more singular and more enchanting vision never rose beneath your eye. It was a clear morning in the early November, the air was bracingly cool, with something of Alpine purity, the turquoise-blue of the unclouded vault of heaven, was then, to my unaccustomed eye, a ravishment of unreality. Beneath this glowing canopy, and from out the violet atmosphere that filled the whole space between earth and sky, rose the snowy masses of the cathedral, whose crowd of pinnacles seemed to tremble and tingle with diamondlike light. Thought and feeling seemed to melt together in the thrill of the senses' enjoyment, and for an instant I knew not whether to regard that blue heaven as a pictured dream of passioning Art, or that silvery pile as a crystallization of the glorious crown of Nature, who, lavishing her grace on Italy, as she had her grandeur upon Switzerland, might seem here to have formed a glacier of loveliness—a Mont-Blanc of beauty. A white-robed, glittering band of seraphs seemed to have just lighted upon the summit of each turret and buttress and finial, and to stand there with pearl-pale spears pointed up to Heaven. Listen! Listen! For as the sun-rays glance among the myriad figures, and all seems life and interchange—

imagination, which oftentimes confuses which sense it is that brings its strong report, will not believe but that the crystal-vested troop are chanting forth some chimes of airy music, or some according strains of triumph in the tones of their delight. A flight of most delicately colored pigeons lights at times upon the pavement; at times covers every "coin of vantage" on the cathedral. Sacred and mystic birds! They are of the family of those pearly-feathered tribes of St. Marc, which are said to have come, like much of that temple and its religion, from the mysterious East. A pair of these birds were brought to Milan a few years ago, and there is now a numerous flock.

A striking peculiarity of the duomo of Milan, is that it is built entirely of statuary marble. Some portions of the stone, especially above the roof, have a roseate or reddish hue, which, wrought into statuettes and bas-reliefs, form a delightful effect. The darkening of this stone by age has produced an appropriate and agreeable effect; for the tower part seems to have shared the stains of earth to which it is rooted, while the higher portions bloom in the arumlike whiteness of their virgin quarry. The roof is nearly flat, and very neatly paved with marble; and numerous turrets and pinnacles, set with statues or statuettes, rise around and upon it. The number of the figures now peopling the exterior is said to be above 3000; and the design when completed will include 6000. Many of these figures are by sculptors of the first reputation; three or four by Canova. They bear, and, indeed, require examination by a glass. That higher, open temple which is thus built and populated upon the top of the duomo, vaulted by the heavens, and lighted by the sun and stars, is a world of curious and delightful intricacy. The religious finish of every façette, and figure, and bas-relief, even in places where the eye cannot approach them except by extraordinary aids; the inscriptive dedications beneath the little shrines, so removed that human gaze cannot decipher them, produces a singular and profound feeling. It seems as if they might be shrines which were wrought for the glory of heaven and the solace of God's nightly angels. The view which the summit commands, with the whole line of the russet-tinted

snow-peaks of the Alps along the north, and the ocean-plain of Lombardy in the south, with the great roads that radiate from the city, so foreshortened that they seem as if rising directly upward, is one of rare and memorable interest. Walk at twilight or evening upon the plain that surrounds the walls of the city; and you will see the countless pinnacles of this temple shooting up through the gray air like some light play of the borealis; and you will fear that it will have vanished in the moonbeams before you can reach it.

When you enter this cathedral, if the splendid expanse before you be not sublime, it is only because it is so beautiful that wonder is absorbed in exquisiteness of enjoyment. The dimensions are imposing. The height of the nave is 153 feet, it extends between a series of nine arches through a magnificent distance to the transept. There are double aisles on each side of it, also of great width; and the slenderness of the piers throws the whole into one general effect. The piers rise to a prodigious height, and seem to bend gracefully at the top like the expanding cup of a lily. They seem too slight to support, with so slender arches, the lofty roof; but look! clustered round the top of each pier is again a band of angels, who seem to have taken the building under their especial care, and who give assurance that the elevated vault will safely be sustained.

ST. PETER'S, ROME.

From whatever part of the surrounding country you look at Rome, the object that chiefly strikes the eye and the mind is St. Peter's. In visible, as in moral impressions, it forms, in modern times, the great representative feature of the Historic City. As you come in from Civita Vecchia, along the sternest and dreariest road upon earth, through the blasted reign of Tarquin, crumbled over with ruins of such antiquity that, in comparison with them, the oldest remains of Rome seem to be of a modern date,—suddenly, from a rise in the road, you get sight of the dome, lifting up its whole mass above the crest of Monte Mario. So distinct is it, that it looks within a stone's

throw; yet the distance is fifteen miles. As you whirl impatiently along, with accelerating pace, the huge object becomes larger and larger, till, in your excited and confounded imagination, it seems expanding into a vastness that only astonishment and wonder can embrace; and when, at last, you pass the barrier of the hills, and enter the *Porta Cavalleggieri*, and the glittering vision of immensity is dashed, in its entireness, upon your spirit, you shrink, almost, with a sense of your insignificance, and feel as if St. Peter's were Rome, and Rome were the world. Thus far, not a tower or temple or palace, save this, has met your eye, and none was needed. The whole idea of Roman majesty and Roman force,—in arms, in laws, in faith—classic, mediæval, and modern—all that swells upon the memory and the soul, when the name of ROME is sounded, is flashed before the sentiments in that great, dazzling structure. As your eye labors upward from its mountain-founded base to its sun-silvered pinnacles, or follows the endless sweep of its colonnade, —all the notional little differences of sects and country melt into nothing; and your kindled sympathies snatch this universal temple from all partial appropriation, and claim it as MAN'S great monument of tribute to the All-Sovereign,—as the natural and everlasting shrine of the Religion of humanity. It asks no inscription of its character or purpose; it needs no solemn dedication from Pontiff borne on high by mitred train; it wears eternally, in its own greatness, its own inherent stamp of spiritual significance and divine awe;—holy through its vastness and its beauty;—self-consecrated to acts of worship and thoughts of reverence, by the creative inspiration which it embodies and represents. Its glory was conceived within that element which is the supra-mortal in man, and it will ever reproduce kindred emotion in him that approaches it. It is a spectacle to set on flame religious sensibility, where it exists, and waken or create it in hearts where it slumbered or was wanting.

If you travel from Naples, and enter the city on the southern side, the first view you have of Rome is from the hill of Albano, some fourteen or sixteen miles off; a sight to be much remem-

bered of him upon whose eyes, for the first time, it opens. St. Peter's is at the most remote edge of the capital, and your view of it is athwart all that rears itself aloft of the yet living power of princes, and all that remains of the grandeur of a line of emperors—the Coliseum being the nearest object to you. Yet, at all this disadvantage, St. Peter's seems to be the *urbs Roma*, and all the rest only irregular suburbs cowering around its base. Stand at mid-day, and look from the Alban lake or mountain towards the pale masses of the seven-hilled metropolis, which the golden richness of the languid atmosphere melts into an airy and mystic spectre of departing power. St. Peter's, with its beaklike cupola rising out of the yellowish masses that flank it, assumes to the musing fancy the mythic semblance of an eagle—Rome's once tutelary and ever-symbolizing bird—lonely, drooping, and forlorn, yet ominous; crouching on the height whence of old it flew with a shriek over the world; quenching in dim listlessness those orbs from which once flashed fires that were the light, the lode-star, and the terror of the nations; folding feebly around itself wings which, when stretched abroad in pride of flight, darkened, to half the earth, the sun in heaven.

From no position, however, does St. Peter's appear in such strange, solemn, mysterious impressiveness, as from the hill-slopes of Tivoli. From that point of view, the Campagna lies gloomily beneath you, covered with the dark purple of the low mist which always rests upon it, and bounded in the distance by the golden waters of the Mediterranean. Not a battlement, —not a turret,—not a spire of Rome can be made out,—save one. From the centre of the sombre plain below you, the whole dome of St. Peter's looms up against the bright horizon,—black, weird, portentous. The Campagna looks like an ocean of dusky waters, and St. Peter's like a huge ship riding alone upon its wastes.

What a world within Life's open world is the interior of St. Peter's!—a world of softness, brightness, and richness!—fusing the sentiments in a refined rapture of tranquillity,—gratifying the imagination with splendors more various, expansive, and ex-

haustless than the natural universe from which we pass,—typical of that sphere of spiritual consciousness, which, before the inward-working energies of Faith, arches itself out within man's mortal being. When you push aside the heavy curtain that veils the sanctuary from the [MS. wanting] without, what a shower of high and solemn pleasure is thrown upon your spirit! A glory of beauty fills all the Tabernacle. The majesty of a Perfection, that seems fragrant of delightfulness, fills it like a Presence. Grandeur, strength, solidity,—suggestive of the fixed Infinite,—float unsphered within those vaulted spaces, like clouds of lustre. The immensity of the size,—the unlimitable richness of the treasure that has been lavished upon its decoration by the enthusiastic prodigality of the Catholic world through successive centuries,—dwarfs Man and the Present, and leaves the soul open to sentiments of God and Eternity. The eye, as it glances along column and archway, meets nothing but variegated marbles and gold. Among the ornaments of the obscure parts of the wall and piers, are a multitude of pictures, vast in magnitude, transcendent in merit,—the master-pieces of the world, —the Communion of St. Jerome,—the Burial of St. Petronilla, —the Transfiguration of the Saviour,—not of perishable canvas and oils, but wrought in mosaic, and fit to endure till Time itself shall perish.

It is the sanctuary of Space and Silence. No throng can crowd these aisles; no sound of voices or of organs can displace the venerable quiet that broods here. The Pope, who fills the world with all his pompous retinue, fills not St. Peter's; and the roar of his quired singers, mingling with the sonorous chant of a host of priests and bishops, struggles for an instant against this ocean of stillness, and then is absorbed into it like a faint echo. The mightiest ceremonies of human worship,—celebrated by the earth's chief Pontiff, sweeping along in the magnificence of the most imposing array that the existing world can exhibit,—seem dwindled into insignificance within this structure. They do not explain to our feelings the uses of the building. As you stand within the gorgeous, celestial dwelling—framed not for man's abode—the holy silence, the mysterious fragrance, the light of

ever-burning lamps, suggest to you that it is the home of invisible spirits,—an outer court of Heaven,—visited, perchance, in the deeper hours of a night that is never dark within its walls, by the all-sacred AWE itself.

When you enter St. Peter's, RELIGION, as a local reality and a separate life, seems revealed to you. Far up the wide nave, the enormous baldachino of jetty bronze, with twisted columns and tintlike canopy, and a hundred brazen lamps, whose unextinguished flame keeps the watch of Light around the entrance to the crypt where lie the martyred remains of the Apostle, the rock of the church, give an oriental aspect to the central altar, which seems to typify the origin of the faith which reared this fane. Holiest of the holy is that altar. No step less sacred than a Pope's may ascend to minister before it: only on days the most august in the calendar, may even the hand which is consecrated by the Ring of the Fisherman be stretched forth to touch the vessels which rest on it. At every hour, over some part of the floor, worshipers may be seen kneeling, wrapt each in solitary penitence or adoration. The persons mystically habited, who journey noiselessly across the marble, bow and cross themselves, as they pass before this or that spot, betoken the recognition of something mysterious, that is unseen, invisible. By day illuminated by rays only from above, by night always luminous within—filled by an atmosphere of its own, which changes not with the changing cold and heat of the seasons without,—exhaling always a faint, delightful perfume,—it is the realm of piety—the clime of devotion—a spiritual globe in the midst of the material universe.

As a creation of Art,—that is to say, as a work symbolic of spiritual conceptions or emotions,—St. Peter's stands in a class by itself. It belongs to a different generic order of Art from the old Teutonic cathedrals of Germany, France and England; and is as perfectly an æsthetic embodiment of the modern or Italian Catholic religion, as they were types of that elder, wilder and more spiritual faith that held in solution with it those vital elements that afterwards passed off in the form of Protestantism. The Gothic artist, rearing a vast structure, sought to make it

appear yet loftier and more extended than it was. He meant that the imagination should lose itself in the effort to compass and measure its endless vistas; should falter and droop on the wing in its endeavor to soar to the summit of its dizzying concave. To this end, the height and length of the cathedral, especially in France and England, where, and not in Germany, this architecture developed itself most intelligently, were great in proportion to the width. The pillars are usually lofty in comparison with their thickness, and stand at small intervals from one another. A slight jointlike capital connects them with the pointed arches, which, continuing the same moulding and exhibiting almost the same *ordonnance*, appear not to be a different member, but rather a prolongation of the upright shafts, which have an appearance of converging at the top, from the great height to which they are extended. Thus nothing intercepts, but all things aid, the illusion which carries the eye upward along the clustered pillar till it loses itself into the gently-bending arch. In like manner, if a stranger, entering one of the western doors, sought the cloven tongue of fire which, in the sanctuary, ever hangs like an aureole around the summit of the sacred candlestick upon the altar—a memory and a sign of that flame which, in worship, comes down from heaven to kindle the hearts of the faithful—it was to be seen trembling at the dim extremity of a forestlike vista of arching shafts, which a thousand cross-lights bewildered the eye in its attempt to traverse. The finite melting itself into the infinite,—the material shading away into the ideal,—were the effects which the religious builders of France and England contemplated. A different faith possessed their souls who framed St. Peter's—Roman as distinct from Catholic,—and a variant inspiration, by consequence, informed their imaginations. When I stood for the first time within St. Peter's—newly from the great cathedrals of the Gothic race, to which also Milan, built by German architects, belongs —it was with a feeling of that sort of surprise which flickers upon the edge of disappointment. No such *trancing* emotion as that which Ely, and Winchester, and Amiens, and Strasbourg had dashed over me was I conscious of. Nay, the moment I

began to analyze the methods that were employed in the work, it appeared obvious that the artists had made use of every mechanical means that could cause the building to look smaller than it otherwise might. I must either suppose that the joint master-piece in architecture of Michael Angelo, Rafael, and Bramante, was a combination of errors—a series of violations of the plainest laws of effect in Art—or, I must reverse my conception of the idea, purpose and sentiment of this new style of creation, and study to derive its design and laws from the work itself. My intellectual reverence for Michael Angelo quickly determined which of these views to adopt. The true æsthetic notion of St. Peter's, I take to be this:

The artist sets out with a structure, really and actually, of stupendous dimensions. For example, the height of the roof of the nave arch from the floor is the same with the height of the choir of Cologne, or the choir and transepts of Beauvais,—those Titanic fragments of a mightier age which itself broke down under the impracticable task it had assumed;—and that is twice the height of the Abbey at Westminster. Yet at Rome's St. Peter's, this vast altitude is only the base, the pedestal, whence the real elevation of the building soars on high. According to the true apprehension of these Byzantine temples—for such, in origin, are all these dome-crowned crosses—it is the great central canopy which constitutes the body of the structure; and that, here, standing upon the nave, choir, and transepts as upon a supporting platform, swells thence aloft to more than twice their height. Of the airy space comprehended within the building, an impression may be derived from the circumstance before referred to, that the atmosphere has a fixed, mean temperature of its own, not sensibly changed by variations in the outer air—so that it always feels, and is comparatively, warm in winter and cool in summer; a phenomenon not observable, in a decided degree, in any other structure in the world, but to be found in some certain natural cavities of great extent—such as the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. A magnitude, positively and veritably immense, being thus assumed, the artist's design is to deal with it in such a way as to bring it as near as possible to the com-

mon apprehension and sympathies of the spectator: not, literally speaking, to make it look as small as possible,—an expression which would be faulty, inasmuch as it would treat the eye and not the imagination as the medium addressed by a production of Art,—but yet, at least, to make its unminishable greatness familiar and conciliating to his affections. Note what at once presents itself to your attention as you pause in the centre of the nave, and look round you to observe and feel. The size of objects that are at a distance above the eye is clearly increased in far more than may be called the just proportion of their remoteness; so that the capitals of pilasters above an hundred feet off have a distinctness that makes them seem but a little way off from us. Where the vault of the nave springs from the side piers, the upward lines are broken by a heavy, terminating cornice, and by a broad, transverse architrave; and further to baffle and expel all possibility of continuity with the marbled and fluted pilasters, the ceiling is composed of small, richly-gilded panels. The width of the nave and aisles is also exceedingly great; so as to bring down the height. But, without going into detailed illustration, it is enough to note, generally, that the following principles are acted upon throughout the whole interior:—The lines, whether straight or curve, are every where broken as much as possible; a high and fine degree of finish—embracing particularly a great diversity of rich and warm coloring—is exhibited throughout every part,—over the distant surfaces of the airy cupolas and the retiring nooks of wall and ceiling. Remote things,—such as statues, inscriptions, mosaic figures,—are made to seem strangely near at hand, in consequence of the exaggerated dimensions in which they are executed. There is, therefore, nothing overwhelming in the first effect of the interior of St. Peter's. You are not overpowered, bowed down, abased in terror or in tears, as you are upon going into almost the meanest of the English cathedrals. When you gaze upward through the gray wastes of Beauvais Cathedral, which has about the same height, you draw back appalled — you shudder with the fear of a mental *anéantissement*. But, the stupendous, the monstrous, the prodigious,—which were effects

inherent in the dimensions of St. Peter's—have been completely absorbed, or dissipated, by the multitudinous resources of Art and Diligence which the genius of the builders has diffused over the work.

This, then, is the characteristic impression of the interior of St. Peter's—to approximate the vast,—to familiarize the great. And from this springs the moral enjoyment which it produces; an emotion at once stimulating and soothing,—at the same time inspiring and satisfying. You seem to taste, as it were, of superhuman elements; to have a mortal fruition of the Unbounded, the Ever-during, the August: and the intellectual sensation is exquisitely sweet. The moral and the spiritual seem to become exquisitely sensuous in the strong beauties of this shrine of the world's hope and comfort. To the fancy of the soul, the mighty structure seems like a vast mystic organ, distilling to our hearts out of the common air of life, the music of inward and indestructible Peace; for, often as I paced those marble floors, lost in every delicious emotion that gratified intellect and taste could supply, the glories — inexhaustible, inexpressible, and irresistible—of that tabernacle, always translated themselves to my spirit in strains of ideal harmonies,—touching, attendering, exalting. Assimilating from it those heavenly impressions into our sad and sorrowing natures, we become insensibly chastened, and thereby pardoned. Surely the very Angel of Consolation makes those vaulted roofs his ever-chosen dwelling-place. Thou, who, disappointed in others, or, more fatally, disappointed by thyself, mayest have sought restoration from Nature, from Thought, or from Endeavor, go, tread those long-drawn aisles, day after day, and hour with hour;—mingle thy tears with the dust that pilgrim-feet bring thither from the earth's remotest borders, and thou shalt hear from the Great Loveliness indwelling there, whispers of a reconciliation with thyself and of contentment in thy hopes.

And, thus, St. Peter's stands a perpetual type and symbol of the ultra-Montane, (?) or Italian Catholic system. Of all Art, the guiding instinct ever is some religious conception. Art is one of the means by which man strives to realize or represent to

himself, in beauty, his spiritual apprehensions; in order that he may pour in upon his senses, through the avenue which commands the finest sensibilities of the material frame, the rich ecstacies of spiritual consciousness. The just interpretation—the true critical canon—of every system of Art, will be found in the prevailing religious emotions or practices of the people among whom it springs. It is the character of the Romish system, to materialize the mysteries of spirituality: to make faith, in all things sensible: to give visibility and palpableness to the whole body of religion: to affect the soul through the senses by first charging physical things with the representative sanctity of an indwelling divineness: to realize on earth and in mortal forms, the kingdom of God in its absolute completeness, even to the permanent presence of the Head of the Church, and the judicial inquisition and sovereign remission of sins. And thus does St. Peter's, grappling the Indefinite in its Glory, bring it down, through symbolic media, to our most familiar recognition and appropriation. Thus do its broad and heavy arches, expanding our thoughts to a certain extent, but restricting them from beyond that extent,—crusted over with splendors that make the sense almost smart with pleasure—seek to embody all the magnificence and all the beauties that imagination could accumulate in a further and future world—and seem to say, "Here rest, here feed on Adoration as a Joy: here is the excellence of existence, the fullness of Perfection." The Protestant system, and that older, freer faith of the unsevered Church of Christ, sent man aloft to heaven, by teaching him to feel the nothingness of himself and earth: and so did the Gothic cathedrals, that in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, were the unconscious workings, through an æsthetic avenue, of that spiritualism of the English, French, and German nations, which a little later detached itself altogether in the theory of Protestantism, annihilate the worshiper upon the threshold of the temple, and leave him in humble astonishment and awe, at the sublimity of the court of the worship of the Lord. The modern Italian system, which is the residue of the Catholic faith after the rational elements had been drawn off in Protestantism, brings down heaven

to man, and fills the persons, places, implements and services of the church with the full inspiration and virtue of divinity. A northern cathedral gratifies by what it suggests and leads to; St. Peter's suggests even more by the inexpressible moral gratification which it infuses. Like the rites of the church, while it pours a flood of half-bewildered joy through the spirit, yet composes, calms and satisfies. This fabric, which the uniting genius of Rafael and Michael Angelo gave to the church that lavished its patronage upon them, unfolds almost a new means of grace; and embodies well-nigh a new sign of faith. St. Peter's is the Sacrament of Art.

VISIT TO NETLEY ABBEY.

ISLE OF WIGHT—THE SOLENT—NETLEY ABBEY

Netley Abbey, June 6, 1850.

I REACHED Ryde on a fine day about noon, and took a sailing wherry, mounting two small masts and a jib, for Netley Abbey. The water-view of Ryde, looking like a nosegay made of green trees and white cottages, and thence along the Solent coast of the Isle of Wight, to where, in the distance, the yellowish towers of Osborne House glitter above the forests, and glimpses of the gray, round masses of Norris Castle, like some stern, steel-clad warrior, are betrayed through the trees upon a point of high land beyond—forms a scene not less interesting for its exquisite elegance, than as significant of English character and life and taste. Near the long pier stands the stately club-house of the Victoria Yacht Club; next it, a low cottage built and occupied by the late Duke of Bucks; and further on, girt by trees, the residence of the late Earl Spencer. Then, bowered among profusest expanses of foliage, the lovely church and rectory of Binstead—a few thatched cottages nestled in a "boundless contiguity of shade"—the trees being just not too crowded to prevent the form of each from being seen. Immediately beyond, are the ruins of the old Cistercian monastery of Quarr—the recumbent ground presenting to the river a clear, bright sward, not less enchanting than the woods of Binstead; the gray, lancelike arches of the wasted Abbey overtopping the woods that strive to hide the wrong. The view upon the oppo-

site side of the Solent, towards Portsmouth, though of a very different character, is also fine. In the distance, on the end of Portsdown Hill, Nelson's monument is distinctly seen. As I was wafted gently along the calm waters, I saw upon the muddy edge of the wave, the tide being low, a bending, venerable figure, which might have served for the type of Wordsworth's Leech-Gatherer. He was engaged, as I learned, in fishing for shrimps. He used a hand-net, with which he scraped along the weeds on the margins of the little inlets that indented the shore. Another mode of taking these favorite little dainties, is by a kind of cage, which is baited with small crabs, and let down into the water, to attract the fish into it. Great quantities of shrimps are obtained along the coast.

Moving onward, a few tiltings of the boat over the glassy wave brought us opposite to the domain of Osborne House. On the edge of these grounds stands a lovely cottage with a lawn in front, circled by a ring of oaks coming down to the water. The spot is called the King's Cave, and is identified by tradition as the covert where King Charles was caught among the trees, when he had made an escape from Carisbrook Castle. It would appear from this legend, which I think is not taken notice of in the histories, that the oak, which a little later became a royal tree, was at that time in the Parliamentary interest, and was as unfavorable to the hopes of the father as it afterwards became propitious to the fortunes of the son. The cottage was built by Lady Holmes, but the site has recently been purchased by the Queen and annexed to Osborne, and now forms the eastern boundary of her manor. The lesson of Frederic and the windmill, it seems, was repeated in the case of the adjoining estate, which her majesty is said to have been extremely anxious to buy, but which the proprietor still stoutly refuses to sell to her. The view of Osborne House from the water is good. It stands at the top of the ascending ground, about three-quarters of a mile from the shore, is built of cream-colored stone, and consists of a large square building, connected with a tower on either side, by means of galleries, having two rows of ample arched windows. Adjoining the

west tower is a wing; and it is intended to construct one on the other side to correspond with it. The grounds have little elegance. An irregular park, with a few straggling trees, bounded on either side, by thickly-forested hills, descends to the beach, where a pier is built for the Queen to land. The little steamer Fairy brings her down, and in fine weather anchors off this shore, and the Queen lands in a small boat. If the wind is high, the steamer comes-to at Trinity Wharf, East Cowes. There are three private steamers in the service of royalty—the Fairy, a richly decorated and elegant little craft, which she uses at the Isle of Wight—a larger one, equally exquisite, though plainer, and more businesslike, which she employs on more distant excursions—and another, called the Milk-boat, which brings supplies and despatches, and is almost constantly shooting between the Medina river and the Portsmouth dock. The flag now streaming from the turrets of Osborne, proclaims that her Majesty is beneath its roof.

Next beyond Osborne, is a place of infinite interest and beauty—Norris Castle, built by the late Lord Henry Seymour, and now owned by Mr. Bell, who has expended forty thousand pounds in improving it. A sea-wall embankment sustains a lawn of clean, bright velvet turf, diversified by clumps of neat shrubbery, and rising gently to a considerable height. The castle, which stands within three hundred yards of the water, presents a grand and noble appearance. It is in that stern, yet elegant style, called in England, not incorrectly, the Norman Gothic, and is of great extent and magnificence. It has several light square towers, and one enormous round keep tower, which immediately summons up visions of the days of the donjon, the moat, the barbican, the portcullis, and all those conventionalisms of the Middle Ages which we read of so profusely in Scott and James. The towers, and almost the whole structure, are mantled by thick, dark ivy. Lord Henry, of whose patrician toils and lonely thoughts it was long the haunt, appears to have been one of those characters not very uncommon among the younger sons of the highest nobility—an eccentric but kindly recluse, whose birth and honors, recorded with great

simplicity upon a tasteful slab in the village church of Whippingham, I had read a day or two before, but whose true epitaph was to be found in the comment of the weather-stained tar beside me, who observed, with a wistful shake of the head, that

"He was very good to the Poor."

He lived here to a great age—one of that wise class of men called bachelors—spending his whole income upon his estate, and always employing seventy or eighty men at work. He wrought habitually among his laborers, as one of themselves, and was not to be distinguished by dress, wearing a blue jacket, duck trowsers, and a glazed hat. As you come opposite the Medina river, a stream which divides the Isle of Wight into two nearly equal parts, the view of East and West Cowes, on opposite sides of the stream, is extremely neat; the former presenting, at the point, a circular lawn of shining verdure, varied by a profusion of clustered trees; the other circling and crowning a lofty hill, its houses relieved by quantities of elms, while at its base frowns the grim, burly, old, storm-whitened fortress of Cowes Castle.

The channel, or *sound*, as we should term it, which separates the Isle of Wight from England, is called the Solent Sea. Nearly opposite to Cowes, there extends into the land an estuary or bay, called Southampton Water, at the head of which is the town of that name. Stretching across in that direction, my little craft glided pleasantly along, under a breeze just moderate enough to suffer the eye to linger as long as it loved upon the many picturesque sites that succeeded one another in all directions. Westward of Southampton Water, bowered in the outskirts of New Forest, famed as the scene of the death of Rufus, stood Eaglehurst Castle—a romantic assemblage of low towers, surmounted by one slender tower shooting far into the air. It is now the residence of the Lord Craven. Rounding the point, we pass under Calshot Castle, standing on a flat blank hook of sand that reached out into Southampton Water, surrounded by a fortification bristling with cannon. This is

the principal stronghold of the men engaged in the preventive service, but was originally built by Henry VIII., to defend the coast from pirates; and its vast swollen rotundity suggests the notion that the cincture of the royal stomach must have served as the model of its proportions. Nearly opposite, on the Hants coast, is a beautiful place called Hornby Castle, the seat of an East Indian Governor of that name.

The shores of Southampton Water, as you sail upward, present on either side, a brilliant variety of light green fields and dark rich forests; with small churches, cottages and stately dwelling-houses interspersed through the scene. Sometimes you pass in front of a wheat field clothing a slope in yellow vesture; sometimes you view a smoothly shaven lawn, extending to the water's edge, with a few round-topped trees shedding their quiet shade upon the bright herbage; sometimes your fancy is caught and bewildered by masses of sombre forest. On the left, one catches a gleam of Cadland, the noble home of Mr. Drummond, hardly to be discerned for the prodigality of foliage that envelopes it. On the right, as you advance, is a large stone dwelling, of fine castellated aspect, the property and residence of Sir Arthur Paget. A short distance further brings us to Netley Castle, a substantial, towered structure, rising out of the water; the castle, built by Henry VIII., and the tower added of late years by Mr. Chamberlayne, the proprietor of the whole of Netley. The popular belief is, that a subterranean passage, which is seen leading from the Abbey, connects it, or once connected it with the castle; but this, I believe, is but an old woman's tale. As I had reached my destination, we called a man from the shore, who came off in a small boat, and landed me at the castle, while the honest tar who had brought me from Ryde proceeded to Southampton with my luggage.

I have rarely witnessed a scene of more tranquil and touching loveliness than that which extended around me as I advanced, through a short walk, to the Abbey. Ascending a gentle elevation, I passed through a lane skirted by trim hedges and shaded with small trees, glittering with that freshness, delicacy, and elegance, which are peculiarly characteristic of the English

landscape. The day was mild and unusually clear. A cloudless sky expanded its soft and pearl-like hues overhead; and the voices of nightingales and thrushes resounded among the branches. A turn in the road presently brought me upon the magnificent remains of this famous Abbey. The lofty, roofless walls, with numerous ash-trees of great size growing within and around them, and the empty window arches, lined with ivy, or sprouting with shrubs, aided by a religious stillness which seemed to be deepened rather than disturbed by the occasional discordant scream of birds high in the air, snatched me away from the present, startling the fancy like a wierd memento of by-gone ages, which had long outlived its time, and projected the life of the thirteenth century into the nineteenth. A flight of jet-black rooks and daws, cawing an ominous requiem, hovered above the fallen form of greatness, and seemed to announce to the passer-by the unburied remains of violated sanctity.

A pretty complete picture of ecclesiastical life, six centuries ago, would be furnished by filling up and reclothing, in imagination, the skeleton which the dismantled apartments of Netley present. The building was founded about the year 1240, and, being erected at the time when the Early English was at its perfection—being refined from its first plainness, and not yet dilated into the luxuriousness of Decorated—it is a good specimen of the richest and best type of that style in its purity. It was a monastery of the White Monks or Cistercians, a reformed scion of the Clugniac order, whose own degeneracy, ere long, roused the unsparing hand of a more fierce reformer. It is honorable to the religious character of the founders, that the principal and largest, and by far the most splendid portion of the monastery, was the chapel. I entered the Abbey by the west door of the chapel, over which is a large window, there being also windows at the side of it, terminating the side aisles. Advancing a little way up what was once the nave, I obtained an interior view of the spacious ruin, which was wonderfully grand, and impressive, and beautiful. The form is the usual one of a cross, and the walls are perfect, except the north transept,

which has been demolished. The length of the church is about two hundred feet, and the width sixty feet. The length of the cross, when perfect, was a hundred and twenty feet. The walls, long-wise, comprise eight sets of beautiful triple lancet windows, enclosed in one larger lancet arch. On the south side of the nave the windows are open only at the top, being shortened on account of the cloisters which were ranged along the outside. The great east window is still perfect, and of the utmost beauty; the arch-mouldings being surprisingly rich and delicate, and deep. No part of the roof remains, except over the side aisle of the south transept, where the bosses are of great delicacy and finish. A few ornaments over the arches of the end of the south transept, and a leaf moulding or two, and the end of some of the corbels, and the slight, shapely terminations of the arches of the ceiling, which still extend a foot or two above their spring, all denote that the ceiling was once vaulted and fretted in a style of airy and sumptuous tracery work. At the corner made by the choir and south transept, a neat spiral staircase in the wall leads to the roof of the side aisles, around which there is a safe walk over a great part of the church. The prospect, as you look southward from the balcony at the top of the staircase, is a flash of tenderer beauty upon a scene already charming, like a snowy smile upon a countenance which before had seemed too exquisite for reality. Bordered by grassy slopes, besprinkled with villas and trees and castles, and bounded in the distance by the shores of the Isle of Wight, spread the blue expanses of Southampton Water, upon whose calmness a few drooping sails, floating with the tide, impress a more earnest quiet. The very spirits of peace, and purity, and happiness, seemed to rest upon the landscape, and to breathe their consecration over it. Such a scene, looked out upon in by-gone days, might have stirred to a deeper religion hearts that were fresh from the fervors of the sanctuary. With this spectacle before one, there would be no great hesitation in assenting to the etymology which the learned assign to the name of Netley—which they tell you is corrupted from Letley, an English abbreviation of *Lætus Locus*, or Pleasant Place;

Abbatium de Læto Loco being the Latin name given to the place in Dugdale, and other ancient chroniclers.

Passing through a door in the east aisle of the south transept, you enter a small roofed apartment, which was probably the sacristy, where the sacred vessels and furniture of the church were kept. Thence, in a line with the transept, extend the domestic apartments of the monastery. The first is the Chapter-house, where the official business of the Abbey was transacted. It is about thirty-six feet square, and the roof remains entire. Three very elegantly moulded arched doorways adjoining to one another, opened upon the cloister court, or fountain court, as it was called; but two of them are now blocked up, and only one is open for passage. On the opposite side are three beautiful triple windows, corresponding with the doors. The brackets, from which a groined arch formerly sprang, remain in the corners. Next is an arched passage-way, giving admission from the east court, and beyond it, in the same line, is a kind of anteroom to the refectory, which we may suppose to have served as a drawing-room for the monks. Then comes the refectory, a grand apartment, a hundred and forty-five feet in length by twenty-five, formerly with groined arches, now roofless and open to the sky. In the very centre, shoots up an enormous ash, at least two feet in diameter, and apparently not less than two centuries old. Its enormous gnarled roots seem to clutch the earth as with the fierce talon of a thing of prey. Next is a corner-room, supposed to have been a pantry, and adjoining it, on the east, is the large kitchen, forty-eight feet by eighteen, and once vaulted. The chimney, particularly, attracted my attention. It is entirely in the style of the rest of the building, but massive, and appropriate to its place and purpose. It projects far, and in the corner which it makes with the wall, is a stone shelf, also thoroughly in keeping. To trace, in the several apartments of the monastery, the gradations and adaptation in the characteristics of the style of architecture, from the exquisite poetry of the chapel, almost spiritual in its delicacy, and boundlessly lavish in its elaboration, through the intermediate rooms, till you come to the solid and plain kitchen-chimney and kitchen-

shelf, affords an illustration not only of the fine and true taste of the builders of these houses, but of the resources and ductility of the art they dealt with. All is beautiful, and all of the same character of architecture, but varying in degree of elegance according to the uses of the place. This stone shelf, for example, is not only as thoroughly Gothic, but it is as distinctively Early English Gothic, as the gorgeous wheel in the top of the great east window of the choir; yet the one is as suitable for the repose of dredging-boxes and skewers, as the other is worthy to receive the first golden rays of the festal morning. The whole structure is one homogeneous creation of Art—an Art so complete that nothing could soar above its powers of expression, and nothing could fall below the range of its appropriate forms. You may trace the same air running through the whole composition, though it one while blossoms into melodies, and at another roughens almost into discord—traversing with natural grace the entire gamut of human sympathies, from the high sacred to the low sensible.

Going back to the Chapter-house, and stepping out through the door which remains unclosed, you come into what is called the fountain court. It is a quadrangle, formed by the south side of the nave aisle as its north boundary, the south transept and range of domestic apartments as its east side, and lofty walls on the south and west. It is, no doubt, the cloisters; and the west and north walls formerly supported ranges of rooms for the monks, as is yet indicated by numerous corbels along them, whence the arched roofs of those apartments sprang. It was to accommodate these dormitories that the side windows of the south aisle of the nave are open only at the top. At the south side of this court is the principal doorway to the Abbey.

I threaded my way back into the church, and reposed myself at the foot of one of the large trees that stand within it. Three centuries of decay rest undisturbed upon the shrine of ancient Faith. The floor is covered with the rubbish of arches and columns, and overgrown with a profusion of flowers. Bushes, almost trees in size, grow upon the top of the wall over the east window. An immense mass of black ivy, from the outside, fills

up the side windows of the choir, and pushes far into the chapel, with the omnious, menacing aspect of a dark, ruthless foe pressing on resistlessly to overwhelm his devoted victim. The lofty and thinly-foliaged ash trees, that overtop the chapel and cover it in, serve as a sort of embowered roof, and cast that shaded light through the interior which its ancient character as well as its modern condition render appropriate. It needed but little aid from fancy to feel that Nature, with religious instinct, had been busied in concealing and repairing the ravages of man; had pleased herself, through successive years, to arch anew the fallen ceiling, and reconstruct the long perspective of the aisles. I sat musing for some time in this interesting ruin, which is now an august and lovely cathedral of natural sentiment as it once was of holy truth. Every few minutes a great cawing of rooks or jackdaws would break out, or a sudden flight of those dusky birds would darken the checkered earth. Ruin seemed to have invested itself in its most enchanting traits, as if to reconcile us to its devastation of so much elegance; and I knew not whether most to mourn the structure which once was so peerless, or to love the destruction which had made it yet more captivating in overthrow. It was a spot to supply the artist with studies of the picturesque; to inspire the poet with suggestions of sentiment; to instruct and reprove the moralist with lessons of human passion and earthly vicissitude. Like a ruined maid, with her thin locks disheveled around her wan yet winning beauties, sitting in the patience of her long despair, the pensive graces of the spot seemed almost to touch the sources of personal sympathy. I have viewed Tintern, and Melrose, and Roslin, and Holyrood; but I remember nothing that approaches the pathetic loveliness of Netley. I brought away with me a few ivy leaves from the east window, and a flower or two from the floor of the chapel, as remembrances of the meditative hour which I passed beneath the shadow of this twice sacred fane; and I bade adieu to beautiful Netley with emotions of melancholy and delight. A walk of a couple of miles along the water brought me to Southampton.

NOTES OF A TOUR IN SWITZERLAND.

Chapter I.

August 27, 1850. At Bâle, I met again the fervent Rhine; small in size, but shooting past with a copious mass of whirling waters, as green as malachite. The town, once famed in letters, is now uninteresting. We loitered away an hour or two at the museum, examining numerous sketches and portraits by Holbein, and turning over some volumes of autograph correspondence between Martin Luther, Zuinglius, and Melancthon. The cathedral is a quaint, Romanesque affair, of the twelfth century, chiefly memorable for the tomb of that wittiest of the good and gentlest of the learned, Erasmus.

On the following day, I set out for a tour through Switzerland. We left Basle at six o'clock, for Bienne, through the Münster Thal, or Val Moustier, a defile formed by the connecting valleys of the Birs and the Suze, which, running in opposite directions, cleave the Jura through the midst, and give entrance to the heart of Switzerland. The morning was fine, but the mists yet lingered in the ravines, and as the sun lighted them up, they resembled solid bridges of silver, connecting the adjacent hills. As your eye glanced along these vapor-filled valleys, and caught sight of a fleecy cloud beyond, it seemed as if a celestial ocean lay before you, stretching away in eternity. The Birs is a bright, green stream, rapid and dimpling; and the route follows its course from its mouth, at Basle, to its source, in some fountains in a cleft of the Pierre Pertuis mountain, which is the summit that divides the rivulets that flow towards

the Rhine from those that fall into the lake of Bienne. It takes its name from an arched rock that crosses the road, resembling the Natural Bridge of Virginia, though much smaller than that magnificent and beautiful object. It formerly marked a boundary between two of Cæsar's Gallic acquaintance, and upon one side of it, is a defaced inscription in which the name Augustus may yet be read. Beyond the Pierre Pertuis, the road follows the Suze from near its source till it empties into the lake Bienne. These streams, several times, cut their course directly through the mountain, which skirts the way on either side by enormous walls of rock, along which shrubbery grows in successive ranges. The scenery, throughout, is upon a stupendous scale. The finest portion is on the Bienne side of the rock. The Suze, there, breaks through the vast barrier, and forms a cascade, of which the roar comes to the ear from a great distance below. It seems as if the Jura, when the traveler is about to leave him, were determined to give one last full display of his terrors, and accumulate and range his mightiest shapes in lines to overawe and appall. You move along between cleft rocks, so high that the trees that grow on the top edges can scarcely be distinguished. Looking back, you perceive yourself to be in a colosseum of nature; an enormous amphitheatrical valley, upon whose walls the sky seems to be resting. You turn the angle of the left slope of the Jura, and begin to descend into the plain, and the whole panorama of Switzerland bursts upon you in one splendid spectacle. Below, at the right, lies the deep-blue lake of Bienne, and, further on, glitter the waters of Neuchâtel. In front, are the plain and valley of the Aar, comprehending the space from Thun and Berne to Soleure and Bienne; and beyond it, the entire line of the Bernese Alps. To the left, in the distance, are seen the hills of Lucerne, and Zug, and Zchwytz.

Perhaps no intellectual emotion of our maturer life comes upon us with so much novelty, and strength, and delight, as that shock of surprise and pleasure which we receive from the sight of the snowy pinnacles of the Alps, shooting up into the blue heaven, and standing together in silent mysterious vast-

ness. It provokes not to expression, but sinks upon the stilled heart, with a strange, exquisite feeling, essentially spiritual in its solemnity and depth. Our native and familiar earth is seen expanding into the sublimity of the heavens, and we feel as if our destiny were exalted along with it. The wonder and sensibility of childhood return upon us. Niagara,—the ocean,—cathedrals,—all these, when seen for the first time, touch chords of immortality within our being. But none of them in quickness and fineness and depth of force can be equaled to the aspect of the Alps. Material and moral qualities combine to render it the most awing and ennobling that can pass before living eyes. There is a calming, elevating, consoling influence in the quietness of power, the repose of surpassing magnificence, in which these mighty eminences rest, living out their great lives in silent and motionless serenity; and our turbulent and troubled souls are reproved and chastened by the spectacle.

The lake of Bienne is a small but beautiful water. In the middle of it, rises to a considerable height, the little island of Pierre, which was for some time the residence of Rousseau. On the north, Jura cools his feet in its wave; and, towards the south, the Oberland shows its sky-piercing peaks. The town of Bienne is a wretched village, with few inhabitants, and those ill-looking and uncleanly. We were glad to resume our journey to Berne. From the top of a hill, a mile or two on the road, the view of the Jura range became perfect. It stretched away, obliquely, toward Soleure, and was enveloped in the indistinct, refracted lustre of the evening sun. Its masses of land, rising one after another, in forms of massive greatness, conveyed an image of tranquil and inherent majesty. The more distant summits, that were shaded from the declining sun, were delightfully soft and rich. The effect of the Oberland, on the opposite quarter, grew, every moment, finer.

The scenery of Switzerland cannot fairly be compared with that of the Rhine, or of any other part of the world. It is essentially different. The near view of hill scenery is another thing from the distant view of great mountains. The sources of interest in the two cases, are distinct, and the nature of the

beauty dissimilar. In a close view, as along the Rhine, excellence consists in the particular shape of a peak,—in the grouping of several together,—in the character of the surface, whether smooth or irregular, whether bare or covered with vegetation,—upon the relation of one part with another, and upon a thousand minute circumstances that enter into the formation of a good picture. But, for a great distant view, there is needed, chiefly, vast height and immense range; and the effects depend upon bold outlines, and simple and massive contrasts of light and shade. Undoubtedly, the latter is a higher grade of impression than the other. It alone brings out that which distinguishes mountain scenery in its greatest display from all other objects upon the earth. Great mountains are like great men; the true picturesque point of view is a remote one. Now, it is only the greatest that have any character or interest when so seen. For this, Switzerland is incomparable. I consider the distant and general views of the Alps as superior to any views in their midst.

Berne is the least refined and least respectable city that I saw in Europe. I found but one gentleman in it, and had the pleasure of giving him some cakes.* The town is worth visiting, chiefly on account of the comprehensive view which it affords of the Oberland. To obtain a prospect which is somewhat noted, I walked up the Enghe hill; but found a better one from the Uraine, behind the Bear's Graben, and one still finer from the top of the Minster. From that position you enjoy a vision such as no other place in Switzerland gives with equal advantage. It is midway between the two chains that enclose the land of Helvetii upon the north and the south. The long line of the Jura is seen in unequaled grandeur along one horizon; and the greatest of the high Alps tower upward on the other.

The following day I spent at Thun; and, on the next, came to Interlaken, an agreeable place, colonized by English. These two days were blanks in the enjoyment of the country, for the clouds were heavy and low. I determined to wait at the gate

* The public authorities of Berne keep a huge living bear in one of the fashionable resorts.—ED.

of the Oberland for that bright weather, without which Switzerland were but a glorious picture covered with a vail. Soon it came, in all the magnificence of cloudless blue. During the 30th and 31st of August, the tops of the mountains had been invisible; but when I awoke, at Interlaken, on the 1st of September, and sprang to the window to catch the omens of the day, the summits of the Jungfrau, with its sharp peak of the Silverhorn, the broader mass of the Grosshorn, were gleaming in snowy brilliance on the depths of the blue sky; so sharply defined, that they seemed to be within arm's-reach; so ethereal, that they might be thought infinite in remoteness: like heaven itself, at once the most distant from us, and the nearest. Not a vapor fed the hungry clearness of the air around those far pinnacles of ice and granite. The Jungfrau rises at the opposite end of the Lauterbrunnen valley, and is seen through an opening in the nearer hills. The glorious spectacle smote me with a paroxysm of impatient delight.

I set off in a chaise at eight, with a guide, and drove to Lauterbrunnen, a distance of seven miles, to begin thence the ascent of the Wengern Alp on foot. On the right is passed, near Interlaken, the ruined castle of Unspunnen, which popular feeling, fond of giving particular locality to the fictions of genius, has identified with Manfred's Castle. The road runs at the edge of the Lütschine, which foams along as white as the snows from which it takes its rise. A few miles further up, where the Black Lütschine, coming down on the left, from Grindenwald, and the White Lütschine, from Lauterbrunnen, unite, the prospect is magnificent. At the head of the scene is Wengen-Berg; on the right, the Eisenfluch; and on the left a vast mountain mass, shattered in the middle into a number of needle-shaped peaks. Through the valley of the Black Lütschine, there burst upon the sight the grand mass of the snowy Wetterhorn,—glittering in the sanctity of its stainless white—crescent-shaped on the top, as if it might serve for the resting-place of the young moon when she descended to woo the embraces of Endymion. Pursuing the Lauterbrunnen valley, you pass along through the rocky walls of great height,

till the glaciers of the Brighthorn, a part of the Jungfrau, come into sight. Further on, you see all the crests of the Jungfrau. The aspect of these silvery ridges against the dark side of the Hunnenflue, on the left, is inconceivably splendid.

Near the head of the valley hangs the airy waterfall of Staubbach; apparently creeping downwards from its lofty rock, a thousand feet on high; seeming to throw itself timidly into the abyss, and to win slowly against the mass of air. This retarded appearance in the fall is caused by its being broken into mist soon after it leaves the shelf over which it is precipitated. The distant view of the cataract, from the road, when you see it plunging in the face of the snowy piles of the Jungfrau, is, perhaps, the most imposing that there is. When you are near, you see a series of shoots of water, successively dilated into mist. The fall, in its centre, is purely vapor; but, the rock advancing somewhat towards the base, it collects again into water as it strikes it, and forms a stream at the bottom. Approaching closely, you are covered with spray, but see a strong, well-defined brilliant rainbow. This singular cataract seemed to represent the destiny of a Christian soul that casts itself into eternity. For a time it is absorbed in the ethereal immensity of the medium it would traverse, but afterwards regains its identity under a glorious bow of promise, and flows on for ever in the mingled stream of ceaseless life.

The whole of that mountain is dripping with waterfalls. One of them I observed shoots over exactly like a rocket. The valley of the Lauterbrunnen, seen from the road on the right, affords a beautiful scene of Alpine pastoral life. It is occupied by a large village of cottages, placed at considerable and irregular distances over the broad ascending glade. These cottages generally have no gardens near them, and you observe no paths. They rise directly out of the green sward. At first, you see but one or two; but letting the eye wander on, it detects cottage after cottage, until at length a large village is made out.

Here I dismissed the carriage, took an alpenstock—a six-feet pole shod with an iron point,—and attended by the guide, began the ascent of the Wengern Alp. The glittering glacier

of the Brighthorn at the upper end of the valley overhangs you throughout a third part of the ascent. When you are half-way up, and wind round the mountain so as to get directly above the ravine from which you have ascended, the noise of the torrents of the Lauterbrunnen, inaudible when you were below, comes to you in a mingled roar, like a deep chorus of waters. Here a man was blowing upon a long, crooked Alpine horn, and the mountainous response was most singular and beautiful. When the tune on the horn was ended, the Alps made, not an echo, but a reproduction of it, in an improved and heightened character. They took it up, and chanted the air again with infinite sweetness, and a dancing grace that was delightful. They seemed to constitute a natural instrument of music, to which the horn was but the awakening breath, and which transmitted the original impulse, varied into the richest melody. When this repeated tune was done, there came a soft, long gush of sound, as if the vocal mountains breathed, after the protracted air they had executed. Further up, and almost at the top of the Wengern, were herds of kine, and sheep, with their keepers. The bleating and lowing of the cattle, the tinkling of their bells, and the piping of the boys, amid the stillness of all but natural sounds, formed a fine specimen of the picturesque in *sound*.

Soon you come into the immediate presence of the high Alps, and they continue before you the rest of the way. The walk along the inner side of the Alp, with these grand piles directly opposite, is one of unrivalable magnificence. You are separated from them by a single valley or chasm, of no great width, though of fearful and dizzying profundity. The air in that valley beneath, was as blue and deep as the heaven which it seemed to mirror in its almost opaque medium. Some time before arriving at the actual summit or ridge I stopped, and sat down for above an hour directly in front of the Jungfrau. It is the nearest view that you can obtain of the most interesting, and august, and splendid peak in Switzerland; for Mont Blanc, while it exceeds it in apparent mass, and in actual height, in every quality of effect must yield to it. The day was perfect; of the

brightest clearness, but with a few white clouds rolling and whirling, and dashing about with swiftness before the westerly wind, to diversify the scene; sometimes enveloping the summits and hiding them from view; then drawing off and letting them flash out in unshrouded effulgence. The contrast between the pearly white of the foaming clouds, the metallic radiance of the icy mountains, and the profound blue of the sky, was indescribably fine. Immediately before and above me, was the broad dazzling summit of Jungfrau; a little nearer, the Silverhorn; which is a projection upon its breast, in shape like a bent wave, or half-curled leaf of pure snow, as lustrous as silver. On either side of them were a throng of Alps. The avalanches were falling at brief intervals. The sight is nothing, but the sound is magical. You see, perhaps, a few fragments of ice slide over the surface of the mountain; and after it has all fallen, you begin to hear a plunging sound, echoing along like softened tones of thunder. It is as deep as thunder, but not so sharp and harsh. The vision from the summit of the Fauldhorn, in vastness and brilliance, and diversity, suffers nothing to be brought into comparison with it; but for moral impression the Jungfrau, as seen from the Wengern Alp, stands alone in its transcendant majesty. It is the apparent nearness, yet sense of untraversable remoteness, of that august form, that shines so distinct, and still so distant, that belongs to earth, and yet is visited and companioned by the clouds. You seem to be in the inner court of the mundane heaven of Alpine glory; to have approached within the vail of the recess of that sublimity which sends its light over the land for hundreds of miles. In the beauty of that scene, grandeur is exalted into holiness.

Upon the crest of the mountain, there is a châlet, and here the valley of Grindenwald opens; and you begin to descend. The prospect is impressive, but stern and savage. Poor Lord Byron's blasted forest of pines, in which he found so sad a likeness to his own domestic desolation, stands there to this hour, exactly as he has described it in his Journal and in Manfred. On your right, the great Alps form a precipitous wall, bristling with terrors. Directly over your head Eagher pierces the clouds

like a vast dagger of rock, sheathed in snow. Then comes the smaller Eagher, and further on, the Wetterhorn. Beyond the valley of Grindenwald, afar, the great Shriedeck and the Schwarzwald rear their heads. Here a fellow was stationed with a small cannon, which I gave him three batz to let off. There was an almost indefinite prolongation of the roar. It seemed to be telegraphed along the side of the mountains, softened and made richer as it advanced,—till it had traversed the whole line of Alps; and then, when nearly extinct, shot across the valley, and spent itself like a rocket that has burst into a shower of light. The valley of Grindenwald is extremely beautiful. It may be called the seat of an Alpine summer city; the châlets being very numerous, and sprinkled about among the green turf. Here are two glaciers; the lower one formed between the Eagher and Mittenberg, and the upper between the Mittenberg and Wetterhorn. The Black Lütschine flows from them. The smaller one has an arched aperture at its base, from which a stream issues. The under side of it is a deep green.

It was half past five when I reached Grindenwald, having been six hours and a half on foot. I arrived without any fatigue, but excessively heated by the run down the mountain. As the sun went down, the snowy peak of the Eagher was bathed in a deep rosy or purple light, long after the valley had grown dark.

Chapter II.

The following morning being entirely clear, I determined to ascend the Fauldhorn; and took the upper and greater glacier by the way. The mass which forms the top of the glacier, and lies among the highest Alps, looks like ordinary snow freshly fallen. The middle part has an efflorescent appearance, and the lower portions have a crystalline, or half organic character, and are split into sharp clefts or peaks, divided by crevices of a deep green. In advance of the ice, lay an enormous cube-

shaped rock of flint, which a glacier had brought down fifteen years ago. Its side was round, and worn in furrows. The bottom of the glacier, which rests upon the earth, is constantly melting, so that the icy mass is hollow within. There is a side-opening into the vault, which we entered. A smaller rib of ice within, supports you, and enables you to advance some distance, and see the water gushing from the inner regions of the glacier. The ice, when you are under or in the glacier, is semi-transparent, and of a bluish green. Near the entrance, it looks purple. From this point, I struck across the ravine, and began the ascent of the Fauldhorn; not taking the ordinary road, which would have obliged us to go back to Grindenwald, but traversing the fields and going up the steep side of the mountain. In fact it was an almost perpendicular climb; but the rich fine sod afforded a more agreeable footing than the road, and we saved in length what we lost in ease of ascent. The lower part of the mountain is covered with a delightful mossy turf, entirely like that of an English park; which, excepting in these Alpine valleys, I have seen in no other part of the world. The higher glades were one glowing sheet of flowers,—crimson and blue. Among them were familiar pinks, blue-bells, and a species of forget-me-not.

The flora changes twice, almost entirely, as you ascend; so that there are three several zones, all richly but differently flowered. It was not far from the top that my attention was caught by a small star-shaped flower, of a deep metallic blue shading upon green, that flashed through the grass with a moist, lustrous softness, like the sensitive eye of a maiden. I soon recognized it as the smaller gentian; dear to the poet's heart and verse. There are three varieties of the gentian, commonly met with in the Oberland.

About the base, while you are yet in the valley of Grindenwald, the grand objects of view, are the Eagher, the Mittenberg, with the Walcherhorn's great wall of ice behind the interval, and the Wetterhorn, with the Schreckhorn behind the interval between it and the Mittenberg. They seem to be directly over your head. Between the three foremost, were two stupendous

basins of snow, from which the glaciers descend. As you mount higher, the splendid peak of the Finster-Aarhorn rises into sight. Then, the Spenglehorn is seen peering up across the lower range of the Eagher: then, the Silverhorn. By degrees, Jungfrau, Monch and the Blumlis Alp, come into line; and the whole array of the Bernese Alps is before you.

The day was magnificent. Not a cloud was visible; and, directly before me, these snowy summits blazed in the glory of the noontide. As I crossed the several vales that diversify the mountain, different views presented themselves; sometimes of one part of the chain, sometimes of another, sometimes of all together. Though brilliantly clear, a rich atmosphere of purplish blue invested the rocky sides of the mountains, while the tops gleamed in celestial brightness. Very high up, we came upon a deep-blue lake, formed from melted snow and rain. We fell in the common road about half-way up; but, leaving it again, struck to the right, and clomb up the steep eastern side of the mountain; part of the course being along an almost vertical wall of loose rock; traversing also a huge hollow filled with hard snow, and seeing several others like it. I gained the summit about three o'clock, fully half an hour before parties who had set out from Grindenwald on horseback, that same space of time before us.

For extent and variety, and for the greatness of the objects that compose it, I must think that the view from the top of the Fauldhorn, is unequaled in Europe. It is like looking down upon all the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory thereof. The height is more than 8000 feet above the sea: and the loftiest points in Berne are only between thirteen and fourteen hundred.* The situation is exactly in the centre, between the range of high Alps on the south and east, and the lower mountains that lie between them and the Jura on the north and west: and the whole multitude of peaks of and within those great chains on two sides, and between the seas of Zurich and Geneva at the other ends, are around and beneath you. For a clear and com-

* MS. thousand; an apparent error.

manding view of the high Alps, nothing can exceed it. When you see the summits of this great chain, from a low point, you imagine them to be so many different mountains; but from this position, you see that it is one great broad wall of snow-covered rock, rising occasionally into pinnacles, which might seem to be watch-towers along the stupendous barrier that nature has set between the North and South of Europe.

Beginning at the south-eastern corner of the panorama, and looking across the Shriedeck, the Schwartzhorn, and the Bach Alp, whose dark masses shoot up near the base of the Fauldhorn, you see a cluster of sharp peaks, supporting a vast plateau of pure deep snow. These are the Englehorn family and Willhorn, sustaining the glaciers of Rosenlaui and Schwartzwald. Following the great chain in a south-westerly direction, we have the Wetterhorn with its double peak; and next to it, the half-reclined and shelving mass of the Shrieckhorn, or Peak of Terror. These are filled with snow, and between them lies the upper glacier of Grindenwald, propped up in front by Mettenberg. Then flashes aloft the soaring and glittering spear of the Finster-Aarhorn, the highest and one of the most magnificent of the chain, being four hundred feet above the Jungfrau. This peak, with the Walcherhorn, the Viescherhorn, and the Eagher, form a stupendous amphitheatrical elevation of snow, holding within them these vast masses which contribute to the lower glacier of Grindenwald. The round mass of the Monch follows, and beyond it, immortal Jungfrau. The actual apex of this splendid rock is a short point, but the general mass of the peak resembles a broad, thin, rounded blade. On its breast rise three snowy prominences; the farthest and highest of which is distinguished as the Silverhorn. Lord Byron calls it the Dent d'Argent. Perhaps he mistook the guide's name of Corne d'Argent. In shape, however, it is quite like an eye-tooth. It looks like a solid form of pure ice, and glitters with enchanting splendor. Further on, are Breithorn, a grand hatchet-shaped ridge, and Grosshorn. Near them, a little out of line, is Schengelhorn. Then, as the first of a new ridge parallel to the first, the Blumlis Alp, a series of wedgelike peaks.

These gorgeous summits and the whole line from which they rise, are covered with snow. Viewed in conjunction, they resemble enormous waves of some mighty ocean of old time, which had been driven up by the tempests of chaos into the highest crests, and just as they were about to break, were frozen into ever-during fixedness.

Looking towards the west, you see an innumerable throng of Alps, not snow-crowned, though magnificent; the mountains of the Simen Thal and the Saanen Thal, and the mountains of Friberg; and nearer, the pyramidal mass of the Niesen, and the rough summit of Stokhorn, both of them just beyond Lake Thun. All along the north, and forming the nearer barrier of the scene,—for the eye could reach far beyond them,—runs the long line of the Jura; and in the same direction, close at hand, were the rocky ridges of Harder, and Brienzergrat. To the east, the ragged crest of Pilatus loomed grandly up; the Righi was plainly seen; and the mountains of the Canton of Uri stood banded together like an army with spears. Lake Lucerne was clearly visible, almost in its entireness; Zug more dimly. Lake Brienze lay at the foot of the Fauldhorn, divided by one of its ridges into two parts; and further on, was Lake Thun, both of a deep dark blue.

Such were the material and earthly elements of this unrivaled scene. Viewed in picturesque combination, with the indescribable advantages of atmospheric relief, and aided by the contributing glories of a luminous and sensitive sky, the entire effect was beyond all power of describing. Three hours before sunset, there were scarcely any clouds about the higher and nearer parts of the prospect; but the air of the valleys to the north, and east, and west, had become of a bluish green color, and partially opaque, so as to look like very translucent water. As you gazed toward the north-west, whither the sun was traveling, the vast expanse beneath your feet had the appearance of an ocean, in which mountains were floating. On the edge of the horizon, above a stratum of blue air, some cumulous white clouds were lying, and the miragelike impression of the air brought the mountains into such resemblance and unison with

these unsubstantial, distant shapes, that the gazer would have declared that peaks still more stupendous than Jungfrau and Eagher were disclosed to sight upon the north, the west, and the north-east. The splendor of this whole spectacle—where the sun was streaming all the magic of his deluding beams to cast upon the land an enchantment greater than its own—was such as to overwhelm the soul with admiration and astonishment. Earth seemed no longer to be earth; and the spectator felt as if the multitudinous unrevealed magnificences of heaven itself were poured forth around him in a flood.

As the sun declined, a mass of white fleecy clouds, rising from the earth, gathered over the valleys of Brienze, Interlaken, Thun, and others that lay more remote, the Lake of Thun, itself, meanwhile, blazing like a sheet of gold. The atmospheric changes, at this time, were rapid and wonderful. An extremely thin fragment of pearly cloud which had got behind our position, suddenly flashed into pure prismatic colors. Gradually, thickening clouds formed into a solid silvery vault over all the valleys, completely opaque; through which the heads and ridges of the mountains, such as Neisen, and Stokhorn, and Harder, and Pilatus, pierced in dark masses. This floor of clouds was above two thousand feet below us. We were eight thousand one hundred and forty feet above the sea; Stokhorn and Pilatus are about six thousand five hundred feet above the same level, or one thousand six hundred feet beneath our station; and the clouds were from five hundred to one thousand feet below their tops. Overhead, the hues of the cloudless sky now became transcendently bright. Directly above us, the tone was a deep, purple blue; half-way towards the sun, of a very light turquoise blue. Then came a stratum of the most vivid grass green, and beyond it, along the horizon, the richest lake color. As the sun neared his goal, and was looked at across the pavement of clouds beneath, it seemed like a car of fire driven over a causeway of beaten silver. The glowing effulgence grew each moment more intense till the orb touched the horizon; and a darker shade mingled itself into every color, as he gradually sunk below it.

All this changeful history belongs to the region that lay between the Fauldhorn and the setting sun, and is confined to the lower mountains. Upon the mighty line of the high Alps, which soared aloft, behind us, there passed no variation. Amid all the airy revolutions that were taking place in the world below, they stood in their own clear, unaltered grandeur, in every particular almost, just as they had seemed at noonday. Their life was apart from that of the crowd of peaks that started out of the valleys, and a different destiny belonged to them. Not a cloud approached even their feet. The only matter to be observed was, that the air of their ravines which had been bluish at mid-day, now purpled with a warmer splendor; and when the sun to us had disappeared, the summits of Jungfrau and Eagher were tinged for a moment with a rich carmine glow. When he was entirely set, the still deepening rose color with which the sky behind them was tinged, threw their white masses into a stronger relief. Perhaps, the most striking circumstance in all the wonderful display, and one that added a graver tone of sublimity to the matchless brilliance of the scene, was the very slight effect which so considerable an occurrence, as the setting of the sun, had upon these great objects, while the inferior realm had been in a tumult of agitation. It seemed as if they had an atmosphere, an illumination of their own, so positive and settled, that the changes of light between mid-day and evening made no impression upon them.

I never expect again to behold a spectacle so grand as that sunset *above* the clouds, in the midst of the highest Alps.

Chapter III.

On the following morning I was on the spot at a quarter before five o'clock, to see the sun rise. The morning star yet glittered like a diamond over the peak of Finster-Aarhorn, and the crescent moon was lingering above the snowy piles. The sky was cloudless; and the principal thing to be noted was the

roseate blush with which the high Alps responded to his first rays, before any other peaks had become conscious of his coming. Schrieckhorn first caught the messenger ray of the morning; but, in an instant after, Jungfrau was aglow, and the radiance streamed along the whole of the lofty range. The actual rising of the sun is not visible from the top of Fauldhorn, at least at that particular season. It is hidden by the Scheideck and Schwartzhorn, which intervene, and we saw the sun only as it came over their shoulders.

At nine o'clock I began to descend; taking leave with profound regret of these snow-capped summits, with which for nearly two days I had been in intimate companionship. There is something inexpressibly interesting in such society. In their age, and in their duration without change,—in the complete inability of human power to act upon them in any way whatever,—they carry with them such suggestions of sublimity, and they are in themselves, of such peculiar and surpassing beauty, that one conceives almost a passionate affection for their exalted presence.

My path lay along the side of the Fauldhorn and across the Greater Scheideck towards Myringen. When we were opposite the Wellhorn, and with the glacier of Schwartzback before us, the majestic solitude of the scene was interrupted by an eagle of the largest size, who came wheeling round the Finster-Aarhorn, and turned the Schrieckhorn and soared up the valley; then returned and gyrated about the head of the Bach Alp for a long time, disclosing occasionally the white plumage on the back of his wings. He seemed to be drinking the morning sunlight. Further along the valley, we arrived at the lofty needle rock called Englehorn; resembling a succession of fountains shot into the sky, and congealed into rocks ere they fell. Between them and Wellhorn is the glacier of Rosenlaui. In going up to it, for it lies a little out of the route, the path crosses a torrent which lies above two hundred feet below, between rocks about five feet apart. Here also are a couple of picturesque waterfalls. The glacier is not so broad as those of Grindenwald, but deeper or higher. There are three apertures by which

it may be entered. The outside is of granulated snow, but the inner surface is pure solid crystal of ice.

Pursuing the valley, I soon reached the Falls of Reichenback; the upper one of which is one of the most singular and graceful I have seen. I passed the night at the Reichenback inn, near Myringen.

On the following morning I set out for the glacier of the Rhone, through the valley of the Aar, and across the Grimsel and Furca pass. This day's march brought to view some of the wildest and sternest scenery that I have met with in Switzerland. As you leave Myringen and come up the lower part of the ravine, which is called the valley of Hasli, the view at once becomes grand. On your right, the cataract of Reichenback roars down the lofty side of the mountain. On the right front, the huge pyramidal masses of Plattenburg rear themselves. Further along, upon the left, is the snowy Hasliberg; and between them, like a watch-tower at the head of the way, the lofty white peaks of Susterhorn cleave the sky. In a short time you enter upon the valley of Imhof or the Upper Hasli, a circular basin of land, said to have been once the bed of a lake, now the seat of picturesque cottages and fruitful fields. As you stand in this silent and solemn valley, the prospect is magnificent. Like a wall on one hand the rocky side of Engelberg rises almost vertically. Two other mountains stand at the valley's mouth like vast and lofty turrets. Numerous snowy peaks shoot up through the intervals between the nearer piles. At a distance, athwart the valley of the Grimsel, lies the high broad crest of Nagales-Gratli, as rough and jagged along the summit, as the edge of a wave which the storm raiseth and blows into fragments. It holds within its arms a mass of snow.

Striking again into a narrow gorge, the road goes over the heel of the Plattenberg, and the scenery becomes sublime. Aar, foaming itself as white as snow, roars far beneath. The valley is bounded by a succession of mountain peaks, down whose sides rivulets flow or cataracts tumble, and between which piles of snow are lying. The rapidity with which the successive scenes of varied grandeur open upon the traveler, fills him with wonder.

Sometimes we were in a thick, dark forest of young pines; sometimes on a broad smiling glade; one while piles of rocks were scattered around us, and at another time we were threading a deep, close defile. Presently we came to the base of the wide Nagales-Gratli, famed in the memorable campaign of 1799, when the genius of Massena stayed for years the destiny of Europe, by repelling that formidable power which afterwards intervened with conclusive weight. When the Austrians were in possession of the Grimsel, the French came up the valley to this point from Myringen: a part of their force then ascended to the higher ridges of this mountain, and went along it to Grimsel, while the rest advanced through the ravine. The discomfiture of the Austrians was complete. Crossing the Aar, I reached a finely-shaded glade containing a fountain, beside which I sat down and gazed with astonishment upon the savage cliffs, which, on the opposite side, rise almost to the clouds.

In perfection and magnificence of visible beauty, the external and front views of the Great Alps, such as I had enjoyed on the three previous days, are unrivaled; but for the mental impression of crowded power, and awe almost amounting to horror, this prospect within the midst of these appalling masses of wild and fearful desolation is supreme. Like some monster of fable, splendor may illuminate the front, but terror freezes at the heart of these solitudes. Upon this region, the vivifying and ordering syllables of creation seem never to have passed; a realm of chaos reserved to the primeval empire of the Formless and the Void; where there is brilliance without warmth, summer without foliage, and days but no duties. Through every opening the front of death seems to start up under the aspect of livid rock, mantled in glassy ice. The sun rolls his purple tides of life through the air that surrounds these summits, but his beams wake no seed-time and ripen no harvest. The moon and the stars rise and move and decline along the horizon, century after century; but the sweet vicissitudes of seasons and of time move not the sympathies of these pale, stern peaks, over which broods one eternal winter to the senses, one visionary night of gloom to the soul.

Advancing further along the valley, upon the right, the Aarland mountains become visible in a vast hollow circuit; like half of a huge crater, whose sides and summits are filled with crevices between which the snow rests, and descends almost to the valley. Soon, through another opening in the nearer rocks, one of the Aarland glaciers is seen. The lower part has melted away, leaving nothing but a field of small black stones lying against the mountain. But at the top, immense piles of snow are propped up, from which a small stream flows down through the rubbish of rocks. A number of small, uprooted pines, which an avalanche had torn out, were lying about.

The cataract of the Aar now begins, consisting of long, tumbling, foaming rapids, forming an occasional shoot of ten or twelve feet, over which rainbows played, some of them extremely bright. The ravine, for a considerable distance, forms a valley of rainbows. Presently appears the Falls of Handek. Just over the ledge, from which the water springs, a rock lies athwart the stream that passes under it, so that, as you look from below, it appears as if an immense fountain there welled forth from the centre of the vertical cliff. Mounting to the top, you see one of the most wild and singular falls in Switzerland. Upon one side the Aar, descending in a copious yellowish mass, precipitates itself into the deep, narrow gorge of rock, that opens out to the depth of 200 feet. At the same time, from an adjoining ledge, the Erlanbach, which flows down from an immense field of snow on the top of a mountain at the side of the valley, flings itself over in a flood of silvery drops; and the torrents mingle half-way down, while the spray rushes forth with irrepressible fury. Above the mists that contended in this dungeon of furious waters, an iris was formed; not bow-shaped, and having none of the serenity of the Arch of Hope, but whirling and flickering in a blaze of blue, green, and orange; sometimes forming a solid pillar of lurid fire, and anon breaking and flashing, as the spray rose and fell. It seemed like a flame from hell-mouth bursting forth from the deep crevice, and checked but not extinguished by the two streams poured in to quench it.

Above the Handek, the scenery becomes even more savage

than before, and not less picturesque. Numerous waterfalls stream down the rocky walls that bound the valley. One of the most beautiful is the Gemlerbach, which descends in snowy brilliance from a small lake, beyond the ledge of the lofty precipice, in the rear of which rise the splintered peaks of the Gemlerhorn. The Aar presents several fine cascades. A grand view occurs where the Giesbach flows into the valley over the surface of a round mountain, and there mingling with the Aar, the two torrents sweep over an immense globed mass of rock that rears itself athwart the path.

After some time, we arrived at the circular valley of the Ræterisboden, much washed by the stream, but giving shelter to one cottage. The French halted and formed here before attacking the Grimsel up the valley of the Aar. They utterly destroyed the enemy, who fled through the mountain passes. Arms and fragments of clothes are yet found at times among the rocks. The guide told me that a drum had been picked up the year before. Masses of snow were lying within a foot of the path. At one point the Aar flows under a snow-bridge, fifty feet below the traveler.

At length, the valley of the Aar-glacier opens on the sight, guarded by three lofty peaks that stand sentinel about the cradle of the torrent. One of these is the Finster-Aarhorn; another takes its name from Agassiz, who ascended it. Leaving now the rugged channel which the Aar has opened for itself amidst these frightful piles of granite, the road winds round to the left, and we reached the Hospice of Grimsel, a stone house of good appearance, looking towards the valley of the Aar-glacier, and nestled in the hollow of the rocky mountains that on three sides rise around it. Behind it is a deep blue lake, which empties itself into the Aar. As I was determined to see the glacier of the Rhone, before I closed my eyes that night, we continued our march without stopping, and ascended the rocky ridge that towers behind the Hospice. The summit of the pass is 6600 feet above the sea, and is one of the dreariest and saddest solitudes I have ever traversed. We crossed some large beds of snow, which lie in the cup-shaped crest of the ridge. The surface

was so much inclined as to make it difficult to keep one's footing. At the bottom of the declivity, lay the dim Lake of the Dead. A few masses of rock, in a line, constitute the boundary between Berne and Vallais. We followed the road called Meyenwald. A light cumulous cloud, which had been gradually rising from the lower parts of the scene, now completely enveloped us. The effect was chilly and damp, and at one time drops of rain fell. It was impossible to see the guide, though he was but a few feet in advance of me. The vapor, however, presently blew off, and gaining the opposite side of the ridge, which descends precipitately, I beheld, at a distance of 1200 feet below me, the magnificent white mass of the glacier of the Rhone, a wonderful and beautiful spectacle. It is an enormous mass of snow, gracefully shaped like the sole of a pointed slipper; the heel part much higher than the front, the central portion breaking down toward the point by an inclination of half a right angle, and the fore part lined with innumerable cuts or clefts of a greenish hue. Behind the pile lay the ice-encumbered peaks of Gallenstock. The glacier far exceeds in beauty the Mer-de-glace; and for grandeur and interest, the glaciers of the valley between Grindenwald and Myringen make no comparison with it.

I seated myself on the lofty edge of the Meyenwald, and watched the play of the clouds in the immense chasm beneath us, as they rolled about in changeful glory. A light mass would come down from the valley of the Rhone-glacier, which would be met by another coming up; a third from the cleft which we had been crossing, would join battle athwart the others; and the rapid tumultuous flying hither and yon of these misty squadrons of the air was extremely curious. The whole scene of war was a little below our feet; and as the vapors were driven one way or the other, or opened and divded on the fortunes of the battle, the superb silvery ridges of the Plauenberg, filled with glittering snow, flashed up; and the mists overhead clearing away, the rich blue sky, filled with lofty, orange-colored clouds, smiled down upon us. The hues, the movements, the character of the skiey scenery were wholly different from what I

have ever seen from lower points. By a steep winding path, we descended to the inn near the end of the glacier. It is a humble tenement, inhabited only in summer, for the approaches to it are hopelessly blockaded with snow for seven months in the year. I arrived a little before seven o'clock, having left Myringen at nine, and been above nine hours on foot. My dinner was served by one of the handsomest women that I have seen in Switzerland. Her dignified, mild features, set off by the peculiar gilded turban of the Vallais, which resembles a coronet, might have graced the proudest court in Europe. They did more. They diffused a charm through the rudest hut in Christendom. As I was retiring for the night, I opened the casement of my chamber, and found that the wall was washed by a milky rivulet, in which it was difficult to see a promise of the broad, mighty stream that sweeps past the towers of Lyons and Avignon. I fell asleep, with the murmurs of the infant Rhone in my ears, and visions of crowned Madonnas in my fancy.

Chapter IV.

On the following morning, at half an hour after eight, I set out for the Hospice of San Gothard, across the Furca Pass. Going along the left bank of the glacier, we enjoyed an excellent view of its formidable mass. It is not crevassed with wide splits, like those of Grindenwald, but its clean surface is marked by a great number of small cracks and lines. The upper, or central parts, where the snow seems to have rolled over in avalanches, is tumbled into conical piles. The view across its whiteness to the clear blue sky beyond, was beautiful. We had scarcely left it, when we came in sight of the Beren-gletscher, another large glacier on our right, propped up between two mountains, and not split or rifted, but lined on the top by innumerable cuts, like ice upon which a crowd of skaters have been traversing. Ascending to the summit of the Furca, a

rude cross, near to a large stone, marks the boundary between the Cantons of Vallais and Uri. From that position, a great view of the cluster of High Alps expanded behind us. Towering in the centre of the group, and highest of them all, was Finster-Aarhorn. On the right of it, Viescher-Aarhorn held on high a vast snow-filled cup of rock. Other sharper peaks of rock and ice glittered on either side. I had scarcely begun to exult in the splendors of the prospect, when a cloud enveloped us, and every thing became invisible. This pass is about 8300 feet above the sea. Through a gloom of mist, we pursued our way across several beds of snow, from all of which streams were running. In these mountains, in fact, almost every little hollow or valley holds a bed of snow or ice, which melts variably at the bottom, not the surface. It may be taken for certain, that all the streams that descend from these elevations, come either from a glacier, or from a lake formed of snow.

By a quick descent, we now came into the valley of the Sidli Alp, at the bottom of which the Reuss roars along. This ravine affords an agreeable relief to the rock-wearied eye, as it is covered with mossy turf to the top. It opens into the valley of Urseren, the mountain ridges of which display not only grass, but low, creeping pine trees, not uncommon in these regions. Upon one side, numerous rivulets flow down into the Reuss. Here stands the Capuchin Hospice of Realp, where is now also the Hotel of the Alps. A walk of four miles brought us to the Hospice at St. Gothard. On an eminence, in advance of the refuge, is a watch-tower, with a round window in it, to enable the inmates to look up the valley in winter, and descry forlorn travelers who may be lost in its wastes. Several fine snowy peaks stand in front of Hospenthal, separating it from the Grisons.

I got in about one o'clock, and after dining, took a carriage to Altdorf. For five days I had been traversing regions where no carriage road existed, and I had made the whole expedition on foot. The guide, I believe, was as much delighted as his employer, to add the charm of repose to the fine enjoyment of the unrivaled scenery. A drive of a few miles brought us to a

spot where the sublimity of nature is met and mastered by the higher sublimity of the mind of man. A huge rock, coming athwart the valley, juts over the very edge of the torrent. The road pierces it by a tunnel, winds back along a gallery on its outer surface, and, by a couple of arches, not unfitly named the Devil's Bridge, spans the Reuss, just below its terrific cascade, and within the full sweep of its foaming spray. The streams leap down with three or four infuriated plunges, like a troop of white Arabian coursers springing down frantically into the chasm. A cloud was driving swiftly and irregularly up the valley, rendering a savage scene more wildly turbulent. The true Devil's Bridge is an older one, of a single arch, very narrow and without parapets, which still remains a little below the one which is now made use of.

The road that leads the traveler with ease and safety along this formidable defile is a magnificent structure, equally admirable for the arrangement of its route and for the perfection of its masonry. In some parts, it returns in a course directly parallel to its previous direction; and the descent is so judiciously distributed, that one is not conscious of any considerable deviation from a level path. Numerous stone bridges carry the road from side to side; some of them are very lofty, and all of them add to the picturesque effect. The upper part of the valley is stern and gloomy; lower down, it contains dells of Arcadian loveliness,—rough and irregular enough in surface, but covered with bright, short grass as delicate as the vesture of an English lawn, and the stream is bordered with soft and beautiful shrubbery. But the torrent, itself, forms the pre-eminent charm. It is one ceaseless cataract from Andermatt to Ansteg, falling, altogther, above 2000 feet. Every movement that is grand or beautiful in the course of rushing waters it seems to be the mission of this stream to illustrate. The wild, the pensive, the elegant—the fierce and the fantastic—the exquisite and the odd—may here be studied as in a museum of the picturesque. The afternoon was mild and clear. I drove very slowly along, watching the endless varieties of beauty till the imagination grew sated with excess of enjoyment. Several

cataracts cling, like draperies, to the sides of the precipitous mountains, enriching a scene whose attractions needed not such added decoration. One of these, the Fellabach, was enchantingly beautiful: a slender stream, falling by several cascades; where it was in motion, as white and delicate as the newest lace, but of a purple blue where it lay in pools. It comes, doubtless, from a mountain lake. The Reuss itself is quite blue or green. It issues from the lake of Lucendro. The Maderannerbach, a considerable brook that flows into it, at Ansteg, is of a milky hue.

It is easy to determine by the color of an Alpine stream, whether it flows directly from a glacier or snow-bed, or comes from or through a lake. The water that comes from masses of melting snow or ice is of a chalky hue, owing probably to the quantity of triturated rock that becomes mingled with it. When water, formed in that way, rests for a time in a pool, the discoloring particles that were in solution with it are precipitated, and the stream issues forth of transparent clearness, but with a pale green or violet-blue tone. If a glacier rivulet overflows and forms a pool at the side of its channel, the rivulet will be white and the pool blue. It is certain that some of these lakes and lake-born rivers appear to be green and others blue; but this difference I suspect not to be fixed and local, but resulting either from differences of depth, or from the condition of light on the atmosphere. It appeared to me that wherever a lake is found with a very high mountain or mountains rising from its edge, the hue seems to be a purple blue. This may be owing to the greater depth of the water where mountains rise at its side, or it may be that the shadow of adjacent heights, or the exclusion of part of the mass of light that would otherwise fall upon the lake, makes the same water look purple, which surrounded by low banks would appear of a bright green. It was in descending the Danube, the waters of which are usually gray, that I was first struck with the blue color it assumed where a mountain rose beside the shore. The blue or purple effect is perhaps increased by looking down upon such bodies of water, from an elevation. One would ascribe the blue color to depth

alone, if there were not many shallow *tarns* in the Alps which are blue. The Rhine takes its rise from a glacier, and is of a lime color till it enters Lake Constance. The waters of that lake, which is not skirted by mountains, are green, and the Rhine issues from it below Constance perfectly transparent, but as green as beryl. The Rhone enters the Lake of Geneva of a chalky color, and leaves it of a clear violet; and the deviation from green, I imagine, may be ascribed to the lofty heights that rise upon the south. It appeared to me that the upper end of the Lake of Geneva, where the mountains rise nearer to the water, and to a greater elevation, was of a deeper blue than in the immediate neighborhood of Geneva. Zug, which the Righi overshadows, ordinarily appears of a purpler blue than any other lake, and yet in certain aspects it seems green; Lucerne is also one of the bluest lakes. In short, the natural color of the clear and settled water in these regions is one that appears blue or green according to the depth, or to the state of the light.

In approaching Altdorf we crossed the stream of Shacken, in which, according to tradition, Tell was drowned in attempting to rescue a child that had been swept away by a freshet. We visited a small and curious chapel some distance from the road, which is said to be built upon the spot where Tell's house stood, very near the church. Its walls are covered with pictures representing the events of his life; his refusal to salute the cap of Gessler, the shooting of the apple on the head of his son, his leaping from the boat, the death of Gessler, &c. The chapel is stated to have been built in 1522; but the pictures, by their style, are certainly two centuries later. Some miles further back, the remains of Gessler's chateau on the summit of a mountain were pointed out; and below, on the opposite side, is an old stone tower, said to have been the prison used by him. It is called Zwing-Uri, or Uri-jail.

Altdorf is interesting on account of its association with the life of Tell. In a street of this village are two fountains. The pillar in the centre of one of them is surmounted by a figure of Tell, holding his boy under one arm, and pressing his bow to

his bosom with the other. According to the popular belief, it marks the spot where Tell stood when he launched the fearful arrow. The other fountain is placed where Gessler's tree stood, and where the child was also stationed. It seems a long shot from one to the other; and the tradition, as to the precise localities of these incidents, if the history be genuine at all, may well be distrusted. Near the second fountain, stands an ancient square tower, on the outside of which are painted the scenes of Tell's history.

Chapter V.

The next day, I came from Altdorf to Fluelen, and there embarked in a steamer for Lucerne, upon the lake of the Four Cantons. It is scarcely possible to imagine any combinations of beautiful water and bold mountains, more striking, more effective, and more lovely than the scenes that meet the view in traversing this charming sea. A dozen different mountains, advance into the lake and check themselves suddenly in the depths of the glowing waters. Bare, steep, turretlike rocks, hanging amid the cloud,—rich, lawnlike grass in the intervening glades, sparkling with cottages and gardens; and luxuriant copses of delicate shrubbery clustering down to the water, succeed and blend with each other in infinite and delightful alternation. As we approached Lucerne, Pilatus scowled upon the left, and the sunny bays of Alpnacht and Kussnacht stretched away upon the other side of the main water. This part of the lake, for beauty, variety, and charming brightness, is not less remarkable than the other end is for stern and towering sublimity. The deep green-blue water adds a brilliance to every prospect.

Several memorials of the romantic hero of Swiss independence are presented to view along the banks. Not far from Fluelen, you pass upon the right the Tellen Platte, or Tell's

chapel,—land where Tell leaped ashore. It is a small structure with two arcades open in front, and painted with pictures of his exploits. Over it, far on high, the rock mountain swells out like a round castle of old feudal days. On the opposite side, is Grutli or Rutli, a green platform where the three confederates, Werner of Schwytz, Arnold of Unterwalden, and Walter Furst of Uri, met in the beginning of the fourteenth century, and laid the foundations of Swiss independence. On the same side, nearer to Lucerne, is the projecting steep promonotory of Wytenstein, along which grows to the water's edge a rich, bright shrubbery of birch and walnut. Against this prominence, stands a curious stone resembling a coffin placed vertically on its head. It was here that Tell saved the life of Baumgarten.

The town of Lucerne has little that is interesting except the Dying Lion of Thorwaldsen, which forms the monument to the Swiss guard who were massacred at Versailles in defence of Louis XVI. It is cut in a huge rock, which is surrounded by a pool of water, and inclosed in a garden. The attitude and expression of the expiring beast realize all that one could require of dignity and grandeur in the parting life of the monarch of the desert. Near by is a small chapel consecrated to the memory of these brave Helvetians, with a pompous but eloquent inscription in Latin.

After a few hours, I continued my journey to Arth, for the purpose of ascending the Righi. A little beyond Kussnacht, the road cuts through a hill and is closely shaded by small birch trees. Near the end of this sombre defile, is pointed out the spot, at the road-side, where Tell stood when he aimed the fatal shaft at Gessler, who was journeying towards Kussnacht. On the bank, a chapel dedicated to the glory of this event, which is pictured upon the exterior, sanctifies crime in the religion of patriotism.

In the presence of so many memorials of the deeds of the hero of the Free Confederacy, it is difficult to feel any sympathy with the doubts which bookish students have suggested as to the reality of Tell's existence. In addition to the monuments which I have mentioned, the exterior of many old houses in Altdorf, Arth, and

Schaffhausen, are painted with representations of facts in his history, and with figures of the Men of Grutli. These paintings may be a century old. In Schaffhausen is a fountain having an old wooden or stone figure of Tell with his bow and arrow; on the base of which is the date 1682. As records of the events thus exhibited, these things are of no value. But as evidences of an antecedent and general popular conviction and feeling they are entitled to have some weight. Their existence in four or five different cantons, now separated by disagreements in religion and alienated from one another by political jealousies, seems to carry back the date of these feelings to a period when all were animated by a common interest and enthusiasm.

From Arth, I ascended the Righi, and reached the summit about a quarter before six o'clock. The view from this mountain differs from the Fauldhorn as a gazetteer differs from a poem. Yet here, the maplike beauty of the level landscape, with forests, meadows and ploughed fields intermingled; with houses and villages scattered profusely around; and with lakes, rivers, and mountains, diversifying the scene, possesses a peculiar and characteristic charm. The sun, hidden from our sight by a horizontal bar of cloud, was shedding down broad pencils of rose-colored and golden rays upon the glittering scene of prosperity and happiness. On the other side, the High Alps had their tops covered with clouds, but lay in a mystic, dim sublimity that was highly impressive.

At sunrise, on the following morning, the Culm was enveloped in mist; but about seven o'clock, the scene became glorious. On the north-east, the peaks of Glarnish, Sentis, the Mitre of Schwytz and the sullen mass of Rosenberg, were mixed with fragments of white clouds; and the sun pouring a silvery flood over the whole, kindled it into flashing lustre. It lay before us in a tumultuous prodigality of splendor, from which the fancy summoned up a vision of Homeric gods sitting together on high, and viewing all the grandeurs of creation beneath them.

In descending, the aspect of the valley of Arth, from the platform of the mountain about half-way down, is of singular beauty. In the centre the town of Arth stands upon the shores of Zug,

whose purple waters mirror the snowy walls. Behind Arth, are fields traversed by lines of trees; then comes the village of Goldau; and behind it are the brown, horrid masses of Rosenberg, overlying the yet buried town of old Goldau, which it overwhelmed with all its inhabitants in its fall. Further along, glitters the little lake of Lauertz, and the prospect is bounded by the obelisklike peaks of the Mitres.

Quaint and picturesque in manners as in aspect, is the ancient Catholic town of Zug. It reminds one of some of the old Flemish cities, such as Bruges. Among its towns and walls, as in the spirits of its inhabitants, time seems to have slumbered for three centuries. Human character appears to consist of two opposite varieties; one, that makes a *fetiche* of the past, and shrinks from change as from a rude immorality; the other, that dashes forward impatiently after progression and development. In most states and cities, these temperaments are brought together in the diversity of persons; and the reforming and conserving influences work out in harmony the course of society. But occasionally we come upon communities where nothing but conservatives are generated; and then there is an absolute stand still in all things, whether mental, or moral, or material. These form political anachronisms. They remind us of vessels that have grounded upon mountains in a former state of the water, and which, when the tide has gone down, stand high and dry above the current. Such places are Nuremberg, Zug, and many towns in Italy. As an example of old-time tastes yet lingering about Zug, I found in its neighborhood the only considerable specimens of the antiquated Topiarian art, that I met with in Europe; consisting of trees cut into the forms of arm-chairs, birds, and other objects.

At Zurich, I visited the town-library, and read three Latin letters of Lady Jane Grey to Zuinglius. They are signed "Iωanna Graia," and are written in a neat, clear, legible hand. They are interesting as expressing a warm gratitude to Zwingli for his friendship. She quotes Hebrew and Greek in their own letter. I saw, also, an Aldine folio of the Septuagint, which

was the family Bible of Zwingli. He had recorded at the end the births of his several children.

I pursued my journey to Schaffhausen, and at Eglisau, crossed the Rhine, which is there a full and rapid stream, not very broad. It is intensely green, and without any touch of blue. We soon reached the Hotel Weber, which is opposite to the Falls of the Rhine.

These falls are among the most *beautiful* of great cataracts; with just so much of terror as beauty has, or ought to have, for one who knows how fatal or fated a thing it is wont to be. They are also the most picturesque of European cascades. They are entirely Rhine-like, in their character, presenting that combination of copious water, gray rock, and graceful foliage, which makes the peculiar charm of this river in its lower course. They are divided into three parts, by one tall rock near the right bank, and by two other rocks which lean towards one another, and form almost an arch in the middle of the stream. These foam-fretted islands are covered with bushes which now were glowing with the tints of autumn. I took a boat with three men, and rowed out to the principal and central one. The water which we traversed was whirling and surging with eddies of white and green. The cascade seems to be formed by a pile of irregular points or peaks of granite, rising up in the midst of the impetuous current. Looking up from the base of the rock where I landed, the waters above, on both sides, appear to be shot forward horizontally as from a mortar. A winding path leads to the top; about half-way up, you pass near the central shoot, and there its waters starting up and over the hidden obstructions that would arrest it, seem to gnash as with a kind of ravenous fury. From the summit, the best view is had, for there you see the whole composition of the cataract. A little above the fall, the stream appears divided and diffused in innumerable directions,—sideways, backwards, forwards, crosswise; then, gathering its forces, it springs through the openings of the pillared rock, with headlong rage and terror.

I descended and rowed across to the Schloss, and gained a balcony where a favorite view is had: but it is not equal to

that which I had left. You see but a part of the river, and even that is much lost in spray, which in itself, however, has a good effect, being from time to time, hurled upward as if from the depths of the river. There is another position below the falls, where a grand confused image of turbulent power is flung upon the mind. That is the museum of rainbows. From that position, the central island shows finely. Leaning forward against the coming torrent, the rocks seem like mighty buttresses, based upon the centre of the earth, and upholding the river, which else might plunge down with all-overwhelming madness.

At Schaffhausen I took the steamer up the Rhine to Constance, and thence to Lindau. Six weeks later, about the middle of October, I came down from Ulm to Friedrichshafen, at the upper end of Lake Constance, and crossed to Rorschael with the intention of going into Italy by the Splugen road. In the beginning of that month, the winter had set in at Berlin with continued cold rain, and I fled precipitately southward; but I had no sooner reached the shores of this lovely water, than I found myself in a wholly different climate, where a mild fine autumn yet lingered, and a soft west wind invited to delay. The seasons in Switzerland are later than in Germany. The summer comes up more slowly; but it tarries longer. I resolved to profit of the charming weather, and dash across to Geneva, that I might take one more view of the snowy crests which had delighted me so highly. The Lake Constance presents an aspect of calm, attractive beauty. On the south, the shore rises gradually and is richly cultivated, to a considerable distance; and then terminates in the glorious mountains of Appenzell and Glarus. The great range of heights which form the eastern wall of this sea, appear to be a solid pile of snow rising out of the purple waters.

At Schaffhausen, I at once became aware of being on Swiss ground, by seeing on the large house in front of the steamer's landing-place, fresco pictures of the three men of Grutli; one holding a short-handled flag with a cross upon it; the central one leaning on a spear; and the third sustaining a tall

standard which rested on the ground; all wearing swords. About noon I set off for Zurich. The day was clear and delightful: and upon arriving at the top of a hill, about a mile from Schaffhausen, the whole circle of the Alps, from Lake Constance to the hills about Berne, blazed up into full, glittering view, covered with recent snow,; and Sentis and Dædi and the triple broad mass of the Righi and the spiked banner of Glarnish. This afternoon afforded one of the finest feasts of the Alps that I have yet enjoyed. The peaks of Glarus and Appenzell, form, ordinarily, to the Swiss traveler, a side dish, not much attended to; but are capable of being made *pieces de résistance* of a luxurious banquet. At Berne, the weather on the 16th of October was magnificent, and the sun as bright as in July. The Oberland was lying out in the clearest, sharpest outline, flashing and exhaling in the cloudless sun. We reached Lausanne on the following morning.

Gibbon is, of course, the *specialité* of the place. We were received at the Hotel Gibbon, a stately structure on a terrace overlooking the lake. The historian's house is next to it. It is now occupied by M. Constantine Grigner, a legal functionary, whose mother bought it upon Gibbon's death. It is a commodious dwelling, with an extensive terrace garden, commanding a fine view of the mountains of Savoy. Mont Blanc, however, is not visible. In this respect the English philosopher showed less taste than Voltaire, from whose house and grounds at Ferney, the monarch of mountains is seen to great advantage. In the garden an elm was pointed out, said to have been planted by Gibbon, and under which he is said frequently to have rested. I doubt the tradition; as the tree does not appear to be above thirty years old. The acacias have been entirely destroyed. A new apartment, which the owner is now erecting, occupies the place of the *Berceau*, and also of a curious room made of the bark of trees, which Gibbon himself had constructed, and which was suffered to remain until it became utterly decayed and ruinous.

The next day I went up from Geneva to Chamouny. The weather was perfectly clear, and the sky cloudless. In the

evening, a full moon was shining over Mont Blanc. The following morning we ascended the Flégère. In going up, the stillness was broken by several avalanches, which sent a long crackling roar through the valley, resembling the discharge of cannon at a distance. One of these which we were lucky enough to see, was caused by the fall of a mass of ice from the Mer-de-glace over the rocks which rise up and occupy half the space of the mouth of the glacier. The white mass crumbled as it struck the rock, and poured down like a cataract of powdered ice, reverberating prodigiously as it descended. From a low point of view, the attendants and supporters of Mont Blanc occupy the most prominent position, and almost hide the sovereign; and it is necessary to rise to a considerable height, in order to see the true relation of the chief to the inferiors, and to contemplate the principal eminence in its towering and unshared grandeur. The view from the Croix de la Flégère commands the entire valley and all its confines; and the whole prospect, taken together, presents probably as sublime and impressive a spectacle as nature can exhibit. It is a scene of almost fearful wildness and desolation. A horror seems to brood over the abyss which divides the enormous precipices that yawn around it. Mountains, whose soil yields no growth but of deadly snows, and valleys, where unfathomable glaciers usurp the place of corn and vines, succeed one another in a barrenness to which the little vegetation that struggles into life serves only to add greater gloom. The bases of the rocky piles are occupied by clumps of fir trees that stand crowded together like an army of dark-plumed soldiers sternly guarding the access to the appalling regions above.

But from whatever position Mont Blanc be seen, its height I think is less striking than that of the Bernese peaks. The latter rise more precipitously, and soar upward in a more lonely and detached elevation. The Mont Blanc is so much surrounded by huge companions and allies, which intercept and share his grandeur, that all the effect of his majesty is not directly felt. Monarch undoubtedly he is; but a constitutional monarch, girt about by greatnesses that diminish his individual

lustre in giving a broader base to his throne. The mass of the mountain is certainly enormous; and when one reflects upon certain particulars which show to the mind how great is the elevation, the height becomes profoundly impressive. For example, the Aiguille Verte seems, from the Flégère, to be but very little higher than the Aiguille du Dru; yet, in fact, it stretches nearly two thousand feet above it. I am inclined to think that the remote view of Mont Blanc from Geneva, where it seems to lie on high like the silver floor of heaven, is more striking than any other.

Chapter VI.

At length I turned my steps towards Italy. It was towards the close of a fine mellow autumnal day that I came up from Geneva to the Hotel Byron, which stands between Chillon and Villeneuve. A storm of two or three days, which had imprisoned me in the Hotel des Bergues, had cleared away, and mild, still, pensive weather had succeeded. For richness combined with grandeur, for voluptuous softness around, and impressive majesty above, not Como, nor Lucerne, nor any other lake, is superior to the upper end of Geneva. Some beams of Italian lustre seem, there, to have gushed through the mountain pass, and to kindle the rock-cinctured atmosphere with the love-breathing hues of the glowing south. The view from the lofty terrace in front of the hotel was grand and touching. The stream of summer tourists had passed by. I was the only inmate of the large and melancholy pile. The air was delicate; the lake calm and somewhat hazy; all nature seemed in unison with the tranquil loveliness of the scene and its associations. Behind, rose the lofty heights of the Dent de Jaman and Dent de Noye, not stern with frightful rocks, but luxuriantly wooded to the summits, and now glorious with the varied colors of

autumn; the foliage powdered with newly fallen snow. To the right along the lake, Clarens lay deliciously nestled in a gentle ravine of the mountains, which rise to a great height behind it. On either side of it, by the shores, are recumbent fields of neat, trim vines; but itself was embraced by russet-tinted trees which extended up the ravine till they expand into a great forest that scales the top of the mountain. Nothing can seem more modestly retired, without being hid. Further on is Montreux, more deeply buried in a valley. A little more distant, across a small bay, stood the gray towers of Chillon, in the water. On the left front, the mountain views were magnificent. The Dent d'Oche rose in a lofty peak almost immediately from the water's edge, and beside it were innumerable wild, fragmentary, capricious crests. The sides of all these were now covered with a scarlet mantle of foliage. On the extreme left, up the valley of the Rhone, the vast snow and ice-covered piles of the Dent du Midi reared themselves. As the sun sank behind the Dent d'Oche, and threw into bright relief these dark forms with their fretted outline against the yellow sky, and tinged the snows of the Dent du Midi with a faint rose color, a passion-flush of beauty seemed to suffuse the scene. The waters of the lake in front of me were still and soft, and as clear as crystal. The shores at the opposite end were not seen, being hidden by the mistiness of the air; and you might have thought that you were looking out upon the limitless ocean charmed into repose by the magic influences of the hour. A single small sail whitened the blue expanse. A short distance out from the shore, and towards Chillon, stood a little island, scarcely twenty feet in width, bearing what seemed but a single tree, but was in fact a cluster of three trees, gleaming with a yellow hue through the languid air. Associations of Byron and his lone prisoner threw around it a pathetic lustre.

The next morning I walked along the gray pebbly shore to the Castle of Chillon. Around its walls the sublime story of Bonnivart casts an interest, before which the sentimental fancy of Byron's tale fades into insignificance. I know of nothing in history so extraordinary as the grandeur of his endurance, ex-

cept its reward. Chained for six years to the dungeon pillar of a tyrant, he was set free at last by a double revolution, political and religious, which created a republic in the night of despotism, and established Protestantism in the midst of the Romish church. Could such a daring anticipation have entered into the strength that fortified his heart? Let hope never grow extinct in the spirit of man! If Bonnivart might be delivered, who might not trust to be relieved?

The castle stands upon a solid rock, and completely out in the lake, though not now actually surrounded by it, an embankment of stone excluding the water from encircling it upon the land side. A bridge of four or five piers leads over the now dry foss to the double gates, whose iron gratings still hang there, brown with the rust of centuries. In the Middle Ages the Hall of Public Justice, and its important appendage, the rooms and instruments of probation and punishment, which according to the morality and reason of those times consisted largely in tortures, were commonly in the same building with the residence of the sovereign. Some of these establishments have been kept up for the curiosity of visitors, and are often referred to for the purpose of sharpening the passions of the day against the cruelty of the despots who ruled in those times. They illustrate, however, the mental views of the age, rather than the mischiefs of a particular government; for they were part of the public law of all countries; and the most revolting display of the system is to be seen in the dungeons of the free city of Ratisbonne, where the inquisitors were not solitary tyrants, but a municipal council of sober and liberal burghers. Chillon Castle now serves as one of the three military magazines of the Canton Vaud; but the apartments in which the feudal severities of the times were administered, are maintained with scrupulous completeness by the republican authorities.

Passing through the court-yard, I was conducted to the prison rooms, which are below its level. The first chamber is about eighty feet long, and divided by a row of arches on columns. It formed the hall of the corps-de-garde. The floor, which is covered with gravel, is high enough to allow the lake

to be seen through the windows. Beyond it is an apartment twelve or fifteen feet wide, on the inner side of which is a mass of the natural rock rising four or five feet high, and forming by its top a smooth inclined shelf which follows the dip of the stone, perhaps thirty degrees from the horizontal. According to the explanation given on the spot, this was the couch upon which prisoners were laid after being tortured in the chamber above, and here the sentence of death was read to them. In the next room, which is quite dark, a couple of arches supported on a pillar, run transversely across the room, and between the pillar and the upper cross wall is the potence or gallows, a mere beam of wood ten or twelve feet high, with grooves around it, which are said to have been worn by the ropes. Two thousand Jews are reported to have been hanged or strangled here, upon a charge of poisoning the fountains, but really for the purpose of confiscating their wealth. Opposite the gallows, hung formerly a picture of the Virgin, on which the dying man might look; a solace that must have been particularly welcome to the Jews. Next is a little apartment enclosing the stone stairs which ascend to the Hall of Justice; and beyond it, through a small door, you enter the principal prison.

It is an apartment about a hundred and twenty feet in length, and divided by a row of round sandstone columns, and double ranges of pointed arches. It bends somewhat towards the other end to accommodate the circular corner of the castle, and the whole effect, which architecturally is very beautiful, exactly resembles the aisles of a church, for which, indeed, it is said at one time to have been used. It is cut out of, or into, the solid rock, which is of a slaty texture, and much inclined. The windows are high, and though they exhibit large wide openings upon the inner surface of the wall, they narrow towards the exterior, so as to dwindle down to apertures a foot in length by three or four inches in width. It is impossible to see any thing through them from the floor of the dungeon; but when the sun is bright at mid-day, the light is reflected from the lake upon the roof, and is said to show a blue tint; and at certain seasons the horizontal sun finds its way in. When the water of the lake is

high, as it was in 1846, the prison is below its surface; ordinarily, however, it is not so.

In one of the central columns is the ring to which Bonnivart was fastened by a chain about four feet in length. The holes worn in the rocky floor by his stern solitary pacings are still perfectly distinct.

Let none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God!

A channel, three or four inches below the general surface, marks the range of tread; but within it, you see three still deeper cavities produced by the daily tramp of his feet. The length of his chain permitted him to take only three steps, but to the limits of this fettered license, he seems to have taken daily and vehement exercise, determined to keep himself alive for whatever issues Providence might provide. The whole prison apartment is now an open space; but when Bonnivart was here, walls ran between the columns, forming a series of perfectly close cells. These trampings, therefore, must have been made as he strode from wall to wall, riveted to the corner of a dark dungeon, by a chain four feet long.

The person who showed the castle told me, that while Byron was meditating his Prisoner of Chillon, he used to come to the scene every day with his servant. He finally wrote the poem in two days, in a room of the Anchor Inn at Ouchy; but it appears that he had been mentally composing it for some time, and by the aid of diligent study on the spot. At that time he was not acquainted with story of Bonnivart. He learned it afterwards when he went to Geneva. My conductor said that Byron's ignorance might be accounted for by the fact, that the persons who, at that time, showed the Castle, were not in the habit of explaining the apartment, and that the woman who then kept the keys did not herself know any thing about Bonnivart. Another reason, the guide thought, might lie in the fact mentioned last year by an English family who were here, that Lord Byron did not speak French, though he did speak Italian.

Among a thousand sad histories that have perished from recollection, one tradition, scarcely less touching than the legend of Bonnivart, still attaches to this remarkable chamber. At the lower end of it, against the wall which crosses and limits the apartment, are some drawings four or five feet in length, which display great feeling as well as skill. They represent St. Christopher, holding the infant Christ, and supporting himself by a tree; St. John, with an inscription in Gothic letter over his head, "St. Johēs;" and the Saviour on the cross. These were thus drawn in total darkness by the young Coquet, a pupil of Bonnivart, who had attempted the deliverance of his teacher, but was detected and thrown into this cell, which at that time was walled up on the other two sides. He succeeded at length in breaking his fetters, and when his keeper came to bring him food he overpowered him, fastened him in the dungeon, and escaped up stairs into the Hall of Justice. Here he threw himself from a window into the lake, but unhappily fell upon the rocks and was killed.

Several interesting autographs in stone, testify to the deep feeling which this scene has inspired. On one of the sandstone pillars in the centre, the name of "Byron" appears, carved by his own hand, somewhat crookedly. On the same column are "L. Hunt," "H. H. Milman, xlix.," "A. D. M." (Alexander Dumas,) and others. On the natural rock which forms the inner side of the chamber is the name of "Shelley," in large capitals cut by himself.

In the upper story of the building is shown the Hall of Justice, so called from the injustices judicially performed there. It is a large room with ceilings paneled in the fifteenth century. Next it is the torture room. A wooden pillar stands in the centre of it, with a pulley at the top of it to allow the prisoners to be drawn up and then thrown violently down. While thus suspended, red hot irons or lighted torches were sometimes applied to their feet; and the lower part of the pillar is charred in many places. From this dismal chamber, a grated window looks out over the blue, placid, lovely water. Near by is a small room where a furnace stood to heat the irons. Adjoining

the Hall of Justice on the other side, is a spacious apartment, divided along the middle by wooden pillars. It formed the kitchen and dining hall of the Dukes of Savoy.

Another small structure across the court-yard, but within the walls of the castle, must not be forgotten. It contained the Oubliette. When a prisoner's fate was settled, he was told that he was about to be set free, and was conducted hither that he might approach a statue of the Virgin to give thanks, and then descend a staircase and pass out of the Castle. He descended three steps, when the staircase terminated, and he was thrown into a well fifty feet deep. These three steps, and the well beneath them are still there. If it was the design that the victim should die a lingering death of starvation and broken bones, he was suffered to remain here. If a speedier end was intended, a trap-door in the bottom of this vault was opened, and he was flung down forty feet further. All this has certainly a very apocryphal sound, and a reader of such matters would be inclined to pronounce the whole story as an idle legend, recited for the entertainment of gaping tourists. It is certain, however, that quite similar accounts are given at the old castle near Baden-Baden, and elsewhere; and that the appearances of the apartments sustain the explanations which are given. My conductress at Chillon was a shrewd and rather witty woman, who either from native inclination or out of compliment to my country, displayed a vigorous democracy. She would conclude every fresh exhibition of terrors by saying, "And all this was in the good old times!" Being a show-woman and a radical, perhaps the duskiness of the scenes took a "browner horror" from her glosses.

Chapter VII.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon of a fine day, at the close of October, that I left Villeneuve for Italy, by the Simplon road. As the season was late, and snow had already

fallen in large quantities among the higher Alps, and it was somewhat doubtful whether the road on the summit was open, I got rid of the responsibility of clearing the pass by taking my place in the corner of the government corriera. I hardly know, even in that land of beauty, a finer scene than the valley of the Rhone up to St. Maurice. The broad, fertile plain, between the mountains, is covered with vegetation; and, at its edges, at either side, rise precipitately the snow-crowned Alps. The road winds along their base. The ragged crest of the Dent de Midi towers in sight all the way. The declining sun was kindling the ice-topped peaks with a furnacelike lustre, not pink or roseate, but like shining silver. In approaching the line of the Vallais, the effect becomes almost startling. The mountain strikes into the stream and throws the road from its abrupt side: the rocks on either hand jut over the river, which has forced its passage by wearing away their bases: a bridge of a single arch carries you over the Rhone; and you are within the *cachot* of St. Maurice. You feel as if you had been betrayed into the dungeon of the white-haired giant turnkey of the Alps, who had been nodding ominously above you for a long time, and who had now closed up the mountains across the path which you had entered. St. Maurice lies at the bottom of a well-like ravine, whose granite sides rise almost perpendicularly to a prodigious height. The material grandeur of the scene can hardly be exceeded. It must be dim and chill, there, at noonday; and night closes in long before the purple waters of the sunlight have ceased to dash against the peaks above. As I was falling asleep, I thought I saw an old hobgoblin face, with white locks matted over it, thrust up several times against the glasses of the carriage, to see if his prey was safe. But I shut my eyes, and was soon lost in dreams of Italy, almost as bright as the reality.

When I looked out the next morning, we were nearly at the summit, and the cold was extreme. The sky was clear, but pale; and an ocean of snowy peaks and snowy valleys spread around. All was snow. A few stinted pines, with their iced branches pinned down to their trunks, stood at wide intervals

amid the waste; and here and there was a châlet, closed and deserted: but these memorials of departed life and habitation only struck a deeper loneliness into the scene. On one summit, a little chapel was visible; and a series of stations, marked by rude crosses, led to it: but it was now abandoned and inaccessible. Even the last social, guarding, redeeming influence seemed extinct in the glittering beauty of death. It was the sublimity of desolation.

We had exchanged our wheels for a sledge, and were moving along behind seven horses. Two men, with shovels, accompanied our train, and we stopped, occasionally, till they cleared away the avalanches which had slid down from the heights above. We presently passed the hospice, where the courier delivered a gazette. The news appeared to be the only human interest that survived in the dreariness of this solitude. We may smile; but, after all, what is the love of gossip, but a rather undignified, perhaps slightly irregular manifestation of that spiritual affinity which identifies man with his fellows? that *nil humani alienum*, which is the sacred consciousness of humanity itself. Exiled into these arctic wastes, the inmates of the hospice still crave the exercise of those sympathies which link their natures to the crowded city and the scheming court.

We began to descend, and, resuming wheels, rolled rapidly along through a magic panorama of slate-colored rocks, cleft into shaded ravines, whose walls seemed to reach to the firmament; with unnumbered cascades pitching from the summits, or dripping along the sides; and ferns and flowers softening the ruggedness, like those snatches of tender sentiment which sometimes intervene in the ferocity of a ruthless character. The southern side of the Alps is steeper and more storm-worn than the northern, seeming to rise up directly over the plain, and scowl down in jealous fury upon a loveliness which it is destined always to look upon and never to partake. My imagination had been so steeped in mountain elements of all kinds,—waterfalls, rocks, ravines,—that there was no longer that mental action upon them which is necessary to enjoyment; and I turned away with an indifference approaching to disgust from

the barbarous north, whose last hospitalities I was fleeing, and threw my spirit forward into glowing thoughts of Italy.

It was night when we reached Domo d'Ossola, at the foot of the mountains. Domo d'Ossola! how purple with Italian richness was the very name! The inn was in the form of a quadrangle, and I was shown to my chamber along an open gallery that ran around the interior court-yard, whence one looked up to the deep blue, starry sky. All was strange, and all enchanting.

The following morning I drove along the margin of Lago Maggiore, passing Baveno and Arona. It was Sunday. The air was mild and clear, and it seemed like the paradisal Sabbath of a world yet unconscious of sin. It was not as when you view a single object, or listen to a single symphony, from which you snatch keen pleasure: the whole encircling scene,—all that touched the sight, the sense, the mind,—above, around, beneath—all was beauty and all was delight. There was just enough of pearly haze over the sky to tone its blue tints into soft blending with the waters, and with the mountains on their north. At the upper end of the lake, gleamed the chalky villas around Locarno, and behind them was Monte Rosa, with its snowy masses, suffused and glowing with purple. The crystal lake, reflecting the quaint terraces of the Isola Bella, green with tropical verdure, was on the left; and on the right, the slopes were profusely covered with roses in full bloom, violets and daisies. A voluptuary in landscape enjoyments could not have craved a richer scene. The choicest glories of the north and south were brought harmoniously together. Switzerland and Italy set forth the rarest perfection of their characteristic splendors in rivalry for the admiration of the visitor. From the luxurious hues and forms around, you looked across the fairy lake, and, after gazing on the lovely mansions upon its edge, the eye lost itself amid the infinitely varied outline of white hills that seemed dissolving into the northern air. I declined to visit Isola Bella; for a restless, fiery impatience possessed me to precipitate myself into the bosom of Italy. I

felt, until I reached Milan, as if I were not unmistakably and irrevocably in Italy.

We stopped a few moments to visit the odd colossal monument of San Carlo Borromeo, and then halted at Sesto Kalende. There is no difficulty in recognizing in that name a lingering trace of Rome. Here we encountered, once more, the imperial bird.

Qui per piu devorare
Porta due becchi,*

whom I have ever found an honest, well-bred, courteous bird. It would be well for the traveler if his great wings flapped away from the whole of Italy the tormenting native flock of beccaficas that peck unremittingly at the pockets.

From Sesto to Milan, the Simplon road passes through the cultivated plain of Lombardy, planted at regular intervals with the mulberry, and with vines hanging in festoons from tree to tree. The sleepy luxuriousness of autumn loitered over the fields, and at a distance were the snowy mountains. Winter rarely comes nearer to those delicious plains than to look down at them from the neighboring heights. As we rolled on through village after village, the church-bells, with their sweet silvery clamor, kept up a perpetual jubilee of sound, exulting to proclaim the more essential beauty that Italy prized above all material boasts, that of being stainlessly Catholic. The music, breaking out from time to time, then pausing, then beginning again, as if each campanilé were animated by varying feelings, made a charming accompaniment to the bright spectacle around. The delight, which almost tranced the being, was not like a new or strange emotion. It was a familiar feeling of spiritual enjoyment, brought up to the surface, and made sensuous in an intense and delicate consciousness of the realization of a life-long dream. I was reposing in the sweet arms of the violet-crowned maiden of the family of nations: her soft, warm breath was upon my cheek: her large, blue, loving eyes looked down upon me.

An era is it in the history of any man, when for the first time

* The arms of Austria bear a double-headed eagle.—Ed.

he crosses the Alps. A sympathy is touched and developed, that shall vibrate and expand for ever. Upon that soil, we learn that Imagination and Sentiment are the Italian elements of our nature. All things seem ideal, poetic, visionary. Splendors that the northern world knows only by half-heavenly flashes that fade before they can be felt, here are natural and permanent. From the valleys and plains of Italy the lustre of summer is never wholly withdrawn, and winter seems but a tardier spring. Elsewhere we have glimpses of her life in conservatories, and when we enter the guarded retreats where orange-trees and olives and myrtles are garnered up as creating around them a kind of sacred soul-life, we say, "This is like Italy." Its atmosphere is fragrance, its soil is beauty, its canopy a glory unimaginable. Its air is a prism to turn the common light into enchantment. What melodies of color,—violet, rose, purple,—roll along its steeps. Yet the true fascination of Italy is of the soul; and the features of the scene enjoy our devotion on account of the Spirit that looks out from them, and which they typify.

It is the clime of Art,—the temple of the sacrament of the material transfigured into the spiritual,—of the perpetual marriage of the formal with the divine. Life, thought, passion, manners, all things, partake an æsthetic quality. An ethereal stream of ideal sentiment seems to float over the land and refract all perceptions, feelings, and objects into beautiful outlines and hues.

It is the land of Antiquity, the school of History, the home of the Past. No time is recorded when Italy stood not foremost in the annals; a scene where great things were thought and wrought. Etruscan, Roman, Pontifical, these civilizations have succeeded one another, and no later one has effaced the vestiges of that which preceded it. All now dwell together; and the face of the land is as a self-registering chronicle of all that has been felt and done upon its surface. Here, under the calm, grave eye of the venerable Past, the Present moves modestly, and with self-distrust. Here you may stand in the religious presence of the Older Day, and imbibe a temper which is more than wisdom. The active, the striving, the destructive,

we leave behind when we cross the mountains. Existence here is moral, consultative, intellectual. It seems like an Elysium, where life is fancied, and interests notional; the blissful future state of an existence gone by, where shadowy forms rehearse in silent show the deeds that once resounded, or elsewhere resound. It is a land where all is ruin; but where ruin itself is more splendid, more permanent, and more vital than the freshest perfections of other countries.

Above all things, it is the soil of religion. Here, and only here, is realized, in uncrumbled and undimmed completeness, that vision, which in other nations is but a fragmentary dream, or a dim tradition,—the Catholic Faith. And deny it, overlook it, forget it, as we may, that is the deepest spell of all the enchantments that Italy holds in store for us. Of its truth or utility let theologians and economists dispute: as a sentiment, as a civilization, humanity has evolved nothing so beautiful, so refining, so delightful. In this land, it is an inward, soul-heard music, to which all life regulates its movements. It is as a solvent of moral grace, melting and rounding all the forms of existence into picture-like and pleasing shapes.

Chapter VIII.

After a few days at Milan, I went up, in the beginning of November, to Como. The railway is well appointed and comfortable. The first part of the route presented the fertile plain of Lombardy, planted with mulberries, locusts, and chestnuts: soon the snow-covered hills appeared in sight, and on reaching Camerlata, we were among the mountains. The scenery around Como is highly picturesque; the heights terminating in multitudinous peaks, clothed with red foliage, and sprinkled on the tops with snow.

As I think, that to dash forward in a crowded steamer is no true way to enjoy these lakes, I took a small boat with a couple of oarsmen, and set out early in the afternoon to woo the enchantments of the watery scene, at leisure, and alone. The

wherry was luxuriously furnished with scarlet cushions, a table in the middle, and a circular frame overhead, on which was an awning of canvas, to be raised and lowered at pleasure. The diversified hills which rise almost from the line of the shore, were covered with green and purple foliage; and innumerable elegant villas lined the banks. Grandeur, softness, endless magnificence of architectural decorations, and an almost luscious richness of color, united to form a refined and gorgeous spectacle which it would be vain to look for out of Italy. The atmosphere in the low regions had the effect of clear, lustrous crystal, and higher up was a warm, deep iodine tone, which made the breasts of the mountains ruddy with a morbid blush. Beneath glittered the glassy wave; and a sky of cloudless, profound blue, was hanging above.

On the left hand, as you come out from Como, is a palace with long Italian colonnades, overhanging the waters. It is the villa Raimondi; formerly Odescalchi. A little further, through an opening in the nearer heights, you catch a view of the peaks of the distant Alps. Then is seen the small village Cernobio; and beyond it, in a nook embraced by a high promontory, is the villa d'Este, for nearly three years the residence of Queen Caroline, and the scene of the Bergamo adventures of *non mi recordo* fame. It is a very large establishment, consisting of a tall wide house with two capacious wings: and behind it is a conservatory which might mistake itself for a princely villa. This place was formerly occupied by General ——, one of Napoleon's officers, who took Tarragona by assault; and he constructed, at the foot of the hill which forms the further boundary of the estate, an imitation of that city, with several towers and fortifications running along the heights. Beyond, lies the villa Pizzo, the summer residence of the Viceroy of Italy. In former years it was occupied by the Archduke Regnier; but since the last revolution, he has resided at Bolsano. It consists of half-a-dozen detached buildings, with numerous terraces. Further on is Passalacqua.

On the opposite side, within Torno, lies the large villa Tanzi, which was inhabited by Lord Sandwich while Queen Caroline

lived at Cernobio. In rowing upon the lake, he observed the proceedings at the Villa d'Este, and it was he who first made report of them in England. Below this are the villas of Pasta and Taglioni. As we passed between Pizzo and Blevio, we encountered several small boats laden with lemon trees, the effect of which, upon the water, was extremely pretty. They were coming over from the villa Taglioni, to be wintered in the green-house of the villa d'Este, the many-twinkling feet of their owner being just about to make a pirouette to her palace in Venice. Nearer to Blevio are two houses belonging to a Russian; one of them on a promontory, the other in a complete cavern, hollowed out of the mountain.

The view opposite to Blevio, as I returned to Como, glowed with a fine, delicious loveliness, to which the ruder greatness of Switzerland is a stranger. At my back, beyond Tourno, were snow-covered hills. On the left, the mountains behind Blevio rose almost vertically; but they were furrowed with innumerable ridges, into the greatest variety of surface, and covered with rich green grass to the top, and with trees, not matted together in close forests, but sprinkled just widely enough to allow their forms to be seen, and occasionally the mossy turf between them. The feathered outline of these foliage hills fretted the blue heavens. A cove, formed by the projection of a promontory on which the villa Cornaggia stands, lay in deep shadow, while the declining sun threw a bright visible stream of rays along the front of the recess. The promontory was dark, with rich green olive and laurel; numerous summer houses were scattered among the hills behind it; and gardens glittered along its slopes with every attraction that art and nature could combine. Deep purple masses of light were resting on the bosoms of the other mountains. On the right, through the valley at the side of Cernobio, there appears a magnificent view of Monte Rosa with its many peaked masses of rose-colored snow; and as we moved on, the double cones of the lesser St. Bernard loomed up. The immortal spirit, Beauty, who elsewhere gives but glimpses of her heavenly charms, here seemed to lean down from her eternal viewless dwelling, and unveil from out the violet air all the full

magic of her rapturous countenance. As I gazed in intense and breathless admiration, the silence was broken by the deep toll of a bell from one of the villages, which was soon responded to from another; and anon arose a multitudinous but most musical clangor from every side, swelling and rolling, and re-echoing among the mountains. I turned to the stalwart boatman to ask an explanation. Crossing himself reverently, he replied, "*La Festa dei Tutti Morti!*" The Fête of all the Dead!* It was one of those august and touching appointments by which the Catholic Church summons the deepest sympathies of our nature to join her in her mediation between the visible present and the invisible infinite. At three in the morning, and three in the afternoon, the churches are crowded with worshipers, and the bells ring out an awakening notice to all who rest at home or journey by land or by water, to unite in feeling with the human host that turns from the present and the actual, to send its memories backward over the past, and to waft its prayers of love upward to the skies. I know not when I have been more profoundly moved. The scene, before, was beautiful, almost to religion; there wanted but one sound, one note, to touch into full adoration the feeling which already trembled on the verge of it. This call from the voice of the church, amid a spectacle of such earthly glorious perfection, reminding of the sad, but not stern, sentiments that belong to the contemplation of the departed, was fraught with a divine appropriateness and power. The festival of all the Dead! What living soul is not reached by that appeal! Into what affecting brotherhood are we not all brought and bound by that sublime conception!

Beautiful Como! I may never again behold thee visibly: but, through coming years, when Thought draws inward from the vexing and degrading world, and seeks the purest, loftiest, loveliest image that Memory holds within her shrines, then, in spirit, I shall be with thee!

* The Feast of All Souls, which follows that of All Saints. The English Church has retained the latter, but disused the other, more interesting and quite as harmless.

THE ROMAN FORUM.

[A FRAGMENT.]

[This appears to be the last piece which ever came from the pen of its lamented author. In the progress of writing it his eyesight became somewhat disturbed; and his health almost immediately after gave way by rapid steps of declination. In its disconnected handwriting, it bears the mark of having been written with physical difficulty and pain, and breaks off abruptly in the midst of its interesting subject. Of course it is a first draft and wholly uncorrected.]

"Quæ maxima semper
Dicetur nobis, et erit quæ maxima semper." —VIRG.

THE traveler through the old world, who would do justice to every part of his subject, should see the whole of Europe before he enters Italy, and the whole of Italy before he visits Rome. The morbid and ethereal elegance that invests the clime and life of Italy, relaxes the taste so much that it can scarcely come in a proper spirit to the less poignant interests of Germany, France or England. And every thing that even Venice, Florence or Naples can offer, appears frivolous and almost profane, in presence of the august impression that Rome inspires. He whose spirit Rome has once touched with her sceptre, is struck insensible to vulgar and earthly interests.

Rome seems to be the magnetic pole of our moral sensibilities. In all other places they tremble toward it, in it they become riveted to the soil.

Her galleries are stored with countless treasures, the masterpieces of Grecian sculpture; yet so far are they from constituting

the secret of Rome's attraction, that we view even the Apollo with an imperfect enthusiasm, seen amidst the blaze of that atmosphere of brightness which surrounds it. The landscape has peculiar and characteristic beauties; yet the chief interest with which we view it, arises from the reflection, that we are looking upon the country of Rome. Gorgeous in spectacle and enchaining in significance are the ceremonies of her church, whose development is the history of fourteen centuries of Europe. Yet their chief interest arises from the background against which they are viewed. It is not in any nor in all of these things that lies the secret of that spell, by which this city strikes and fascinates our spirits: the charm, the mystery, the power, is in the moral atmosphere that infects the scene, where moralists and legislators once lived and acted. Splendid even now is the Rome of the eye and of the taste; but that before which the visible city lapses into nothingness, is Rome of the mind. It is the thrilling memories which overhang it like an electric cloud, that makes this city a place of intense and undecaying interest, and in the presence of which we turn our backs upon Pope, and Cardinals, and Princes, and regard the romance and adventure of the princely battlings of the Middle Ages, and the palaces of Colonna, Corsini, Borghese, and Doria, as vain and empty shows.

And why is it that Rome thus awes us as we draw nigh it, and strikes a fascination into our spirits when we are within it? affecting stongest minds the strongliest. It is because we approach the shrine of the morality of the world; are within the precincts of that Temple whence oracles of Justice went forth that still are the inspiration and the guides of Life. Lawgiver of the nations; parent of Institutions that give civility and development to society; inventress of the Arts that establish right through reason; source of that social wisdom which is civil power; the all-imperial city sits throned in the ever-during reverence of the mind; girt with a divinity invisible perhaps by the frivolous, but irresistible to the thoughtful mind.

I know not of any scene more fitted to touch every chord of intellectual emotion in a reflective spirit, than that which ex-

pands before the observer who mounts to a platform that is over the upper arches of the Coliseum, directly above the entrance, and looks down thence into the Roman Forum. That high terrace was a favorite resort with me on the clear and soft afternoons of a winter that was lovelier than the brightest spring or summer of the north. The air below was usually like a medium of transparent crystal, faintly purpled here and there by violet-colored flakes of sunlight, that seemed to float in it like stainless passion-dreams of the pure element. The prospect consists only in a short and narrow valley, bounded on both sides by hills, and terminated at the opposite end by a lofty and precipitous rock. Ruined arches, solitary columns, fragments of ivy-clustered walls, define the ground:

Reliquias, veterumque vides monumenta virorum.

Thrice a thousand years have rolled by since Æneas found Evander and Pallas celebrating on yonder hill those services of religion, for which Rome has always been noted, and through which she has always been great. The "*passimque armenta videbant Romanoque foro*," is strangely renewed in the name of the Campo Vaccino; and the stately "Carinæ," once splendid with the mansions of Pompey and Cicero, is again a neglected region, doubtfully identified by the title of the Church of San Maria in Carinis. The aspect of the spot has returned to the condition of the Arcadian's ancient reign; but what a world of history lies between! That small region before your eye is the scene of the entire history of Rome from Romulus to Constantine; and there, in the councils of statesmen, the meditations of philosophers, and the enthusiasm of orators, the history of mankind not only then, but through all time to come, was ordained, and settled, and rehearsed. Fixed on that spot, as by a kind of spell, dwelt that mental force, which in becoming the genius of Rome became the fate of the rest of the world.

The Palatine rises upon the left; the original city of Romulus and scene of those Livian legends which Beauty will still preserve though Truth abandon them; now covered by the endless and inextricable ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars. On that

hill's edge, by the arch of Titus, stood the kingly house of Ancus Martius. The eminence on your right is the Esquiline; memorable for the residences of Mæcenas, Horace and Virgil. Directly opposite to you soars aloft the Capitoline, and at its base you see the remnants of the Temple of Concord, built by Augustus on the site of that temple in which Cicero assembled the Senators, (at night?) to reveal to them the conspiracy of Cataline; and beside it, that old Mamertine prison constructed by Ancus Martius and Servius Tullius, in which Cathegus perished, as Jugurtha had perished before him, and Sejanus perished afterwards. Between your position and the Capitoline, you may view the remnants of the Forum of Julius, ever memorable for that scene, when the Roman Senate was received by the Dictator seated; an indignity, which though it cost an emperor his life, became an epoch in the decline of Roman liberties; the sites of the old and new rostra of the Senate House; and may view the uncovered stones of the Via Sacra, once swept by conquerors in triumph. That hollow space, bounded and terminated between these three hills and the clivus of the Via Sacra, is the ROMAN FORUM.

Silent, deserted, crumbling is the scene; trodden only by the steps of peasants, as they loiter from their toils, or of monks, as they pass across it to their evening chants. Yet with spiritual tenants how thronged, how glittering is the place! To the intellect, how intense, how vital the influences of the spot! On the rock that bounds your view, once stood the Refulgent Capitol; and in front of it, above the Tarpeian platform, still stands, in memory's vision, a figure yet more sublime than that of the citadel he defended, blazing with a glory to dim the brightest lustre that the morning sunshine ever cast about it.

Custos Tarpæia Manlius arcis
Stabat pro templo, et capitolia celsa tenebat.

There, beneath you, was the daily meeting-place of those who by circumstances were the Senate of Rome, but by nature the Patricians of Earth. From these councils went forth protection to oppressed right, punishment to lawless violence throughout

the globe; till Rome became the tribunal of states, the conscience of the world.

As one ponders over this spot, that counsel-hall seems like an earthly Olympus, whose material shows have vanished, but whose fineless empire still sways mankind; and each Senator, robed in sternness and mystery, passes before you an embodied type of Truth and moral Destiny! It was the cradle of all civilized polity; the nursery where grew those forms of state which are yet the unshaken deities of the mortal scene, whose empire is deep as our nature and continuing as our race. In this atmosphere, personal character grew august, because it became a temple of Honor, Faith, and Duty, on whose altar the first sacrifice offered was self. From all the crowd of greatness that fills this space—from Caius Marius and Lucius Sylla and Scipio Africanus—fancy turns away to fix its reverent scrutiny upon one lonely figure—that hides the greatest soul that is recorded in mortal annals. Arrived in Rome, from a distant captivity, he visits not his own dwelling, but has hastened instantly to the Forum and the Senate; he puts away from him his little sons and the kiss of his chaste wife, as a man disgraced, and casts his darkening countenance to the ground; whilst he urges the hesitating Senators, by every appeal that patriotism can suggest or feel, to vindicate the character of Rome by consigning him to captivity and death. Such counsel never did another give! Conscious of the barbarian tortures that await him, the conqueror of fame opens out his way among the friends that oppose, and the people who would delay, his return, not otherwise than if, having gained some tedious process of his clients, he was setting off for the green slopes of Venafrum or the breezy cliffs of Tarentum. And what a triumph he was hastening to consummate! He gave to Carthage a brief life, and won from her a glory so transcending, that Humanity itself grows exalted in the contemplation.

In the moral apprehension of these men, the State was a Religion. Society was known to be a divine existence, from which each drew great impulses, and to which all owed sacred reverence. The national consciousness was felt as the true identity

of the citizen, into whose high, eternal force individual passion was taught to burn. Thus legislation was their instinct; government, justice, and equity, their familiar reason. Prætors here gave decrees that are precedents for all time to come. Emperors, faithful to the hereditary divinity of their office, here gave responses which are garnered into the oracles of jurisprudence. And this valley became the chancery of earth's justice, "*Templum sanctitatis, amplitudinis mentis, consilii publici, caput urbis, aram sociorum, portum omnium gentium.*" That discipline, that organization, that divinity in society, which controls men's individual dealings, and moderates even between contending nations—LAW—has its original development in this scene. The tree which now spreads protection and shelter over the world, has its roots in the gray soil of yonder

[A complete break in the MS. appears here.]

There are two objects in the view beneath us which seem to possess a peculiar interest, as great moral landmarks in history, and connecting Rome peculiarly with the evolutions of humanity, and the perpetual interests of the race. I mean the Arch of Titus and the Arch of Constantine. They are near to one another, and directly under your eyes; and both are in almost perfect preservation. Time and Fortune, which have accumulated such interest upon Rome, have left these two monuments to explain to us why it is especially that Rome impresses us so intimately, and with such vital interest.

Protestant countries, in their jealous reverence for the *written* volume of God's dealings with man, overlook too much that large portion of the scheme of divine guidance and blessing of mankind which is not registered or explained in that book, but left to be studied and comprehended by man's natural reason. All that is miraculous is contained in the letters of that written volume. The Bible is the infallible record of the history of spirituality, so long as it was a thing existing mystically—prophetically—by anticipation—in a chosen and peculiar people—or in a select *gens* among that people—down to the time when, in the person of the divine Son of God, and in his teachings, that which had been a thing before inspired specially only, be-

came a thing *revealed* to all the world—an ever-continuing gift to men. This revelation to the nations of the Immanuel, or God within us, took place, we are told, "in the fullness of time;" that is, when the nations had been duly prepared to receive and appropriate it. The record of this preparation,—the explanation of the instrumental means which God had gradually prepared or evolved for the establishment and diffusion of Christianity in the world,—is not given in the Holy Scriptures. It belongs to the history of God's ordinary providence, whilst acting gradually and by intermediary agents. The medium prepared for the distribution and application of Christianity through the world was the universal Empire of Rome—the civil organization which it had infused throughout all the world—the politic and legal constitutions which it set up in every kingdom where it swayed. Spirituality was the great function of the Jewish people, for that is a thing revealed and enforced preternaturally. But its elements are implanted in man's nature and evolved by society's experience. The development of morality was not the office of Judea. That august mission was assigned to Rome, and by her nobly performed. When the whole framework of society was civilized and constructed and regulated by Roman policy and laws, it was ready to receive the finer infusion of spirituality, and to convey it throughout all nations. The connection of Rome with the spiritual history chronicled in the Scriptures is impressively registered by these columns. One records the conquest of Judea by Rome, under the auspices of Titus; and the bas-reliefs which exhibit the golden candlesticks, the table, and the trumpets borne in his triumph, are still perfect. The other, in honor of Constantine's victory over Maxentius, which it ascribes to an "instinctus divinitatis," is the first gleam of the Sun of Righteousness over the imperial towers of Rome, which was thenceforth to reflect them in never-fading lustre. Among the last temporal dominions swallowed up in Rome was Judea, by which the purely spiritual nature of the kingdom of the new Messiah became historically established. When Christianity had become systematized and illustrated under the regime of apostles and martyrs, and the church was

fully matured and strengthened, and required only to be diffused, it coalesced with the Roman constitution in the person of Constantine, and thus was spread abroad over the world. It went hand in hand with Rome's civil constitution.

Identified with the Roman law, that law triumphed every where by its superiority of equity and reason; and Christianity has shared its triumph. The moral, and social, and legal institutions of Rome were the divinely appointed channels and aid by which Christianity, in going forth through the world, was to be conveyed and enforced. Spirituality has so feeble a hold upon man's nature, that, without supports and alliances it cannot, except by miracle, prevail against the passions and interests of the world.

The whole fabric of European law, in its most comprehensive sense, is, to this day, Roman: and the dominion of the civil law is increasing, not diminishing. The intense insular nationality of England alone developed the system of the common law in exclusion of the civil law; but it was not long before Equity, which is a true prætorian law, gained an ascendency over the logical forms of the native system; and the maxims and morality of the civilians have, under this name, been the paramount and controlling rule of English life for three centuries. Nay, the common law itself exhibits symptoms of exhaustion, and both in England and America will probably be broken down by the superior pretensions of the code, either by the fusion of equity with law, or the complete *abolition* of the English system. [The MS. here ends abruptly.]

ASCENT OF VESUVIUS.

On the 29th of January, in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one—it was one of Italy's brightest and bluest mornings—I set out at an early hour from Naples to ascend Vesuvius. The air was fresh and balmy, and full of the glorious intoxication of that unrivaled climate. I am of a social temper; but in Nature's most heavenly scenes I can bear no companionship, but the dearest and most social,—such as thoughts of the absent, memories of the departed. These, in such spots, throng around me, and crowd my musing with delightful fellowship. That I might be escorted by a full attendance of this spiritual band, I went alone.

As I drove along the mole, Vesuvius, in its brightest magnificence, opened upon me. From the summit of the mountain—erect, massive, glittering white as a mighty column of the marble of Pentelicus, rose straight upward a huge column of vapor, which, after ascending unbroken, and firm enough, apparently, to hold up the falling sky, gradually floated off, and became one of the clouds that are the footstool of the Lord of Heaven. It was that same cloud, which, at its first appearance, near two thousand years ago, attracted the curious gaze of the elder Pliny at Misenum, and made him set off in his galley to view it more closely; and which the younger Pliny describes as resembling a pine tree, shooting up, with a straight trunk, to a great height, and then branching off at the top. To me, in the pure, still, holy morning, the volcano seemed rather like a vast standing *encensior*, from which earth was sending up a homage

breathed out of the deepest recesses of its bosom, and not unmeet to mingle among the high airs of heaven. The early rays were tinging the delicate mist, from which an Italian landscape is never free, into deep violet tones; and the grand old mountain seemed to raise himself aloft in true imperial state, robed in purple, and crowned with a pearly diadem.

Leaving my carriage, to await my return, at Resina,—which, by the by, stands directly over the ancient Herculaneum, parts of which have been excavated beneath—I took a horse and a mounted guide, and sat out for the summit of the mountain. This is the best arrangement for men, as the canter up and down the hill is a pleasant part of the excursion; but for ladies it is advisable to drive up in a carriage as far as the Hermitage or Observatory, recently established by the King of Naples. There is nothing which strikes you as different from an ordinary mountain, until you are about half-way up, when the masses of lava, which lie about the roots of the volcano, black as death, come upon your view. From that point, the spectacle that expands below you on the other side, as you look away from the hill, is one to which all the resources of earth show nothing superior. I consider it as one of the great views of the world. Beneath your feet rests the arching bay of Naples, defined by Misenum on the right and Sorrento on the left. From Resina, towards Naples, and on through it to Posilippo, the entire circuit of the shore, which the Castle del'Uovo divides beautifully into a double scollop, is one unbroken, glittering range of white buildings, presentiug a grand and regular outline. At that extremity of the line rise the pyramidical masses of Ischia and Procida, and other headlands that guard the retiring beauties of the voluptuous Baiœ. Naples sparkled forth like a cluster of signet gems set in hills, with a range of loftier heights behind it. The waters of the bay, near the circling beach—always blue—looked more deeply so from the elevation at which I stood: while on the opposite side, towards Sorrento, the sun—itself hidden from us by clouds—streamed down in blazing effulgence upon the water, and the isle of Capri loomed up in the middle of the gulf, like an irregular mass of bronze rising out of a sea of

liquid gold. On the right, behind Naples and Portici, to the line of the distant mountains, extended a vast hollow plain, in which lay a dozen white and closely-built villages, scattered about, and, in the intermediate spaces, single houses, peeping out like stars on the approach of evening; at the first glancing look you might see none, but afterwards, at every point on which your eye might rest, a villa would seem to reveal itself to your scrutiny.* Beyond the hills that etched a relieving background to the plain, spread the dark, broad waters of the Mediterranean, in the Gulf of Gaita. The air between the Bay of Naples and the sky above it, was one conflagration of azure light; upon the plain, at the side, lay a purple atmosphere, deep enough to color and illuminate the picture, not obscure it. It seemed as if I had come at last upon the very court, and home, and dwelling-place of Aurora; and the snowy villages which sparkled with brighter show amid a spectacle where all was brilliant, looked like garlands of white flowers, which the early hours had scattered beneath her forthgoing steps, and which still lay glittering on the ground. It was a treasury of the glories of earth and air.

A good carriage-road reaches to the Hermitage, and thence, there is a bridle-path half a mile further, to the base of the volcano, where the ascent on foot begins. You clamber straight up over fragments of hard lava of the size of paving-stones, till you reach the summit. The guide, who, like all his tribe, was a sheer nuisance from beginning to end, here produced a machinery of ropes and sticks, and proposed to tie me or himself, or both of us, round the body, and to drag me, or get me to drag him, I forget which, up the steep. As I had passed the summer in Switzerland, and had served an apprenticeship to mountain-climbing, at the Fauldhorn, the Wengern Alp, and the Righi, I had no notion of being brought to the strappado, although I was under the tyranny of Naples. Declining, therefore, "the unusual punishment" of the rope, which I took to be inconsistent with the constitution concerned, I bade the knave

* See Wordsworth's Evening Voluntaries, 1.

look out for himself, and I set forth upon a rush up the vertical precipice. Nothing but the roughness of the lava surface, and its softness, which enable you to anchor your legs knee deep in the soil, renders the ascent practicable. A series of vehement rushings brought me at length to the top and I found that I had accomplished the race in half an hour.

The first thing that I came upon here was the great crater of the eruption of 1794,—now dry and scorious, and black as a bosom in which sensual passion has burnt itself to exhaustion. Though crusted over and closed, it was steaming and smoking through sundry apertures. Traversing it, I arrived at the large crater of 1850,—a still raw and open ulcer of earth. The wind was blowing from us, and the circumstances were favorable for viewing the cavity. It was filled with a dense volume of white gas, which was whirling and rapidly ascending; but the breeze occasionally drove it to the opposite side and disclosed the depths of the frightful chasm. It descended a prodigious distance in the shape of an inverted truncated cone, and then terminated in a circular opening. The mysteries of the profound immensity beyond no human eye might see, no human heart conceive. We hurled some stones into the gulf and listened till they struck below. The guide gravely assured me, that ten minutes elapsed before the sound was heard; I found, by the watch, that the interval was, in reality, something over three quarters of a minute;—and that seems almost incredibly long. When the vapor, at intervals, so far thinned away that one could see across, as through a vista, the opposite side of the crater, viewed athwart the mist, seemed several miles distant, though, in fact, but a few hundred feet. The interior of the shelving crater was entirely covered over with a bed of knob-like blossoms of brilliant white, yellow, green, red, brown—the sulphurous flowers of Hell. I cannot describe this spectacle, for, in impression and appearance alike, it resembles nothing else that I have seen before or since. It was like Death,—which has no similitudes in life. It was like a vision of the second death. As the sun gleamed at times through the white breath that swayed and twisted about the maw of the accursed monstrosity, there seemed to be an activity

in the vaulted depth,—but it was the activity of shadows in the concave of nothingness. It seemed the emblem of destruction, itself, extinct. There was something about it revoltingly beautiful, disgustingly splendid. One while, its circling rim looked like the parched shore of the ever-absorbing and ever-empty sea of annihilation. Another while it seemed like a fetid cancer on the breast of earth, destined one day to consume it. To me it was purely uncomfortable and wholly uninspiring. It seemed to freeze back fancy and sentiment to their sources. It was not terrible, it was merely horrible. It is a thing to see once, but I care not to see such a thing again in this world; and Jesus grant that I may see nothing like it in the next.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

[This account of the Great Exhibition at London, in 1851, was written for the "Home Journal," and at the request of the author's friend, its senior editor, General Morris."]

London, May 12, 1851.

To the Editors of the Home Journal:

GENTLEMEN:—A traveler by profession, like myself, comes to regard all sorts of shows as in the nature of mortal enemies, that must be slain by seeing them; Paynim foes of enchantment, whose spell consists in invisibility, and whose terrors are dissipated only by lancing at them a stroke of the eye. Through successive years, I had been following up the *mirabilia* of the Continent, from Moscow to Madrid; and was about to embark from an Italian port, to *do*, in like manner, the East for a second time. But in the midst of glowing and glorious Italy, my tranquillity was disturbed by rumors of a new and formidable sight that had sprung into existence behind my back; and I, who boasted of seeing every thing, was likely not to see the greatest of all things. My dreams at night were tormented with visions of this London Exhibition, sometimes assuming the form of a glassy sea-beast, sometimes scowling in the likeness of a monster with ribs of iron. I was on the summit of Vesuvius, looking down on the little village of Nola, in which the imperial Augustus closed his theatrical career. The guide thought me absorbed in meditations upon the natural and historical interests of the scene; but I was really immersed in thinking how I should feel if a cockney tailor, such as I had met that morning

on the road, should push his thimble-nose in my face and ask me if I had seen the London Exhibition. "Bah!" cried I, at length, as I recalled Irving's inimitable anecdote of the grizzly bear in Astoria; "It is not worth while to be grinned at all day by a *varmint;*" I will e'en see the Crystal Palace. I descended rapidly the precipitous cone, mounted my horse, which I had left at the Hermitage, and stopped not till I reached the "Grande Bretagne," where, having packed my valise, I embarked on board the Castor, and in three days landed at Marseilles; another three days brought me to London.

In the course of a sojourn on the Continent, I have seen well-nigh all that Europe has to exhibit of splendid and mighty, in structures, in ceremonies, and spectacles. I have viewed, I believe, every cathedral between Magdeburg in the North, and St. Januarius on the South, and from the mystic gloom of St. Stephen's, at Vienna, to the lanternlike brilliance of St. Ouen, at Rouen; and in many of these it has been my lot to witness the most august and imposing services of the Catholic worship. I have traversed the gilded halls of royal palaces, from the tragic glories of Versailles and the rival prodigalities of Potsdam, to the quaint, antique vastness of the Bohemian Hradshin, and the pathetic elegance of the Austrian Schonbrunn. I have mused in the halls of sculpture; I have lingered in the gorgeous galleries of pictures; I have roamed through the majestic gardens in which the ambitious vanity of princes and pontiffs has imposed upon Nature the formalities of Art, and expanded Art into the magnificence of Nature. The pride of military reviews, the pomp of civic processions, and the various magnificence of the ecclesiastical exhibitions of the Romish Church, I am familiar with, under the finest conditions of their display. In all my wanderings, and they have been extensive; in all my sojournings, and they have been numerous, I have met with nothing which in its effect upon the eye and upon the mind alike,—which in the brilliance of its first impression, and the interest of its prolonged and studious contemplations—can be placed before the Exposition in Hyde Park. It is at once the most showy pageant that ever glittered before the vision of wonder-loving

curiosity, and the richest field of instruction that was ever submitted to the scrutiny of profound and comprehensive thought.

I have wandered day after day among the endless aisles and passages of this airy cathedral of science and industry, delighted, astonished, impressed;—gathering each moment so much new information, struck by so many new points of view in which the thing presented itself, visited by such a concourse of emotions, as it is impossible to bring together under a single conception of the subject. The details of the show are endlessly curious and engaging; but it is the associated effect of the vast aggregation of particulars, that forms the special and characteristic interest of the display. That which each moment rises and swells upon the mind with still expanding grandeur is, the double reflection of the greatness of the conception, and the perfect realization of that conception—the entire and exact execution of the mighty and most complex scheme—performance stretching onward and filling up the farthest reaches of the great design. It is perhaps the largest human idea that was ever thoroughly carried out in practice, to the fullest exigence of its mental requirement. As it lies beneath your eye, it fully answers to the sounding title by which it was announced, as an Exhibition of the Industry of the World. In that point of view, the spectacle is one irresistibly touching to the sympathies of the beholder. As I paused at the corner of one of the galleries, where the nave and transept intersect, and looked down upon the collections from almost all the nations of Europe and Asia and Africa, attended by natives of the respective countries—the thing seemed to me scarcely less than sublime. It was like beholding all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory thereof. Beneath me were Egypt and Greece, and on the opposite side were Tunis and China, Canada, Van Diemen's Land, and Ceylon; here were the fabulous glories of Indian magnificence, and there the romantic elegancies of Spanish fancy; here, in varied prodigality, were the choicest efforts of the taste and toil of Germany and France and Belgium and Italy, and yonder, in extent unmeasurable, in diversity inexhaustible, stretched the

majestic proofs of the invention, the science, the taste, the activity, the enduring forces, the limitless resources of England.

The visible splendors of the outward spectacle faded into dimness before the more glowing interests that belonged to the moral aspects of the occasion. What a scene for a statesman to contemplate! Here was each famous land, represented by its characteristic arts and fabrics—the type of its moral qualities, the measure of its intellectual development, the basis of its political power. Here, as in a mystic glass, one might read the eventful histories of national progress or decline—might take the gauge of present social condition—or might write sure prophecies of future destiny.

As I gazed upon this great review of the armies of industry —this august congress of rival and partly hostile national interests,—I thought of Burke! What a view he would have given us of the real significance and true grandeur of the spectacle we are looking upon! How his wonderful knowledge, so general in its range and so minute in its accuracy, would have kindled into enthusiasm at the sight, till it overflowed in streams of information that would have reflected from his intellect a glow like inspiration! How would his combining mind have taught us to associate an interminable mass of details into one comprehensive scheme of the industrial economy of society! Those forms and arrangements, which the thousand strollers through these halls gaze or gape upon with momentary wonderment, as the unenlightened look upon hieroglyphics, would have flashed up under the glance of his genius into symbols of great truths, from which he would have expounded the dignified lessons of political wisdom.

But if an understanding not less supreme than Edmund Burke's were required to apprehend all the mental indications of this extraordinary display, it would demand some equally eminent master of the graphic art to represent to you by description the outward appearances of the show. The most complete view, perhaps, that can be had of the whole scene, is from one of the galleries at the point where the transverse passage crosses the length of the building, which is at the centre.

This cross arm of the structure is arched, and like all the rest of the erection, is of glass. You may form some notion of its height when you know that four aged and stately elms—the fathers of the park—are included within it, and that they look merely like ordinary shrubbery of lemon and orange trees. The transept, which is about four hundred feet in length, exhibits a fine horticultural display, and contains a large number of statues; and at the centre of the intersection with the longer arm is a prodigious glass fountain of the loftiest and most elaborate architecture. Looking upwards and downwards along the nave or greater passage of the building, your eye sweeps through a perspective of above eighteen hundred feet. Along the centre, from one end to the other, extends a line of striking objects—large statues—equestrian groups—the Sheffield trophy, composed of silks of every dye—the largest mirror ever made—a chapel, erected to display windows of painted glass—and an endless quantity of similar things. From the point where we stand, the first object that meets your eye in this central line is a portrait of the Queen and another of Prince Albert, both as large as life, in Sevres porcelain. Next is the famed diamond, Koh-i-noor, a monument of eastern conquests scarcely less dazzling than itself. Then comes a shield inlaid and wrought with wonderful elaboration, a gift from the Majesty of Prussia to his godson, the young Prince of Wales. From the point where we linger you may behold from thirty to fifty thousand persons daily circulating along those spacious avenues; and such is the capacity of the building that there occurs no obstruction,—there is no such thing as currents moving compulsorily in one direction, but every one is at liberty to go just as it suits him. The neighborhood of the great central fountain is the favorite resort of loungers; and here you will see a mob of lords, and ladies, and foreign ministers, and perhaps their foreign masters. "The Duke," generally with a lady on one arm, and always with a white-handled umbrella under the other, may commonly be seen for a few hours, stopping in front of some remarkable article, and pointing with two joined fingers to this or that part of the thing, while with a brief, strong,

deep tone of voice, he demands the meaning or the use. At an early hour the Queen and Prince may frequently be encountered. Their domestic habits are very exemplary; and they often arrive at half after eight o'clock, and linger till about half an hour after the building is thrown open to the public, which is at ten o'clock. It is to the active patronage bestowed by the Queen—who as a leader of *ton* is omnipotent—that the great social success of the exhibition is to be ascribed.

The most natural, and perhaps the most satisfactory way of becoming acquainted with the fine effects of this Great Exposition, is to enter at the southern end of the hall, and examine the several national compartments in order. Upon your first entrance your attention is caught by the rich, varied, and harmonious impression resulting from the colors that glitter through the scene! The blue, white and yellow hues of the painted iron-work of the upper portion, show delightfully against the bluish color of the light through the glass of the roof. The scarlet hangings that extend along the balustrades of the galleries, and which line all the compartments and cover the exhibiting tables, give a carnival gayety to the halls. Many of the statues, especially the plaster casts, in various parts, are backed by hangings of scarlet, and the contrast of the colors produces a rich impression. As you cast your eye along the line of objects which I described as extending down the centre of the nave, you perceive conspicuous above the rest, two plaster casts of colossal horses rearing on high and held by grooms; beyond these, the huge Bavarian lion; then a bronze copy of Kiss's large group from Berlin, of an Amazon on horseback attacked by a lion; then the vast, towering equestrian statue from Brussels, of Godfrey of Bouillon, brandishing his sword on high. As you catch a view of these various striking figures, the long line looks to you like a gorgeous procession of the Middle Ages, of kings and warriors and caparisoned steeds, advancing along the centre of the nave. The most remarkable object on going in, is the statue of the Greek Slave, which is allowed to be the finest marble in the exhibition, and is constantly surrounded by a throng of admiring gazers. The Queen

and her little train the other morning, before the doors were open to the public, sat for more than half an hour in front of it. You remember my enthusiastic admiration of this work before I had seen the master-pieces of old Greece. My estimate of it, since I became familiar with the Apollo and the Venus, is not at all less—perhaps even greater—than it formerly was. Viewing it fresh from the Vatican and the Tribune, I was struck with a certain dryness in the limbs, characteristic of an earlier age of Greek sculpture than belonged to the voluptuous roundness of the two great models of taste, and in general with the predominance of a moral character in the limbs over the purely natural perfection of the heathen exemplars.

Going on to view the alcoves or apartments which are ranged along the sides of the large central passage, and which are assigned to each separate nation; we will pass by America, as being, thus far, not at all fairly represented. Expectations are entertained that additional objects will be sent out; but, in the nature of the case, a continent so remote can be considered as entering but partially and imperfectly into the comparative array of the European nations. The absence of America, in her greatness, from the field of rivalry, illustrates a truth which is constantly forced upon the attention of the American traveler, and which is the explanation of many circumstances that else might be mortifying to us—that the Eastern Hemisphere is one world, and the Western is another. Proceeding by the left, we come to the small chamber allotted to Sweden and Norway, which is respectably filled with minerals, metals, and cutlery, with some silks, damasks, and coarse calicoes. The energies of Denmark, which stands next, seem to be identified with the genius of Thorwaldsen; for her room is nearly filled with casts of his statues and bas-reliefs. The Zoll-Verein—which includes strictly, I believe, all the German States excepting Austria and Bavaria, but which, in the present classification, appears also to embrace Bavaria—next unfolds its numerous and diversified treasures. Here is Saxony, with such linens, damasks and cloths as only Saxony can produce, and laces and embroideries of captivating elegance; here is curious japan and lacquered

work from Wurtemberg; and a singular display of stuffed animals, in comic attitudes, from the same kingdom. Here are silks, and ribbons, and velvets, from Enfeld and Viesen, and Elberfield, in Rhenish Prussia; fine woolen shawls and worsteds, from Dusseldorf; silk stuffs, porcelains, and zinc castings, from Berlin. One of the seven and twenty unquestionable successors of Jean Farina, keeps up the fragrant fame of the most ill-savored capital in Europe by a small fountain which casts a fairy stream of odorous water. In the show of cloth manufactures, Prussia is particularly remarkable. Many evidences of her inventive genius will also attract attention. One may note especially the paintings produced by chemical process, deposited by Dr. Rumge, of Oranienburg, near Berlin.

Experience, and the knowledge which it imparts, are the great remedy against prejudice. An American, whose mind has been enriched with the select lore of newspapers, comes abroad with the notion that Austria is one of the most benighted, torpid, restricted lands in the world. If he have not time to visit that country, let him view its contributions to this Fair, and he might perhaps infer that an imperial regime is not always necessarily a retrograde and stifling system, as relates to industry and arts. Here is a store of that unrivaled colored glass and porcelian which is identified all the world over with the name of Bohemia; here are quantities of fine calicoes and exquisite cloths from Bohemia and Moravia, and especially from Brunn; in another quarter are superb velvets and silk damasks from Vienna, and an extraordinary collection of lithographic and xylographic engravings, especially of maps, from the same city. The same government furnishes some grand specimens of carved bedsteads and carved book-cases; and in a higher department of Art, the imperial establishment at Vienna submits some porcelain paintings which fairly rival the glories of Sevres. The truth is, the Austrian supremacy has something better to rest upon than ignorance, violence, and a false system of repressive and retrograde politics. We confuse together the odious foreign domination of the Imperial cabinet, and its rightful and judicious domestic administration. In Italy, where the German dominion

is an alien oppression, resting only on conquest, the government is a military tyranny, with all the sternness and rigor that belong to that policy; in Austria, Bohemia, Moravia, where the rule of the Kaisers is the natural and normal constitution of society, the government is parental and protective, animated by that public spirit, and sharing that enlightenment, which have always been characteristic of the States of Germany. The internal strength of Austria is secured by a wise, comprehensive, and practical scheme of industrial policy, and rests upon a well-developed and increasing basis of manufactures and arts. Nowhere in the world, except in Prussia, is popular education so sedulously cultivated. The pre-eminence of Austrian influence in Germany, and the predominance of Austrian force out of Germany, are, therefore, not exceptional, inexplicable and transitory accidents, but are connected with usual and received laws of social prosperity. A person disposed to inform himself candidly, may take many a profound lesson upon the politics of Europe from the thoughtful examination of this museum—and not the least useful would be that which might give him a new and truer respect for German Austria. I had corrected many prepossessions and false opinions upon this subject by a personal visit to the Austrian kingdom; and what we there learned of the well-organized and efficient action of industry in that region is confirmed and illustrated by the display upon these tables. But in human affairs, the shade commonly lies near by the light, and benignity in one set of relations is no security against ruthlessness in another. We enter a chamber crowded with the choicest productions of the chisels of Milan, Brescia and Verona; and we start and half suspect an error in arrangement when we read the name of "Austria" upon the scarlet ensign which is hung above the entrance. A little recollection puts us in mind that we but read the simple record of a fact. But not the least striking impression which we receive in this great school of the Actual, is that by no pathetic assumption of Romance—by no indignant exaggeration of Patriotism—but in the cold registry of an official calendar—Italy is not, she inherits no longer even the sad, proud glory of a name. Her identity, even, is lost in the

tyranny that envelopes her. It awakes an impatient sigh to reflect that the consecrating light of genius should be shedding the calm sanctity of its rays upon a form which so sternly strove to extinguish it—that the violated loveliness of the soft, peerless maiden of the family of nations, should be weaving garlands for the brow that scowls over her dishonor—that the last consolation of the enslaved should become the boldest boast of the enslaver. I stood for a long time gazing upon that word "Austria," over the portal that led into this beautiful gallery of sculpture, and absorbed in desponding recollections. I felt as if Humanity itself was wronged by this injury done to its liveliest sympathies, and I could have plucked the unworthy name from its usurped position. But words are things; and names are the brief epitomes of enduring facts. A long and dark story of weakness, error, and misfortune, of fraud, violence, and daring, of the crimes of some, and the anguish of multitudes, was summed up in that single word there inscribed alone. And Europe must be agitated to its base, and men's opinions and feelings be convulsed as by a whirlwind, and battles lost and won, in order that, on the catalogue of some future World's Fair, another name may be inscribed over the hall that holds the native excellence of Northern Italy.

To come back from politics to criticism we must observe that among the best productions of the chisel, in the Exposition, are the numerous statues from Milan. This is in some measure to be ascribed to the permanent patronage in favor of that art created by the demands of the Cathedral of that city for fine sculpture. The design of that magnificent structure calls for about six thousand large and small statues in the rich marble of Carravara, near Lago-Maggiore, of which some three thousand remain to be executed. The Austrian vice-royalty, before the revolution, expended yearly about thirty thousand dollars upon the work; and by this encouragement, a little school of Art has been fostered and developed there, and in the neighboring towns of Lombardy. Monti is the most eminent of the Milanese sculptors.

The several apartments of the German States contain a va-

riety of beautiful works of design; but there is one lofty chamber, inscribed with the name of "Deutsch Zoll-Verein," which is devoted entirely to exhibitions of porcelain painting. It is a fine octagonal room, fitted up with scarlet hangings, and a showy Gothic roof, and filled with the choicest specimens of that costly, but luxurious and elegant craft. It is the best place to learn how extensively this industry is cultivated, and to survey the comparative value of the performances of different manufacturers. Here is a collection of exquisite pictures after Titian, Rafael, and Guido, from the establishment at Meissen, in Saxony, some of great merit from Berlin; others of a small but beautiful description, from Stuttgard, in Wurtemberg, numerous examples from Nymphenburg, near Munich, and some unusually fine ones from Bamberg, in the same kingdom of Bavaria —both the result of the active encouragement of the truly royal spirit of the late king, Ludwig. I have elsewhere noted that Vienna is a prominent candidate for renown in this fine rivalry; and the Austrian department shows, by several magnificent painted vases, that her contests with the South are not those of arms alone.

Pass we onward to the rich display submitted by Belgium—for uncommon variety and general excellence, scarcely surpassed by any part of the museum. Here are cloths and linens, and flannels and worsted, furniture, machinery, and jeweler's work. The wood carvings from Louvain exhibit some of the most original and beautiful forms in modern creative Art. The Coronation of the Virgin, with Angels, by Charles Geerts, of that city, is a group of charming interest; showing that the refined and quaint and winning grace of Van Eyck and Memling still lingers round the spirits of their countrymen. France also makes a very large and undoubtedly brilliant show; yet there is less that is novel than in many other countries. There is a quantity of orfeverie, of bronzes, of wood-carvings, of modelings in plaster, of splendid lamps, of jewelry—among which Le Monier's case of diamond bouquets is particularly glittering—and of silks, and shawls, and calicoes. There is a superb tapestry carpet from Troyes, and a number of glossy

rosewood pianos. But while the number and showiness of the French articles rather exceeded expectation, I must acknowledge for my own share, that I was disappointed, in respect to the good taste of their forms and decorations generally. One explanation suggested is, that the late revolution, in impoverishing employers and purchasers, had driven the best workmen into England, part of whose triumph is to be carried to the account of France. A truer reason probably is to be found in the devotion of the French to varying Fashion, and the circumstance that at this moment the fluctuations of taste have brought into vogue a "*style de renaissance*"—a revival of antique shapes which, genuine and characteristic under the stately manners of the old monarchy, are now heavy, florid, and tawdry. This style, if never inherently elegant, was once interesting as being representative of a corresponding condition of society: but the revival of "rococo" forms, without a restoration of "rococo" feelings, principles, and habits, produces an effect which, as a term of description, and without any moral allusion, I should qualify as vulgar. The French Exhibition looks like a collection of *show* things—of things made expressly for this display, to let the world see how fine they could be made. In philosophical instruments, clocks, watches and delicate machines of all sorts, France asserts her old and honorable supremacy.

The name of Switzerland calls up to the thoughts the image of a mighty palace, where Nature sits in the lone sovereignty of her sublimeness; and Berne, St. Gall, and Zurich are as magic spells to people the imagination with snowy visions of still peaks that glitter in the depths of the blue heavens—with mistlike waterfalls that seem to flow from the open windows of the sky—with glaciers as white as the cheek of terror—with lakes as blue as the starred gentians that fringe them. We are somewhat astonished to be reminded that the seeds of human industry take strong root in these rocky fastnesses, and blossom with all the glowing flowerage of arts. Each canton is admirably represented here by its characteristic productions. Here are ribbons from Basle; magnificent embroideries from Appensell and St. Gall; fine shot silks from Zurich; good

cottons and calicoes from Glarus; and exquisite wood-carvings, the peculiar and uncopied skill of Berne. Attention is especially due to the models of the Beautiful Fountain (the Schön-Brunn) of Nuremberg, and of the Cathedral of Strasbourg, fashioned entirely by the penknife. The spiry perfection of the former, with its prophets and apostles, is imitated with living exactness; and the representation of the latter is one of the most perfect and curious examples of elegant toil that I have ever examined. The proportions of the façade, with its myriad details, are exactly preserved; the statues that crowd the niches, and the four equestrians that ride along the open gallery, are minutely finished; and the effect of that singular grate-work of columns and bars which sets the sculptures and ornaments in a kind of atmospheric relief, is reproduced with the genuine power of an artist. I thought these two things among the most covetable articles in the exhibition.

From the region of North Germany, Hamburg sends a copious and creditable contribution:—elegant table-covers, painted silks, fine shawls, beautiful rosewood pianos, side-boards, and book-cases, inlaid and decorated with much taste. Dantzic particularly distinguishes itself by an abundant and unequaled display of amber-work. Holland gives the world a provoking glimpse of that domestic luxury of appointments which marks the *bourgeois* aristocracy of that exclusive land. Velvet damasks, cloths and flannels of ideal fineness of texture, snowy linen, summon recollections of those cleanly, stately dames that treasure such homely goods as other ladies treasure jewels. She sends in also, carpets in imitation of Turkey, superb bronze, gilt, and brass candelabra, quaint varnished screens, and other commodities, which indicate that the influence of a connection with the East still lingers upon the taste of that commercial country.

Turn we hence to the land of chivalry—the home of proud manners, and the theatre of passionate adventure. Though Spain condescends to occupy a position in the palace of industry, she mingles in the plebeian throng with the haughty elegance of a spirit whose exertions are subservient, not to the

uses of the vulgar, but only to the grace of knightly pride and festal gayety. Here are vails of black lace, as fine as air, adorned with figures of cavaliers in pointed hats, and ladies attended by lovers with guitars—suggesting remembrances of the blacker eyes that are fashioned to flash beneath them. Here are silks and straws from Valenciennes; musical instruments from Malaga; guns, swords, and pistols, with handles and stocks highly wrought and richly inlaid, the costly toil of Madrid. In this department is a Royal Ordnance Toledo sword, a rodlike blade, kept in a sheath exactly circular, and which, when drawn out, is as straight as an arrow. But the marvel of the Spanish contingent is a small table, with a circular top moving on a hinge, and composed of wood-mosaic. It is said to contain six millions of pieces of wood of different colors, put together like Roman mosaic, so as to form a picture of the arms of Great Britain, and bearing a device presenting it to the Queen. It is an offering to the presiding Goddess of the Temple, from Perez & Co., of Barcelona.

Portugal submits a collection, remarkable for variety, though not for quantity. She makes a pretty show in manufactures—silks, velvets, and prints—and in marble table-tops. A snuff-taker would look wistfully at the nice barrels of that more than gold dust from Rio Janeiro. A species called Impalpable Snuff, ought to be particularly spiritual in its qualities. Italy—beauty-teeming land of Art, to the minds of whose children elegance is as a native atmosphere, tinging every growth with the hues of taste—Italy is here with some specimens of the enchantments with which she laps in sweet captivity the hearts of those who frequent her. Sardinia vindicates her advances in the line of useful development by examples of fine silk velvets and other manufactures from Genoa and Turin. Tuscany sends us works in alabaster—white and pink—statues, Florentine mosaics, and anatomical models. Rome rests her claims proudly upon cameos and mosaics, which the world beside must admire, but never can imitate. In the latter department, a pair of very large pictures of the landscape and temples of Pœstum set the

grinding-wheel and hammer of the mechanic on a level with the pallette and pencil of the artist in oil colors.

Greece, too, immortal Greece, has descended from the starry heights of old Olympus, to claim a place on the broad plains of industry and useful genius. And what has the glorious old creature brought us? Carpets, gold tissues, marbles—ah! and something yet brighter and more enduring—sprung from herself alone, wrought by only her sons, still her grandest, her never-fading boast—WORDS—the divine porcelain forms of the mind—yet bright and picture-glowing as when the fair shapes leaped into life from the resounding harp of Homer. To come upon the language of gods and heroes inscribed over an arcade of modern wares in the Industrial Emporium of London and the nineteenth century, startles us with a sense of unreality, and sends our thoughts backward over the gulf of ages, to other periods of time and other conditions of humanity. The Crystal Palace is an industrial Epic—as noble a one, in its way, as the Iliad; alas, that it is hand-wrought of the dull forms of glass and iron, and not soul-cast of the all-vital substance of Imagination and Thought. Material Utility is the boldest son of Time; but Intellectual Beauty is the fairest daughter of Eternity.

Near by stands Tunis, with curious rug-like carpets of prodigious thickness, striped woolens, and dresses half fabricated of gold. Yonder lies Turkey, with Egypt in her arms; and the importance of that province to the Porte may be seen in the very large proportion which its productions bear to those of the residue of the Empire. Here are those red velvet saddles, covered with gilding, which at once bespeak the sumptuous manners of the East; and here our venerable friends, the stuffed crocodiles, so closely identified with the land of the Pharaohs. The Turkish ambassador and his suite—smooth, cigar-visaged lads—may generally be seen lounging in this apartment, in their red caps with long blue tassels. On the opposite side is China, with all those toy-like commodities which we are familiar with from our childhood—porcelains, and shawls, and carved ivories, and painted woods and papers, and immemorial lanterns, and

girlish-looking attendants moving about among them like antelopes.

Crossing the transept, we pass from the continent of Europe to the world of Great Britain; and if any man would have a practical illustration of the extent of the empire "on which the sun never sets," let his eye trace the national names that are inscribed over the various alcoves in this region of the building. On one side, India, Malta, the Ionian Isles; on the other, Canada, Van Dieman's Land, British Guiana, Western Africa, Birra; and beyond, the various shires of England. Especial pains apparently have been used to present a full representation of the productions of the British Possessions in the East; and the collection of Indian commodities is, without doubt, the most magnificent and complete display of the ancient native arts of that country that has at any time been brought to Europe; and they certainly sustain, and even extend, all our old, glowing conceptions of the domestic splendors of "the gorgeous East." The "trashy fabrics of India," to use one of Burke's unforgetable expressions—the Patnas and Poonas and Madrases, that used to figure in the advertisements of our shop-people—have sunk beneath the sterner rivalry of Europe; but in the solid and massive tissues woven of gold and silver thread, which are hung in this department with such profusion and variety, the competition of the West falls to insignificance. Indestructibly sovereign in her style and state—regal still in manner, though no longer so in might—the antique reign of Aurungzebe yet dazzles our imaginations; and, like some captive king in the train of a Roman conqueror, moves even in servitude and dependence with a braver show than belongs to the boaster that leads the triumph. Here you may learn what "pearl and gold" it was that the East "showered on her kings barbaric." Many of the articles that blaze in this collection have doubtless adorned the ostentation of monarchs whose names are in the half-fairy annals of oriental magnificence. Here is a small chamber, fitted up in resemblance of the select retreats of royal luxury, and glittering with crimson, and gold, and velvet, and silk, in a way to bewilder the sobriety of the

gazer. There you behold pearls as large as the finest Roman pearls; beside them, rare crystals; further on, state umbrellas of unimaginable gorgeousness. The models of native ships and buildings are not the least curious of the extensive list of Indian contributions.

Near by, Malta expands her beautiful gold and silver filigree —delicate and glittering as the morning frost-work—in which she is not exceeded even by Genoa. She sends us, also, her peculiar Maltese lace, and her inlaid marbles, in the style of Florence. The Ionian Islands show their peculiar silk scarfs and embroideries; and the little island of Jersey appears with knit wools and carved woods, the homely trophies of native toil. If India represents the past, her *vis-à-vis*, Canada, may be considered as the type of the future; her hemp, and timber, and minerals, are tokens of a yet undeveloped strength.

But interesting and admirable as so much that we have surveyed undoubtedly is, the whole combined sinks into a secondary rank when compared with the contributions of England. She, of course, had great advantages over every other country, in being so near to the scene of display, and in being the spot where the scheme originated, and where, of course, the feeling in favor of it was infinitely strongest. The collection here brought together is a perfectly complete exhibition of the arts and manufactures of England. I could perceive no branch that was omitted or slighted. That cannot be said of the contributions of any other country; least of all, of America. It is not that America being represented here, is apparently inferior to other countries; it is that she is almost wholly unrepresented. I fully believe that if as complete and select an assemblage of American arts were made as is here seen of English arts, my own country would compare most advantageously with the elder land from which she sprung. But America cannot be said to have come into the field at all. In admitting, therefore, the infinite superiority of the grand and orderly exposition of the whole force of British industry to the handful of commonplace things that have been huddled together in the American department, I admit no inferiority in the manufactures and

productions of my own country. Acquainted as I am with the prodigious resources of republican enterprise and ingenuity, I feel so little jealousy of the splendid show of English industry, that nothing disturbs the cordial and delighted admiration with which I traverse the long passages lined with the productions of this noble little island.

In space and quantity, the English articles form more than half of the entire exhibition, and the variety which they comprise is all but incredible. Nothing has struck me more, on becoming acquainted with England, than the evidences every where presented of great wealth, and that not confined to a few, but shared by very large numbers. I found some explanation of it in the limitless diversity and high development of industrial arts here exhibited. To tell you of the prodigious masses of diamonds and other gems sent by the great London jewelers —the profusion of silver plate, comprising most of the presentation-pieces that have been made in the last twenty years, such, for example, as the one given to Macready on the termination of his management—the extraordinary elegance and variety of porcelain, which constitutes, perhaps the very best portion of the English contribution—the cut-glass, the carpets, cloths, silks, shawls, calicoes, cutlery, and every conceivable thing besides—would lead you through columns of description. One end of the building called the "Naval Arch," is devoted to models of vessels, and specimens of every thing connected with navigation. A very large apartment is filled with machines in operation, comprising every invention in that way that England has made in the last thirty years. The liberality with which she throws open to the study of other nations all her most cherished methods of operation, has, I know, excited the admiration of some of our own practical mechanics, who have told me that they found there what they had never expected would be shown. The orderly arrangement of the English department—the judicious proportion by which the extent of the display of any one branch of industry is accommodated to the relative importance and interest of that branch—the successful efforts every where employed to give a beauty and visible effect to the

show—are matters that enter largely into the merit of those who have presided over these appointments.

I am sensible that I have failed to convey any adequate notion of this marvelous monument of the complex civilization of the nineteenth century. Like one of Mr. Robbins's villas, "it must be seen in order to be appreciated." I advise every one who can spare a couple of months, to come over and visit it. Three weeks at least will be necessary for even a hasty view of the whole display, and several months might well be employed in the study of its contents. If the statesman would explore the actual condition of the various kingdoms of Europe, and would contemplate great practical illustrations of the sources and forms of the "wealth of nations"—if the philosopher would measure the exalted state of the development of the faculties of man in this day—if the ethnologist would note the modifications which the same civilization undergoes in its adaptation to different people of the same race—if any man would acquaint himself with the number, nature, fitness, and beauty, of those appliances and implements which human ingenuity has devised and fabricated for human utility and enjoyment, let them all come to this great theatre of the achievements of practical genius, and each will find abundant recompense for his efforts, and abundant occupation for his thoughts.

I am truly yours, J. A.

REMARKS UPON PAINTERS.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If Leonardo, Correggio, and Rafael, sit together in the highest circle of the heavenly council of imaginative creation, unchallenged *Dii Majorum Gentium*, Michael Angelo dwells supreme, even above gods, the all-powerful, self-inspired, Olympian Jupiter of Art. He moves with a benignant complacency among the great forms that he calls into existence for his own satisfaction,—a lofty, lonely, lordly spirit, but gentle, sensitive, and overflowing with sympathy. The other great artists satisfy and delight every sensibility of our purer nature: he raises our consciousness to a higher condition, and expands our spirits and feelings with the joyous power of thoughts and emotions appropriate to beings of a grander frame. The supremacy of Michael Angelo is of the MIND: it lies in that mighty soaring of intellectual power, that profound range of moral comprehension, which make his works a subject for reverence as well as enthusiasm. His imagination was as fervent as his thoughts were piercing, and he could embody all the force, and all the fineness of his convictions and of his dreams, in forms as expressive as they were magnificent. In understanding and in spirit, he seems to me to have been one of the greatest natures that ever exhibited itself through the medium of Art. As a creator, in his department, not less marvelous or less inspired than Shakspeare himself; and to be studied with the same careful and reverent attention.

If *greatness of conception* characterizes Michael Angelo as a thinker, a commensurate *greatness of style* distinguishes him as an artist. In that particular he stands alone. Rafael and Correggio caught from him an expansion of manner that made their noblest excellence: but no one ever rose to that lofty platform upon which he habitually moved. He stands among his contemporaries like the last outliving example of a race organized upon a larger intellectual and imaginative scale. Leonardo, Correggio and Rafael had high and deep sentiments to communicate; but they made use of personal forms of the ordinary mould, and relied upon outline and expression as the medium of suggesting their interior meanings. Michael Angelo, for the representation of his great views of character, employed figures of superhuman and heroic proportions: a principle no doubt founded in the truth of human nature, for we instinctively conceive of extraordinary intellect or dignity under a form of superior magnitude, and a certain degree of physical pre-eminence seems to be the natural and appropriate type of greatness of nature and of ability. His ideal is the reproduction of a perfect humanity; but with every thing magnified; both physiological and mental; vaster power, loftier intelligence, deeper sensibility, nobler soul. In the effect produced, the surpassing greatness and power of his beings are pre-eminently and essentially moral; qualities of the soul, not of the frame. For that extraordinary development of material strength which his subjects possess, as employed by him, is always representative of a spiritual grandeur; and he uses exaggerated physical types only as a means of representing,—as under his treatment they altogether do represent—an heroic statute of the inward nature. The greatness of his creations is inherent, natural, essential; not the result of excitement and effort. It is his characteristic manner to represent power in repose. His beings appear to be persons capable and possessed of irresistible force and energy, were they called forth: but they are commonly shown as quiescent, or as recovering from disturbance, or as self-restrained. They are natures of mighty and intense susceptibility, but under the spell of Art, gentle and calm: beings whose reflections, passions, sufferings, and delights are,

when stirred, of Titanic vehemence and vividness, but who exhibit not their emotions by bodily agitations and distortions, which are the weakness, not the strength of nature. The mildness, modesty, and pleasantness of temper that seem to animate his Cyclopean population, shed a charm of harmlessness over them, which reconciles them to our sympathy. The utmost moderation, and quietness, and goodness, endear them to our respect and love. This repose of spirit, in connection with such power, has a double virtue; it is suitable to the character of Art, and it tends to stamp a moral impression upon the figures whose physical qualities are thus controlled and softened. He is almost the only person who has been able to exhibit greatness of force otherwise than in a dynamic condition. The somewhat twisted attitudes in which he often exhibits his subjects are intended to aid the representation of their inherent power, without the figure being thrown into violent action, and losing its pre-eminently moral characteristics. One of his devices for indicating strength in a condition of composure, is to bend the hand somewhat inward at the wrist; by which development of muscle is shown with an impression of force kept in upon itself. This in Vasari and other imitators, becomes a tedious mannerism. Some hasty critics have spoken of Michael Angelo's delighting to throw his subjects in unusual positions for the purpose of making an arbitrary display of his knowledge of the anatomy of the figure. I doubt if any instance of such imbecility can be authenticated throughout the whole range of his creations. I certainly have seen no example in which the peculiarity of the attitude, however strange it might be, did not appear to me exclusively intended to accomplish a moral significance and effect, and in which it did not seem fully to accomplish it.

But the capacity to use these mighty anatomical forms as hieroglyphics of a spiritual composition, passed not to the scholars and imitators of the great master. They copied his gigantesque types, but they could express nothing with them but physical power; and that only by putting the limbs into action, often inappropriate or extravagant. Thus in Vasari's

emulation of his teacher, in the frescoes in one of the chapels in S. Pietro de Casinensi, at Perugia, the show of excited power without a sufficient object, is not less than burlesque. In the marriage of Cana, in that series, some men are carrying a dish, and one of them has his limbs in such a condition of effort and force as would have been suitable in Hercules upholding the world. So in the Sala de' Giganti, in the Palazzo del Te, near Mantua, where Julia Romano has attempted Michael Angelo's manner in the war of the Titans against Jupiter, all is action, and all the action of material power.

But *greatness* of sentiment and manner forms not the only superiority of Michael Angelo. Where is there a tenderness so deep, a sensibility so earnest, a sympathy so irresistible in its appeal, as in the grave, calm, controlled faces and forms of his subjects? From him we learn that nothing is so touching as the repressed softness of strong, great souls. His creatures hide beneath their pensive reserve, a world of mighty emotion. Where is there a beauty, higher, clearer, truer, than in some of the female figures on the ceiling of the Sistine chapel? Free from every thing showy, voluptuous, or meretricious, it does not stimulate sentiment, but rather impresses, chastens and exalts it. It is the token of a bright, unstained, intellectual goodness, within: not abstract and commonplace, but identified with the moral personality of the character, and appropriate to her relations; firmly allied to virtue, not weakly tempting to evil. But it is in an elevated, intense, yet calm religious sensibility and purity that Michael Angelo's special and incomparable value consists. His was a pencil framed to incarnate in form, the souls of Prophets and Apostles; and in his frescoes, they appear surrounded with the same atmosphere of holiness, uttering the same exalting exhortations, breathing the same sympathy with heaven, that belongs to them in the recorded word. The thoughtful contemplation of his works is a mental service of confession. He inherited a grand, cathedral spirit, in which every form and sound and color, through beauty, became subservient to religion. I know not how to abstain from placing him above all other artists; for I know that after passing an

hour in the Sistine chapel, I was spoilt for the Stanza of the Vatican. Glowing from Michael Angelo's ever-present lightnings of thought, majestic depth and power of feeling, and inexhaustible copiousness of creative energy, even Rafael's perfections seem cold, insipid and dull.

In fresco painting, the ceiling of the Sistine chapel is the principal and sufficient monument of Michael Angelo's inexhaustible moral invention, his powers of various illustration, his rich conception of beauty, his profound reach and range of thought. A series of compartments along the centre of the vault represent, as is well known, successive events in the early biblical history of man: in the angles cut off by the arches of the sides are seated figures of the Prophets and Sibyls, alternately; and on the arches, a series of compositions illustrating the genealogy of the Saviour. The full appreciation of this multitude of profound studies would require the examination of weeks. As an example of the nature of these productions, I shall give a brief description of the series of the Prophets and Sibyls.

There is one of these figures at each end of the ceiling, and four along either side of it, making in all ten. They are all in the attitude of being occupied with recording the prophetic illumination which they will presently utter, and the variety of modes in which they are exhibited as receiving this instruction, and the appropriateness of each mode to the special character of each of the prophetic persons, furnishes striking evidence of the copious imagination of their author.

First, on the side series, sits JEREMIAH; a grand, sublime, melancholy figure; leaning forward with his right arm rested upon his knee, and the hand shading his mouth; the other arm hanging listlessly over his lap; both bent at the wrist with that characteristic tension which indicates a suppressed excitement of the nerves; his long beard drooping down to his lap; his feet crossed; thoughtful, absorbed and wrapt, yet quick in every fibre with the ethereal fire of pervading inspiration. He seems to be preparing to receive the foreboding communications of an avenging God; waiting, depressed but great, for those awful

messages which it is his glory and his grief to convey. Behind him stand two beautiful but sad figures, attending till their lord, the prophet, has imbibed the terrible inspiration, which, received in the silence and gloom of the gathering storm, will give itself forth, anon, in the fury and magnificence of the raging thunder-tempest. August and impetuous as the organ of divine utterance ere long will be, he now sits drooping in human gloom for the fate of others, feeling through holy sympathy that sorrow for their sins which they feel not for themselves. The coloring of this figure is clear, strong, and pretty high; and is fresh and well-conditioned.

Next sits the PERSIAN SIBYL, writing intently in a book held up near to her face; her head averted sideways in the eagerness of her interest to record every revelation of truth ere it be withdrawn forever. The excitement and blaze of enthusiasm are quivering in every limb of her noble form. Behind stands a man of mature years, his arms crossed upon his breast, waiting the issue of the Sibyl's fervor.

Then comes EZEKIEL. An angelic figure, of female beauty indescribable,—vivid and rapid, as becomes the swiftly-descended messenger of the Omnipotent, who pauses on earth only for a period,—directs the attention of the prophet upon a roll at the side of the picture, on which are written the eternal judgments of the All-holy. The seer, half starting from his seat, with his arms stretched forth in an attitude of reverent submission, leans forward in keen, astonished earnestness, to read the truths of everlasting moment that there burn before his eyes. He holds in his other hand the roll on which he will presently record the message he thus receives. It seems that the vision is vouchsafed to him but for one moment, and he explores and pierces the scroll, as one who must snatch in an instant, the startling truths which it is fatal for him not to possess and to communicate. The eagerness of a servant of the Lord, vehement to know, fervent to adopt, impetuous to execute the will of his Jehovah, is splendidly and powerfully lightened forth from this glorious figure. A grand profile is firmly set off with a short, white, curling

beard, and a turban. He wears a red tunic, and a gray mantle which streams in the current of the angelic visitation.

The ERYTHRÆAN SIBYL is a grave, composed, lofty, and beautiful figure, seated before an open volume placed upright, her knees crossed, one arm hanging by her side, the other placed upon the book, saddened yet calm, more possessing, than mastered by the inspiration of her nature.

The last personage on this line is JOEL, an aged and somewhat emaciated figure, who holds with both hands, and reads with pondering and studious care the roll on which are the words that he has written; while, behind, are two angels waiting his behest. A calm, earnest, profound interest in the accuracy of his message, is the characteristic expression of this fine figure. The coloring of the scarlet mantle over the rich tunic is more brilliant and agreeable than in most of the others.

On the end is ZACHARIAH, a still more aged and most venerable figure, with bald head and copious beard. His face is meek and saintly; refined from all earthly passion, and animated only by the constraining love and adoration of God. He reads intently in a book, which may be the law that it concerns him to preach. In the background are two lovely figures, one of them with his arm over the shoulder of the other.

As we go up along the other side, the nearest is the DELPHIC SIBYL; and nothing displays the fine intellectual genius of Michael Angelo more strikingly, than the discrimination which he has here made between the Jewish and the classic inspiration. This is the type of an enthusiasm which is not spiritual, but essentially heathen in its elements and æsthetic in its character. The figure is charmingly beautiful, and seems to hide within it a lovely nature. It is not disturbed by the illumination with which it is animated; its lines are all graceful and composed, though grand and majestic. From the face seems to be streaming, in visible glory and power, the prophetic light and truth, of whose meaning, her nature, who is the vehicle of it, is all unconscious. It is this absence of identification between the *afflatus* and the mind that transmits it,—the singular impersonality of the inspiration that dwells upon and within the

being, lighting it up and making it radiant with the graces and lustre of a higher and mightier existence, that gives this figure its peculiar and fascinating expression. She seems to be afraid of the power of which she is the minister, and almost shrinks in timidness or modesty from the revelations which it is her destiny to transmit. How different is the dogmatizing, relentless, all-fervid impetuosity of Hebrew passion, mingling itself into the divine which it communicates, and absorbing into his human consciousness all the force of the overpowering Godhead! In the sad, lovely, youthful yet care-worn brow, there is something inexpressibly touching, and engaging. Dominichino must be allowed to have borrowed the face and expression of his Cumæan Sibyl from this figure. Indeed it is the original of nearly all his female heads.

Next sits ESAIAS. The prophet, youthful in years, yet gray and worn with the thoughts and feelings that quickly take away the glow of life, has been meditating on the volume of the law which stands, with his finger still in it, upon the seat beside him. Two infant angels seem announcing to him the approaching breath of the fire of the Lord. He turns startled and awed; reverential yet almost repentant; on his face is gathering the cloud of awe that precedes and dimly foretypifies the tremendous emotions that are soon to surround and possess him.

If the Delphian Sibyl is the most beautiful of these figures, the CUMÆAN SIBYL is the most sublime. She is an aged crone, of vast height and limbs of majestic power, who turns half-way round, and resting on a column the book of Fate, which she holds partly open with both hands, spells out, with keen and painful intentness, the hidden mysteries of truth. Her knees are closed together, as if she drew herself up in the possessing energy of her sacred meditations. She seems not so much the minister and oracle of Fate, as one of the Fates themselves, pondering what she shall decree.

Next is DANIEL, the "man beloved;" youthful, beautiful, blazing with sentiment, soft with those affections which are full of hope and forward-looking fervor. He is earnestly writing

upon a roll from an open volume, which an angel who has brought it to him, supports before him.

Last of that line is the LIBYAN SIBYL; a slight figure, full of sensibility, turning round to put away from her the rolls and volumes of inspiration. She has read them till her soul has become sad and sick with the deadly secrets of inevitable Fate, and unable any longer to endure the overwhelming truth, she seems vainly endeavoring to put aside her fearful mission. The pathetic tenderness and beauty of her face, seen in connection with the youthful delicacy and light grace of her feet and limbs, are exquisitely winning.

At the end of the apartment sits the prophet JONAS; a graceful form, swelling with emotion. The roll of revelation lies at his side, and overwhelmed apparently by the immensity of the feelings which it excites, he throws himself back, away from it, and looks up to heaven with a face of imploring agony, appealing to Omnipotence if there be no remission to man from such a doom, no exemption to himself from the communication of it. In all this college of half-heavenly humanity, there is not a face and form more impressive than this.

I can conceive of no subjects more elevated, more complicated, more profound, than such a series of impersonations of judicial prophecy; human in every feature and every feeling; transcendent by the vastness and intensity of moral thought and moral sensibility. They draw our deepest interest towards them through the sympathies of mind and conscience; then soar away into sublimity and bear our spirit upward with them. Isaiah, and Daniel, and Jeremiah,—how vast the design of embodying those ideas of an all-piercing intelligence,—whose illumination is supplied from the light of goodness,—an all-rebuking severity whose indignation is mingled with the fervors of love,—an august dignity pervaded by a melting tenderness,—which belong to our conceptions of those mystic beings and invisible forms which shall re-awake those sweet impulses of reverent affection, with which our youth regarded those great, yet gentle fathers of our spiritual life. Need greater praise be given than to say,—what all will feel may be said with truth,—

that the pencil of Michael Angelo reveals in even heightened grandeur, the souls, the understandings, the characters, and the aspect of the Great Prophets of the Most High.

One striking and most impressive peculiarity in all these figures is their uniform and deep sadness.

The significance and power of the Last Judgment, which is painted on the end wall of the Chapel, are so entirely subjective and moral, that the eye which wanders over its surface, in a commonplace and exterior mood, will probably see nothing but a confused mass of distorted limbs. It must be studied silently and reverently; and the mind must be gradually pressed, as it were, to a high focus of reflection and feeling, before it can receive the perfect image of thought which this vast composition is adapted to produce. The scene is meant to embody to the imagination but a single, mere absolute conception,—that of Judgment. It is a representation of the whole human world as it would appear under the operation of divine JUSTICE alone. Mercy, long-suffering, compassion and forgiveness are qualities of the Divine nature; but their sphere is elsewhere; in the time past or the time to come. Probation, mediation, remission, are parts of the heavenly system; but none of them are in place or in action in this awful moment, when Judgment only lightens forth through the whole scene, and in terror sweeps from the east to the west, and from the north to the south. The Son of God puts off the lineaments of Redeemer, Saviour, Intercessor, and starts forth in the awful aspect of the inexorable Just Judge. We may suppose that Michael Angelo meant an ideal view of the Christian world as would appear, if the single test of Justice were brought to bear upon it; or if he be thought to have intended a prophetic picture of a scene that will one day become actual, we must consider that he has chosen that instant, when Judgment alone is rising to go forth, and the other antagonist influences of the scheme have not yet risen to obviate and counteract it. The Judge seated on his throne fulminates throughout the universe the blazing terrors of divine Justice. Before the burning glance of him, "in whose presence

shall no man living be justified," the evil fall in anguish of horror; the good, even, are smitten with dismay; martyrs, in alarm, hold forth the instruments of their sufferings, to appeal through them for mercy and acceptance; apostles and saints are frozen with awe; even the Virgin, shrinking, vails her face and seems unable to look upon the countenance of the Judge. One penetrating throb of terror chills the whole of creation.

The mighty moralist of Art had reached his sixtieth year, when, in the loftiness of an integrity, fit to rebuke pontiffs and cardinals, he approached this great task in a spirit to leave a memorable lesson for a corrupt and profligate court. He appealed to them with this reflection, that, if in the terrors of that fearful day, even canonized and sainted persons—the adoration of the church—tremble and sink, how will *you* appear—sensualists, reprobates, atheists!

Sculpture grew from the religion of the Greek, which was "a natural faith," and its office was to embody the natural sentiments of Intelligence, Power, Beauty, Swiftness, Strength, Dignity. Painting is the offspring and appropriate instrument of the Judaico-Christian inspiration, and its true function is spiritual, interior, figurative. I think it may be affirmed that nowhere has the character of this faith, in all its depth, fullness, and peculiarity, been brought out in Art as it has been in these great works of Michael Angelo, who has compassed every note of this great scale, and marked it in forms and colors. As in the galleries of the Vatican, you may see explained in greater truth and distinctness than in the fables of the poets, the whole mythology of a race that deified every natural and intellectual trait of man, so in this series of forms and scenes has Michael Angelo expressed every leading characteristic virtue of the spiritual system in a perfection worthy of the sanctuary and citadel of the piety of the church.

The Paoline chapel, at the other end of Sala Regia, contains two large frescoes by Michael Angelo, which are among his greatest works. On one side is the Crucifixion of St. Peter. The saint, fixed to the cross, in a reversed attitude, turns up his head and looks round in a manner to take away the painful im-

pression that would otherwise be produced by that distressing position. The face is full of deep, manly pathos, and embodies an earnest, touching, ennobled expression. The group engaged in fastening him to the cross, forms as fine a composition as painting can exhibit. On the other side is the Conversion of St. Paul: the Lord, attended by angels, appearing in the air; St. Paul thrown on the ground, his horse prancing wildly, and the attendants in various attitudes of astonishment and dismay. The form of Saul is such as only Michael Angelo could have drawn. Flung upon his back, his arms stretched out, his figure crouching and shrinking into the earth, as if his very soul fled in horror from the aspect of Christ, he is abased as only a divine terror could bow down a mortal spirit. The foreshortening of the limbs is remarkable. It is a picture of the highest interest. I must include also among Michael Angelo's great works in Rome, the Descent from the Cross, in the Trinita de Monti, executed by Daniel da Volterra, the drawing of every line and lineament of which bears conclusive marks of the master's hand. To me it appears to be one of the most vivid, expressive, and lifelike compositions in the world. In the raising of Lazarus, in the National Gallery at London, the figure of Lazarus, and of the man under him, who is unloosing his bands, are clearly by Michael Angelo. The right leg and foot of Lazarus, and the throwing back of his left shoulder, are unmistakably his. On the other hand, the figure of Christ, and all the other figures in the picture are, as obviously, not his work. They are mean, weak, and vacant.

Among his easel pictures, the Holy Family, in the Tribune, is perhaps the most remarkable. It shows how essentially *sculpturesque* was the genius of Michael Angelo. The group consists of St. Joseph, kneeling on one knee, in front of whom, and lower, is the mother, who, seated on the ground, raises the infant over her head, and hands him to Joseph, who takes him from her. The three figures constitute a perfect statuary composition ready to be blocked out in marble. The relief is vivid, but produced in an unusual way; not by light and shade, but by one color being set against another to produce a bold opposi-

tion. The heads are full of great feeling, but in a way characteristic of Michael Angelo, who had probably derived from the models of sculpture his method of representing emotion in a dormant and repressed condition. Fra Bartolommeo, Rafael, and Correggio, represent the Madonna's love as brooding over its object in the highest intensity of spiritual enthusiasm; the mother's countenance here is composed and even melancholy, but it is the countenance of one who, under the impulse of maternal duty, in defence of that child, would brave not only sword and fire and the wrath of tigers, but heaven and hell and all infinite things. The Saviour's head shows the endeavor to represent a superior nature—an inherently superior nature, and not a nature elevated only by the exaltingness of an indwelling spirit. It is the head of a variety of the human kind above the ordinary race. We are so much habituated to see this head made interesting by features of the ordinary stamp being illuminated by the influence of an interior mind of divinity, that we do not at once appreciate the method of making the person of the Saviour characteristic and emblematic of his spiritual superiority. It is a method suggested to Michael Angelo by his Miltonic power of imagination, which tended to give visible representation to every conception of the mind. It belongs to a more complete and creative order of Art, than that which would express divinity in man, by imitating on the countenance the very expression itself. For sculpture it seems indispensable; and Michael Angelo had developed in painting a new and corresponding mode of typifying the exaltedness of the Son of God, blended of the human and divine. Every thing here, as more or less in his general manner, shown in fresco, has qualities of a statuesque character.

There is another beautiful and interesting work at Florence, recently discovered, but well authenticated as drawn by him. It represents Fortune as a lovely woman, seated on a revolving wheel, flinging sceptres, crowns, and laurel wreaths, from her right hand, and letting thorns fall from the other. Her character is conceived as an amiable and benignant one; throwing the blessings with a hearty good will and suffering the evil

tokens reluctantly to slip from her hold, clinging to them as long as possible. Her features have a pensive, placidly melancholy cast, mixt with the dignity of a goddess: seeming to sympathize with the sad lot of the mortals on whom her duty compels her to cast at random the arbitrary symbols of weal and woe. She looks a little upward, so as not to see on whom fall the objects which it is her destiny to dispense. The soft atmosphere of the eyes is full of spiritual significance and attraction. The coloring is rich and fine; much superior to the one in the Tribune. It is probably not executed by M. Angelo.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

Among all that wonderful company of men whose genius, about the beginning of the 16th century, conferred such glory upon Art, none was more extraordinary than Leonardo da Vinci. Others may stir a more glowing admiration, or impart a warmer pleasure, but none inspire so much astonishment or such insatiable curiosity. He is the founder of the modern and perfect style of Italian Art. Beyond all others, his labors contributed to that great transition by which Nature became the language of Art. He first demonstrated that the forms of actual life are varied and expressive enough to embody every thought and feeling that genius can desire to communicate. He explored and illustrated the boundless field of character in man. The human face, that marvelous index of the soul, that register of the life and mirror of the passions, was his especial and untiring study. The collections of drawings throughout Europe, at Milan, the Louvre, Lille, &c., abound with heads in crayon, by Leonardo, obviously sketched from observation. They include the most grotesque, ludicrous, horrible countenances; and show that, as others sought beauty or grandeur, he ceaselessly followed *character*. This intense, microscopic scrutiny of moral expression in countenance, gave him at last the power to paint

"the mind's construction in the face," with an intelligence and power that would have been pronounced impossible. The subtlest ether of vital feeling that exhales from the features, became fixed and visible beneath his pencil. The several lines of sad anxiety and earnest striving, whose loneliness seemed to secure their being noted only in the book of God, are all numbered in the lineaments left to us by his extraordinary hand. His aim is not expression, which signalizes passing emotion, but character, which forms the resultant of the life's experience. Beneath his eye, the countenance becomes the soul's confessional. In capacity to superinduce a mental significance and illumination over features not disturbed from absolute quiescence —to convey utterance from the spirit of the pictured subject to the feelings of the picture-gazer, through some other medium than physical action and excitement, Leonardo stands supreme and wonderful. Hence, the mysterious, unfathomable faces of his women; the features dignified and mild, but with a weird and witch-like fascination; and the dark, smiling eyes, hiding or revealing a world of sentiment. The essential nature, with all its unconscious wiles and its illusive charms, being figured upon the lineaments, woman stands revealed upon Leonardo's canvas in her true quality as the sorceress of Nature. Sometimes, the face is almost sadly "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

The dogmatizing scepticism of German critics, after tormenting literature and religion by the arrogate of doubts which "end where they began," has come into the fields of Italian genius, and perplexed the traditions of Art, by assigning, conjecturally, to this or that scholar, works which had always been considered the genuine productions of the master. Leonardo has suffered so much under this process, that there is scarcely a single easel picture of which this artist retains the undisputed credit. As these deniers vary widely among themselves, every observer must judge upon the subject independently of them all. The difficulty of determining the genuineness of pictures ascribed to da Vinci is undoubtedly greater than in the case of any other great painter. It seems unquestionable that he employed cer-

tain of his pupils, especially Luini and Salai, to color pictures which he had drawn, and probably elaborately worked out in chiaro-scuro. Salai also, who possessed the talent of imitating his master with great plausibility, is charged with having fabricated works in the style of Leonardo, for the purposes of deception. Strangely enough, too, so singular an affinity prevailed between the manners of Holbien and Leonardo, that some pictures, among them the portrait at Dresden, No. 1051, called Ludovico Sforzza, long ascribed to the latter, are now known to have been painted by Holbein. In respect to those works which there may be a temptation to ascribe, wholly or in part, to Luini or Salai, the intellectual power of the faces will generally determine whether the drawing has proceeded from Leonardo. In determining who has been the colorist, a reference to certain unquestionable productions of Da Vinci's hand, would suggest that his characteristic tone was something like an olive brown. The fine frescoes of Luini in the Brera, and his oil pictures elsewhere, would warrant us in ascribing to his beautiful pencil the coloring of those works of Leonardo which are distinguished by a violet or lake tone, such as the Christ Disputing, in the National Gallery at London, the* at the Belvidere in Vienna, and the* in the Tribune.

A small work of Leonardo's, the authenticity of which seems to be certain, is in the Ieronymite convent of St. Onofrio at Rome, the Sanctuary in which Tasso breathed his last, and in which his bones now rest. It was a favorite resort with me on the clear cool days of the delightful winter of 1851, for it is not only profoundly touching from the associations of the scene with Tasso, but it affords perhaps the finest view of Rome and its surrounding country, that the visitor to that region of magnificence can any where command. It stands near the summit of the Janiculum, and it is a toil to clamber to it. At your feet, to the left, lies St. Peter's, and directly beneath you is Rome, with its unnumbered cupolas and towers, its columns and obe-

* These blanks occur in the MS. They were obviously left that the author might refer to his catalogue, to get the popular name of the picture.

lisks. Beyond, you see the Alban mountain, the Sabine hills, and the Mount Soracte; and further off, the purpled snowy ridge of the Apennines. The ruined trunk of the oak beneath which Tasso often mused upon his sorrows, till their bitterness passed away from him in melody, still is rooted under the crest of the hill.

The picture to which I have referred, does not give a worthy impression of Leonardo, and justifies the suspicion which has been expressed, that within the shadow of the Vatican, his sensitive genius was rebuked by Michael Angelo and Rafael, "as they say Mark Antony was by Cæsar." It is painted upon the wall at the end of one of the halls, and it is said to be in fresco. It is a lunette, containing the Madonna and child; with an old man, the patron of the picture, kneeling at the side. The ground is brown, and is painted in imitation of mosaic. The dress of the Virgin is a deep blue, with a green mantle gathered up over one shoulder. Her hair is red, and she wears a small cap far back upon her head. Her face is pallid, and displays a faint but sickly smile. The eyes are downcast, so that the orbs are not seen. The expression has something deathlike about it. The child in her lap stretches forward, to bless with two extended fingers, the kneeling old man. The child's figure is softly painted, but with little color. The Virgin head is small: indeed, the drawing of the whole is characterized by a timidity and contraction of manner that indicates weakness. A glass is over it, and the preservation is good, excepting, perhaps, that the flesh tones have somewhat fled.

This picture makes it probable that the Vanity and Modesty in the Sciarra palace, in the same city, is a genuine production of Leonardo, though very likely to have been colored by Luini. The tones are high, and the finish elaborate; the power and thought, and sentiment, that are stamped upon it, give it a fascination not entirely comfortable.

The Christ disputing with the Doctors or with the Pharisees, is supposed also to have borrowed its delicate rosy tints from the pencil of the same assistant; but the mighty soul of Leonardo is to be traced throughout every part of the design. It is

the most delightful picture in the collection where it is. The coloring is rich; and for mere beauty of the work, is entitled to take a high place. But the spiritual significance which it breathes, constitutes its peculiar and greatest value. The Doctors, four in number, are not exhibited as stern, carping, malignant priests: they are good and pure and upright men. One, in particular, on the right hand of the Saviour, with white hair on his brow and lip, is a being whose countenance a life of pious deeds, and an old age of holy thought on heavenly things, has refined from earthly grossness, and left a frame fitted to be the shrine of a better existence. The point of the artist's purpose lies in making the discrimination between the character of the divine face, and the expression of even the best and most elevated of human countenances. The intelligence that dwells in them is in report with the outward. They indicate an attention habitually summoned forth by external life, and instinctively responding to its calls; they bear its lines and furrows on the surface. Their calmness tells of a victory over the world, but a victory gained by a long, close, earnest struggle with it. The Saviour's face is the vail of a spirit that is wrapt within itself, and broods upon a consciousness apart from earth. Its sources of inspiration are in abstraction from the visible scene. The features are still, unmoved, unexercised; yet charged with inspiration and with feeling. The contrast, thus strongly conceived and finely registered, is extremely touching.

The *pendant*, or companion piece to this picture, resembling it in size and shape, and equal to it in every particular, is the Madonna and child, No. 11 of the 11th chamber of the Esterhazy gallery at Vienna, strong in thought, rich in beauty, and glorious in power. The mother is in the centre. Her right hand is around the body of the infant Saviour, who stands on a platform and leans over, turning the leaves of a book. The left hand is held up in wonder. She wears a green robe: and her eyes are cast down. On her right is St. Catharine with a palm; her eyes raised. On the left is St. Barbara, gazing on the infant. The figure of the little Saviour is inimitable. For vigor, brilliance, and divine expression, I can conceive of

nothing beyond it. This noble work has recently been assigned, upon mere conjecture, to Luini. A work, confessedly by him, hangs next to it; the same subject, No. 10. It is one of his good pictures; but it shows feebly and washy beside the Leonardo which it adjoins. There is an indescribable spell of mental enchantment,—a magnetic power of thought almost painfully vivid,—in this Madonna, as in the Christ amid the Doctors, that tells of a mighty and mysterious soul; whose revelations, the superficial and sensuous sweetness of Luini might beautify by decorating, but could never have conceived.

A picture of the same class, that is, drawn by Leonardo, and colored by Luini, is the Herodias receiving the head of the Baptist, in the Tribune. It is the fashion at present to ascribe the four last works, and especially the Herodias, to Luini entirely. It appears to me that all of them have proceeded from the same mind; and I think that a careful consideration of the Madonna of St. Onofrio, though it is confessedly one of Leonardo's least able works, will convince any one that they proceed from the same mind with it, as an inspection of the frescoes at the Brera, charmingly beautiful as they are, will prove that Luini's imagination was not capable of holding converse with the morbidly profound and protracted reflection that is graven on the faces of all of those pictures. There is about them an elaboration, not of execution, but of intellectual preparation which is characteristic of no man but Leonardo. The mental conception seems to have been baked to thorough dryness in the furnace of studious thoughts, before it came out to be clothed in forms and color upon the canvas.

A work, acknowledged, I believe, to be entirely genuine, is the head of Leonardo with a long beard, by himself, in the Uffizzi at Florence. For depth, softness, and power, it is a miracle of Art. It is a wonderfully great and majestic head; of calm features, but with a pursuing power of glance altogether marvelous. It is like the portrait of a mind.

The head of Medusa with Snakes, in the same collection, is too well known from Beckford's vivid description to need any notice here. The aspect and atmosphere of death, in the mouth

and eyes are very powerful. This gallery has also a portrait by Leonardo, formerly supposed to be a Rafael, and an Adoration of the Magi in chiaro-scuro, unfinished. These four appear to be entirely by Leonardo.

Two works in the Louvre seem also to be wholly from his pencil. One of them (299) the portrait of woman, is a most remarkable picture. The face is serene and undisturbed, yet strong as Fate: soft and unintense, yet inevitable and irresistible. Its glance seems to follow you about the room like an embodied conscience. It gazes upon you in still, cold sovereignty, as if it possessed all the secrets of your soul, and was conscious of a moral sway not to be evaded. The general color is an olive-green; and the light falls upon the side of the head and face with delicate and beautiful effect. A similar picture exists in the Palazzo Mozzi del Garbo, at Florence. Such a fund of expressiveness, in combination with quiet, unmoved features, none but Leonardo could accumulate in any countenance.

The Madonna and Children in the Louvre, No. 296, is a lovely picture, probably altogether from his hand. The face of the Virgin, which is of transcendent sweetness and purity, and yet is calm in aspect, is a fine illustration of Leonardo's capacity to throw a powerful moral expression into a countenance left in perfect repose. The prevailing tints are brown; the Virgin's dress green. The light and shade about the limbs is very strongly marked.

In the Ambrosian library at Milan there is a head of John the Baptist, exhibited as just cut off; ascribed to Leonardo. It is finely conceived and as finely executed; the eyes are half open, and the features not yet at all sunk. In the museum at Basle is another representation of the same subject, at a more advanced time; and assigned also to Leonardo. It is of a greenish olive-white color, and is exquisitely delicate and beautiful. It bears so strong a resemblance to the portrait at Abbotsford of Mary, Queen of Scots, after decollation, in the manner in which the features are collapsed, and in the sickly softness of the expression, as to indicate that it had been

painted from reality. The Ambrosian library contains also a large Holy Family, after a drawing by Leonardo; admirable in all respects; also, a very good profile portrait by him of Beatrice d'Este, the wife of Ludovico il Moro, whose monument may be seen at Certosa; and a most interesting profile head of Leonardo, in red chalk, by himself, with long, white hair and beard, large nose, small, delicate mouth, and an expression of great delicacy about the eyes.

But the work upon which rests Leonardo's claim to take a place among the greatest painters of the world, in the same rank with Rafael and Correggio, is, of course, the Cenacolo, or Last Supper, a production which, as repeated in engravings, and circulated throughout the world, is more extensively known and admired than any other great work of Art. Fortunately, its essential excellencies have been perpetuated by the inspired burin of Morghen; who conceived his subjects with the sensibility of an artist, and reproduced them with a spirituality and power that set the *interpreter* "on a level with the author." His engraving will to future times be the true original of this matchless work. I shall offer no comment upon the work itself, but shall merely describe its position and present condition.

It is painted upon the wall of the Refectory of the suppressed convent of Dominicans adjoining the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, at Milan. The convent is now, (1851,) chiefly occupied as a caserne for the Austrian troops. Making my way into the interior of a large quadrangle, the court-yard of which was filled with the refuse of the stables, I entered the refectory. It is a long room, with a brick floor, a lofty ceiling, and side windows very high up. On the wall at one end, is a Crucifixion by Montorfano, and opposite to it, and pretty high up, is the Last Supper. It is painted, not in fresco, but in oils, and the figures are larger than life. It seems as if casualty and ignorance and imbecility had actively combined together for the extinction of this glory of Art and Religion. The situation of the room is low and damp; and it is subject to inundations. Twice has the picture been painted over, not by ordinary bunglers, against whose stupidity some rays of excellence might

have struggled; but by caitiffs who seem to have been animated by the spirit of destruction. A door was cut through the centre, which took away the feet of the Saviour, and a large part of the table-cloth. The room was used by the French, both as a barn and a stable. Even now it stands exposed to all the vicissitudes of heat and cold, and dampness. A large piece has recently scaled off from the neck of the Saviour. Its overthrow is complete and irretrievable: yet from beneath the vail of ruin still gleams the lustre of a divineness of beauty and majesty which "cannot, but by annihilation, die." There yet lingers around this robbed and violated shrine of genius, an interest and impressiveness which enchain the observer's mind. The composition may still be admired in all its force and perfection; and in distribution and variety, action and significance—for the union of individuality with harmony—it cannot be exceeded. The principles upon which composition may be made to depend, are various; and the key to the quality by which the composition is produced will commonly be found in the faculty, or talent, for which the artist is most eminent. Leonardo's favorite contemplation was of the effect of the passions upon the face and frame, in diversified characters; in this instance, the arrangement and attitudes of the group are entirely worked out by the play of the moral feelings.

Of the figures, none retains any really effective power, excepting the head of the Saviour. In spite of all that fatality and folly have done to dim and defeature it, the essential divinity which once was impressed upon it, still shines forth with obscured but unextinguishable grandeur. Mild, sad majesty,—sorrow sharp as the blade of death, and the grace of a spiritual sweetness which the treason of friends and the triumph of enemies disturbs not, but deepens,—are stamped in glorious power upon this matchless face. The flowing hair, the bowing head, the submitting expostulation of the hands, form certainly the worthiest image of the Blessed Saviour that ever came from mortal thought. In the moment in which his humanity is so potently signalized by the gloom that fills his soul and bends his venerable form, his divinity is revealed the more earnestly in

the abstraction and inwardness of musing that separates him mysteriously from his followers. Shrouded in the mist of long decay, the dulled lustre of that heavenly form yet has a power to dazzle and rebuke. The fable that Leonardo left the head of the Saviour unfinished, and that it was completed by some meaner hand, is one of those foolish idle figments which a certain class of minds delight to repeat.

As the colors now are, the figure of the Saviour is arrayed in a scarlet tunic, with a blue robe over the left shoulder and arm. The left hand has been badly painted over, and the right hand is much gone. In the face of St. John, though the outline has almost entirely vanished, there lingers still some faint vestiges of an expression that was put there by Leonardo. In like manner, the face of St. James the Greater, whose mouth is opened, and his arms stretched out, aghast, bears decidedly his mark. St. Thomas has been painted over and changed. St. Philip has been painted black, and is the most ruined head of all. St. Matthew is also depraved. St. Thaddeus retains some expression; though nearly white. St. Simon's head is quite washed out of shape, by the damps; and his hands are badly painted over. St. Bartholomew and St. James the Less are totally altered. St. Andrew is one of the freshest and brightest figures; but I imagine it to be totally changed from its original condition. St. Peter's face is quite good; and Judas has an expression of much character. To show how much the painting is obliterated, it is quite impossible to make out the salt-cellar under Judas' hand, which is in the engraving. The effect of the light behind the blue hills in the distance, remains good.

FRA BARTOLOMMEO.

In the first order of great names in painting—high among those who have bequeathed to Art an impulse and an impress which it yet retains—should be reckoned Baccio della Porta, known to fame under his monastic title of Fra Bartolommeo.

After Leonardo, perhaps no one of that time did more than this extraordinary person to mature the current language of Art, to give fluency to the expressive forms of the canvas—to enrich with new idioms and a colloquial facility, the speech of the pencil—to accomplish forever the transition from the archaic and individual types of earlier laborers to that well-developed freedom, ease and grace which, since then, have been the common heritage of the studio. Rafael improved into surpassing brilliance and power, notions which he caught from others, but Leonardo and Fra Bartolommeo increased the practical elements of Art; extended the manner of representation, and enlarged the painter's stock of conceptions. Bartolommeo is the most spiritual of perfect artists; but he represents spirituality, not in the metaphysical, notional abstractness of Fra Beato, but as embodied in character and life. He does not paint spirituality as typified in personal forms; he paints persons as purified, refined, and sanctified by spirituality. His heads are purely natural; a somewhat square type of skull, peculiar to himself. Like most Florentines, he exulted in drapery; but was sometimes tempted, by his mastery of it, into a profuse and cumbersome display of it. His manner, in this respect, forms a striking contrast to the scant patterns in which Perugino dresses his subjects. In some of his countenances we find an anxious, unhappy look, characteristic of the imagination of an ascetic and monastic recluse. He painted flesh with a clearness, transparency, and refinement, that seems worthy to render it a meet tabernacle for the souls of saints. As a colorist, he attained incomparable softness and brilliancy, in a mellow and juicy style; and is particularly marked by a light, fleecy *tomato* tone, which predominates in many of his works. In descending from his elevations into heaven, he might be thought to have dipped his pencil in the tints of the rosy clouds that float at sunset beneath an Italian sky. Yet he never attained the solidity, truth, or perfect harmony of the Venetian people; but, to the last, had something of the thinness and flare of the Florentine coloring. He improved, by prodigious strides, as he grew older; and the works painted in 1515 and 1516, but

one and two years before his death, indicate that, had his life been spared, he would have soared to an excellence that would have made him supreme among the highest. These later efforts are on a large, full scale, and have an apocalyptic sublimity and splendor that place them almost alone in painting.

Florence contains, perhaps, the largest number of his pictures; but not his latest and most important. One of the most noted in the Pitti gallery, is the St. Mark, seated in a tribune-like chair, holding the volume of his gospel, and a pen, and musing with intense awe upon the subject of his record. (No. 125.) It is a grand figure. The drapery is majestic and graceful; yet so much in excess as to appear embarrassing and uncomfortable. The face has a disturbed, uneasy, half crazy expression. In the Palace of the Quirinal, at Rome, are figures of St. Peter and St. Paul, intended to correspond with the St. Mark. One of them, left unfinished by the Fra, was completed by Rafael. Another work in the Pitti, (No. 159,) represents the Saviour risen out of the tomb, and four Apostles standing around. It is a good picture; of that class so often painted by Perugino and other early masters; not displaying an actual scene, and therefore not calling for a consistent composition, but being merely suggestive of certain sentiments and doctrines. There is a Pieté in the same collection, (No. 84,) the coloring of which is very brilliant, but somewhat inharmonious. The face of St. John is an instance of expression, going beyond nature and propriety. An Ecce Homo, in fresco, (No. 377,) is more successful. The face is of high and heavenly beauty; and the mind that illumines it is truly divine. The convent and church of San Marco, of which this artist was an inmate, contain but two of his works, and they are not valuable. One in the church, is a picture of some size, representing the Virgin and Saints, which has grown very dark; another, in one of the passages, is a group of three figures, Christ and the Disciples at Emmaus.

As a painter of the Holy Family, he established an appropriate sentiment and style of treatment which Rafael adopted from him, and which Andrea del Sarto and many other artists

afterwards worked with unexhausting copiousness. Of this class is No. 243, in the Pitti, the best specimen of the artist in that gallery. In the centre is the mother, with the two infants, who are occupied with one another. On one side is the withered face of Elizabeth, and on the other is St. Joseph, leaning on a sack. The coloring, though brilliant, is harmonious. There is a great deal in this picture that is like Rafael. The Virgin is very much his type of face. It is not easy to determine which artist borrowed from the other. It is probable that Bartolommeo caught from Rafael many hints for the beauty of his countenances; but that he instituted this character for St. Joseph, as looking on the scene in quiet contemplation, and perhaps, also the face of Elizabeth, and that Rafael then took from his friend the conception of this whole composition.

Another very fine Holy Family, or Repose in Egypt, by Bartolommeo, is in the Tosi Gallery in Brescia. The mother kneels before the infant with her arms folded on her breast; and St. Joseph sits looking upon him. The face has the beauty, purity, and heavenly loveliness of Rafael, but the features are of a more natural cast. The face of Joseph is the original of all of Del Sarto's Josephs, and may be traced again in Correggio's Repose in the Tribune, and in many other artists. The color is very high, but of exquisite softness and airiness. The light falls charmingly over and through the limbs.

The first specimen by which I became acquainted with the Fra Bartolommeo, was the Holy Family in the Grosvenor Gallery, at London; (No. 46 of the catalogue;) and it struck me more than any thing in that fine collection. The outlines are hard, and the coloring bloodless: but the spiritual halo that breathes from the faces, the ethereal expression that lights them up, the infinite purity that seems to transfigure them from creatures of mortality to beings above the world, are extremely engaging. The calm, thoughtful, pallid face of Joseph, on the left, wrapt by worship into a mental fruition of divine happiness, seems purged of all the dross of humanity, and just ready to be translated into heaven. The hand of the Virgin, on the right, seems to illustrate St. Paul's conception of a "spiritual

body." It is a human member, transfused with spirituality. The picture, in many respects, recalls Rafael; and, if it be an early work, as, from the low tones of the coloring, seems probable, it shows how much Rafael had caught from him.

To appreciate the splendid genius and potent Art of Fra Bartolommeo, it is as necessary to visit Lucca, as to know the grandeur of Correggio it is indispensable to go to Parma. Lucca contains three of the best works of the inspired monk, among which is his master-piece, the Madonna della Misericordia. The cathedral has one of them. The Virgin, with a tunic of blue around her, is seated upon a throne, with the infant. On one side stands St. Stephen, in a full, rich, cherry-colored dress, with a countenance of charming goodness. On the other, is St. John Baptist, wrapped in a wild skin; emaciated, yet with a countenance of the most essential purity and sweetness. An angel, in the form of a bright, natural, delicious boy, is seated in front, playing upon a lute. Above the Virgin, two angels, finely foreshortened, and flying freely, are putting a crown upon her head.

The Church of San Romano contains the other two. One of them, which hangs on the left wall of the body of the church, near the door of entrance, represents the Magdalen and Saint Catherine of Siena, kneeling at the opposite ends of an open tomb, and, above them, the Father, who is seated, and holds an expanded book, on which are the letters Alpha and Omega. The head and figure of the Magdalen are exquisite. Her face has the calm, clear, lovable beauty of a nature redeemed back to its unfallen integrity. A light, airy vail hanging down from the back of her head, mingles with her soft ringlets to produce a rich and sweet effect. The arrangement of her drapery is original and elegant; the tunic, of which the breast and arms alone are seen, is of cherry color; and she holds up, with one arm, against her person, a darker robe, that covers the rest of her figure. St. Catharine, in a nun's dress, is gazing up at the Lord with all the ecstasy of an enthusiast. The Father is exhibited as throned upon the cherubim of heaven. His foot rests upon the head of a cherub; and, beneath him, in the skirts of

his drapery, are other cherubs' heads, supporting him. Four angels fly below him, two on either side, with variously colored wings. The flesh tints of their bodies are extremely soft and natural, and delicate lights and shades fall among the limbs. The least excellent part of the work is the head of God the Father, which is solid and material. The picture bears the date 1509.

Superior as it is, it is yet far below the grand Madonna della Misericordia, which hangs in a chapel at the north-east angle of the same church, which is not only incomparably the finest work of this artist, but deserves, along with the Assumption of Titian and the San Sisto Madonna of Rafael, to rank among the great pictures of the world. In composition, color, drawing and chiaro-scuro; in spirituality of character, and beautiful unity of effect, it is one of the most powerful and brilliant works I have ever seen.

In the lower part of the picture appears a crowd of persons of all ages, ranks and sexes; women, monks, children, princes; bending and kneeling in animated supplication. On a throne, in the centre, which is raised by several steps, stands forth the lofty, radiant form of the Virgin. Her attitude is that of intercession, mediation, or intervention with power. Her right arm and hand are stretched out to stay and put back the wrath of God; her left drawn back and extended below, as if to explain her arresting act, by an entreaty in behalf of the multitude at her feet. She is arrayed in a tunic of a light lake color; the drapery of which has all the ease, grace, simplicity, and elegance of Rafael. Her blue robe is raised entirely off from her figure; a part of it covering her head only, and the rest held up behind her by two angels, whose heads, wings, and arms, appear above. Above, at the top, the Saviour appears, looking down in compassion; his extended arms finely thrown out by a scarlet drapery, which is stretched out like wings on each side of him. The lower part of his figure is cut off or concealed by a tablet, on which is

Misereor Sup-
Turbam:

Through the tablet run ribbons, which are held up by two full length angels flying freely in the air; and under it is a soft, sweet head of an angel who holds up one hand against it. The whole upper part of the picture is blazing with all the terror of the Glory of Heaven; a terror, of which overpowering beauty is the mightiest element. The background of the heavens above the Virgin's robe is very bright; but with a great variety of delicately blending light and shade, which gives it an appearance of flashing, and makes you feel as if, each moment, the full unmitigated blaze of heaven would burst out in flame through the clouds. You see light behind shade, shade behind light, producing the effect of a succession of bright vapors rolling among themselves, and giving glimpses into the endless depths of the holy abodes. At the same time, there is no glare or dazzle; all is soft, cool, and agreeable to the eye. The heads of the five angels are wholly different from one another, and all are admirable. The chiaro-scuro by which the two full-length ones who, in attendance upon the Saviour, fly the highest and hold the strings of the tablet, are relieved against the luminous air behind them, is not exceeded by any thing in Correggio. The uppermost of them, on the right of the Saviour, is looking down with an expression of keen sensibility and infinite love,—pure and burning; the one on the other side has a countenance of great power, made intense by a brooding consciousness of the majesty and awe of the God he adores. They seem to typify, severally, the seraphic and cherubic character. Their wings are blue, relieved with white and gray. The head directly under the tablet is like a lovely heaven-born babe-angel. Of the two whose heads and arms are seen upholding the robe of the Virgin, the one on her right is like a glowing boy. The other is the most glorious head in the picture; an intense face, with short hair, disheveled in a Rafaelesque way, and with a stream of rich lustre setting him on fire with splendor. His wings, and those of his fellow, are red, shaded with dark and gray; much the same as with the angels at the bottom of the San Sisto Madonna. This rush of heaven-attended deity, this incession of light-raying godhead, in the upper part of the

composition, is one of the most powerful and beautiful effects in the pictorial Art.

Behind, and on each side of the Virgin's throne, the company of worshipers present a variety of heads, altitudes and dresses, altogether astonishing. The picture is said to contain, in all, forty-four figures; and though they are so numerous, there is no sense of crowding or confusion. This arises in part from the steps directly in front of the throne being clear. The beauty, expression, nature and interest of the faces could not be exceeded. The action of the whole group is most animated and varied. Some of them are occupied with one another; some with the Virgin; some are overwhelmed with adoration; some are gazing with astonishment. Family parties express their mutual delighted affection. In the foreground, to the left of the Virgin, is an exquisite group, consisting of a young mother in a light green dress, with a countenance full of happy passion, who holds a noble infant in her arms, while a child a little older clasping her back with both his arms looks over her shoulder, and an old woman behind them, probably the grandmother, with wrinkled but good face, and with a mantle of lighter green enveloping her head, places her arm tenderly around them all. Just below, on the extreme left, is a man of rank, in a scarlet mantle, on whose shoulder a monk in a white dress rests one hand, while with the other he directs the devout and kneeling noble to the Virgin. A Magdalen-like form is kneeling in front of them; and above the monk is a girl with an exquisite oval face, equal to any one of Leonardo's women, whose youthful bloom is finely contrasted with a grand old head a little higher. On the right of the Virgin, in front, a female, in a very light dress, of which the body and skirt have a faint chocolate tinge, and the sleeves are between a yellow and a lake color, kneels towards the Virgin, supporting a child who sits on the step, in a graceful infantile attitude, with one finger to his mouth. Behind her, are two sweet young people, a girl and boy; a man with a head nearly bald; an old woman with a mantle of the faintest green; above them, one man with naked shoulders and back, devoutly adoring; another in a rich scarlet dress; and

sundry other clear and finely discriminated heads. Several of the figures are members of the family for whom the work was painted.

A fine effect is produced by the return to strong lights in the bottom of the picture, occasioned by the high color of the steps, and the brightness of the greenish and yellowish dresses of the women upon them. This brings out a balance and counterpoise to the powerful light above. It is the most luminous picture I have ever seen, except the San Sisto, and it has more variety of light than that. As a study of coloring, it is incomparable. The tones are firm, clear and natural; free from that fleecy, or woolly character seen in the Frate's earlier works; and displaying the soft, transparent brilliancy which Andrea del Sarto afterwards attained. There is a good deal that is like Titian, both in the coloring and in some of the heads. If this work was painted before Titian's Assumption, and Rafael's Dresden Madonna, as seems to have been the case, it may claim the praise of having furnished important suggestions to both of those great productions. It is scarcely possible to doubt either that the Roman and Venetian artist before painting those works had seen this picture, or that the Fra had seen theirs The priority seems to be with the pious Florentine. And if that be so, Titian derived his Virgin of the Assumption from this one. The attitude, countenance and color are similar. But this is all purity, grace, and refined emotion: in that every thing is corporeal and palpable.

On the base on which the Virgin stands is inscribed:

MR PIETATIS ET MIE
F. S. V O. P.

And on the lower step in smaller letters is

MDXV.
F. BARTHOLOMEVS OR. PRE.
PICTOR FLORENTINVS.

Though three centuries have swept over it, the dews of its first creation are yet fresh and splendid upon it. It looks as if its power defied time and triumphed over accident. It has

been varnished, but not retouched; and is in perfect preservation in every particular.

Of the same class, and probably of the same period, is the Assumption of the Virgin in the Museo Borbonico at Naples, (No. 373), over the door. Its authenticity cannot with any plausibility be questioned; for if it be not the Fra's, no artist can be named by whom it could possibly have been executed. In the figure of the Virgin he has sacrificed grace and ease to a bold expression of spiritual feeling. The attitude is so peculiar, that if the purpose is not clearly understood, it would be supposed to be ill-drawn. But for significance and beauty, it is a glorious work. The Virgin, throned on the clouds, is just throwing herself into an adoring, half-kneeling posture. Her hands are expanded in prayer; her face is melting in a worshiping fruition of the rapturous godhead, into which she is becoming absorbed. The invisible deity, approaching from above, seems to sublimate her translated being into the glory of a higher essence. Her dress is that plain attire in which we may suppose her to have been buried. She has a tunic of a lakish hue, the sleeves of which are turned up at the wrists; and a dark-blue mantle, which is thrown around and behind her in such a way as to form a dusky background for her figure. The face and attitude are full of a deep, beatified emotion of womanhood kindled into divinity. On her right is an infant angel with green wings, flying clear, and playing upon a violin. On the other side, nearer to her, is another angel, playing on a guitar, and having red and green wings, exactly like those of one of the boys in the San Sisto Madonna. One angelic head is below the Virgin, pulling her dress, one is directly under her feet, sustaining her; sundry little heads are in the clouds. All of these are the most airy and delicate in execution, realizing the conception of heavenly substances. The angels playing, and especially the one with the violin, which for drawing and softness of flesh coloring is not exceeded by anything in art, have their hair disordered just in the way that Rafael adopted in his Christ and Angels at Dresden, and in his Christ in the Transfiguration. It is obvious that one of these great masters

derived much from the other. There are whitish-gray clouds under the figure of the Virgin, and a strong, yellow light behind and above her. The richness, delicacy, variety, and ethereal play of lights in this part of the picture are enchanting. A stream of glory is sweeping down, enveloping all the figures in a splendor that is born only of the presence of the Omnipotent. On the earth, is the empty tomb, with flowers upon it. On one side is St. John kneeling and pointing upwards; his face, full of thought and holy feeling, being turned towards the spectator. On the other, a female saint with a palm, kneeling, displays a countenance full of beauty and devout expression. Her dress consists of a green body, yellow sleeves and reddish skirts. Beyond the saints, the clear definite horizon sky of the common day contrasts finely with the fleecy glory of the heavens that surround the Virgin. The painting, though full of delicious softness, has a greater firmness of tone than is usual with the Frate.

The Presentation in the Temple, in the Belvidere at Vienna, Chambre 4, No. 29, is of the year 1516. It is a most remarkable picture; one blaze of red. Reubens is said to have found in this work a model for that effulgence of tints which he poured with such power over the canvas.

In the following year, at the age of 48, this profound genius was snatched away, not in the perfection, but amid the rapid and copious development of his admirable powers. One of his latest works, which he did not finish, is a large picture in chiaro-oscuro in the Uffizzi gallery, in which the Patron Saints of Florence are introduced. The Madonna, with the infant, is seated on the throne, and angels are around and beneath her. Behind and above is St. Anna, with arms stretched out to Heaven. Still higher, is a singular head, intended to represent the Trinity; having three profiles of nose and mouth, and one pair of eyes. Saints and saintesses are at the sides. The composition is extremely grand and rich; and for drawing and expression, it is one of his best. But many of the faces have that unhappy look which has already been noted as observable in his pictures.

The relations of Rafael's mind to that of Fra Bartolommeo, form a subject of interesting inquiry. It is to be regretted that the Italian writers upon Art have not taken more pains to fix, with precision, (from the evidence of documents,) the dates of the principal works of the most eminent painters; not only for the purpose of showing the course of the development of the genius of the person concerned, but to determine how far he gave or received influence as respects his contemporaries. The Frate was born in 1469, fourteen years before Rafael, and died in 1517, three years before him; being at the time of his death 48 years old. It cannot be doubted that in passing from the statuesque rigidness of Perugino's manner, to nature and that angelic grace, variety and freedom which his mature years display, Rafael derived many an inspiration from the breathing softness of Bartolommeo. It seems equally evident that in the Frate's later works, the strenuous firmness and full-toned strength of the Roman had re-acted upon his genius with a greater return than it had received. In the Misericordia Madonna there is much that is Rafaelesque, particularly in the higher severity and force that belongs to his earlier pictures. The head of the cherub who holds the Virgin's robe, on her right, is very much one of Rafael's boys. The date of the Fuligno Madonna, 1512, where one of these glorious heads appears in the angel holding the tablet, must assure to Rafael the praise of controlling the peculiar direction of Bartolommeo's later genius. The working out of the idea of the glorified Madonna by the concurring minds of these two artists, supplies an interesting study. Rafael established the type in the Fuligno Madonna. The Frate expanded and elevated and enriched it prodigiously on the Lucca Misericordia and the Naples Assumption: and so gave it back to its author, who, profiting of all that his friendly rival had added, carried it to transcendent perfection in the San Sisto. I have said nothing of the Madonna del Baldecchino in the Pitti, which was formerly ascribed to the Frate; but which of late years has been attributed to Rafael, and is now often referred to as an instance of his indebtedness to the Florentine. For my own part, I can see

nothing of Rafael in that picture. I should take it to be the work of Raffaellino del Garbo. I think it necessary only to look at a Madonna and two children by that painter, in the Corsini palace at Florence, or to a Madonna by him in the south transept of the church of San Spirito in that city, to arrive at that conclusion. The latter exhibits the Madonna between two saints, seated, and in front St. Benedict and St. John; and as an evidence of the resemblance of the styles of the two painters, the three first figures are ascribed to Rafael by the ecclesiastics of the church, and the two last to Del Garbo. No doubt the whole is by him. In this picture, also, are two angels sustaining a kind of Baldacchino drapery over her head.

PERUGINO.

In the centre of the fine apartment which constitutes the *Libreria* of the Cathedral of Siena, stands an antique marble group of the Graces, one of the most beautiful remains of classic sculpture. According to the Guide-books it was discovered in digging the foundations of the building in the thirteenth century. It is entitled to occupy an important position in the history of Italian painting, for there is little doubt that it supplied the original of that memorable type of the human figure which, developed in great power by Pietro Perugino, became the characteristic of his whole school, defined and occupied the youthful genius of Rafael, and may be considered as the embryo form of even his latest and most exalted creations. In viewing the works of Perugino, Rafael, and their school, what strikes you most as the characteristic distinction between them, generally, and the Florentines is, that the figures of the former are founded on the type of Greek sculpture, while the latter seem derived from nature. The draperies also follow this distinction: those of the Perugian being simple and severe, those of the Florentine, as in Fra

Bartolommeo and Michael Angelo, being very profuse and folded. I attribute to this group of the Graces the first suggestion of that type, because at the time it was adopted by Bonfigli and Perugino it was almost the only ancient statue known. No Greek work had been seen at that time in Florence; and the Apollo, and other great works at Rome, were not found till after the beginning of the sixteenth century. The fresh character of this group in the school of Perugino, is indicated by Rafael's having made a drawing of it, which is said to exist at Venice.

Giotto's style constitutes, as it were, the reservoir from which, through various channels, were led the rivulets that fed the Perugian, Florentian, and Venetian schools. The derivation of the first of these may be satisfactorily traced; and no where so clearly as upon the walls of the church of San Francisco at Assisi. The lower church there has four curious works by Giotto; and not far from them is the very striking crucifixion by Pietro Cavallini, the pupil of Giotto, who worked between the years It is a work of great energy. The white figures of Christ and the thieves against a blue back ground, have a powerful effect. The arms of the thieves are twisted back over their crosses. Above, are a number of angels, wringing their hands, and expressing the utmost degree of anguish. It is easy to see in the faces, here, the beginning of the Perugino type. The work seems to form one of the links between Giotto and Perugino. Another link is supplied in the several frescoes by Matteo da Gualdo and Pietro Antonio di Foligno in the small chapel of Santa Caterina in Assisi, where a fuller dawn of the Peruginesque character may confidently be traced. But a more decided development of the same conception is to be seen in Bonfigli, the master of Perugino. His authentic works are rare; the adoration on St. Dominico at Perugia being more probably attributable to Gentile da Fabriano. In the academy connected with the university of Perugia, there is a picture by Bonfigli, but so much scaled off as to be of no value. The church of San Pietro de Casinensi, in that city, has a Pićta by him, with the date 1468. The

mother holds the dead Saviour on her knee and embraces him. Her figure, though ill-drawn, is wonderfully full of earnest and intense affection; his figure is very hard and awkward. But very far superior to this, and probably the best preserved and most characteristic work of his in existence, is the Annunciation, which hangs in the shop of Bartelli, the bookseller at Perugia. Opposite to the Virgin, who kneels on a low bench, stands the announcing angel with his finger raised, apparently just stopped from his swiftly descending flight. Between them, St. Luke, with his bull, is seated on the ground, recording the event in a book. His head is a noble one. Over the apartment in which this scene takes place, in the sky, is seen God the Father attended by angels. The white Dove has descended from him on a long line of light to the Virgin. So that the conception is represented as following instant upon the annunciation; the word of the Lord being ever itself the act. The same fine thought is found in Pinturicchio's treatment of the same subject at Spello; and is usual in the works of the early Rhenish and Flemish schools. In fact, in the earliest Byzantine iconographies this method of representation is prescribed. In the Guide de la Peinture, translated by Didron, Part 2d, page 155, this mode of figuring the scene will be found. The most note-worthy circumstance about this picture is, that the head of the angel making the annunciation is purely Grecian; the forehead even having that little prominence over the nose which is seen in the Greek heads of gods and goddesses. It is obvious, therefore, that the type of Greek sculpture had been adopted by this school, not only long before Rafael, but even earlier than Perugino, who developed and strengthened it. The Virgin, in Bonfigli's picture, is a beautiful face, but of a more natural and human cast.

But the great founder and master of this school, is Pietro Vannucci, known by the name of Perugino, who was born 37 years before Rafael, and survived him four years, having died at the age of 78. He forms an extraordinary figure in the history of Art. His range was limited, his manner uniform; but the force and truth of the ideal which he bequeathed to Art,

have never been exceeded. No man ever lived whose peculiar mental conception predominated, one might almost say, despotized over succeeding minds so strongly and extensively. A considerable school, composed of Grannuola, Lo Spagno, &c., sustained itself almost wholly by the repetition of this image. Pinturicchio drew all his inspiration from it. The two Francias—Francesco and Giacomo—worked it under certain modifications which brought it nearer to nature, and made it a vehicle for the expression of pure human affection. Rafael, for several years, did nothing but reproduce it, with some increased freedom and ease; afterwards he elevated and strengthened it by renewed inspirations from the source whence it was drawn; but even his last and brightest forms seem but flowers, of which the buds are in Perugino. It was again used by his followers, Rafaellino del Garbo, &c.: and if at last it broke down, and degenerated into a cold, metallic hardness and insipidity, what type had ever endured such repetitions? Even in this day, when the reviving religion of Art seeks an appropriate medium for its earnest apprehensions, Perugino supplies the vehicle: and the pictures of Overbeck at Rome are nothing but revivals of Perugino and the early manner of Rafael. The reason of the wonderful continuance and depth of this form is, that it embodies the essential truth and nature of the human face and form as they are abstracted in Greek sculpture; and hence these heads and countenances have a universality that exceeds all other schools. The ideal of Bellini, Giorgione, Titian and Veronesé has something Venetian in it: Leonardo's faces are decidedly Italian and Florentine: the features in Van Eyck, Durer and Holbein have a heavy German look: but the type of the Perugian and Roman schools, is free from every peculiarity of locality, nation or race, and represents the high, permanent, universal image of humanity.

The forms of Perugino, as I have said, are derived from sculpture; and it might not be fanciful to say that we see in them that easy, indolent, reposing grace which characterises the group in the Liberia at Siena. The drawing has great simplicity of outline, with distinctness, force and truth, but some-

times becomes dry and hard. The draperies are particularly severe. The inward and moral characteristic of the school which determines its especial place and value, is the expression of transcendent purity, sanctity and sweetness in the faces,—a certain *quietism* of wrapt, calm, meditative adoration. This mystic expression seems to have been the matter upon which Perugino principally relied. His compositions do not involve much that is natural and dramatic, but form a collection of faces, each typifying some refined and holy sentiment. One of the best of these is a Deposition in the Hall of Jupiter in the Pitti Palace, which has many figures. The faces have much expression of feeling, but their features are scarcely disturbed from repose. Another of much celebrity is the Assumption, which is repeated, with some variations, in a chapel in the Annunziata at Florence, in the public gallery at Lyons, in the picture gallery at the Musée Bourbon in Naples, (No. 264,) and on the wall of the north transept of the Cathedral of St. Januarius; in the last of which are introduced Cardinal Corafe, a great patron of the church, kneeling on the right, and behind him St. Januarius standing with his mitre. In this picture, the Virgin [is ?] in the clouds in an oval, looking adoringly up, three angels' heads being around the clouds on which she stands. Four angels stand in a line, above, playing: and beside her are two angels playing. Below, in two groups, are the apostles; St. John, standing, or in some, kneeling, between them, and looking up. His face is of great beauty. Two of his best compositions are in the Sistine chapel, the Baptism of Christ and the delivery of the keys to St. Peter.

The sacristy of San Pietro de Casinensi in Perugia, contains a range of six heads by Perugino, framed and glazed. The faces of St. Maurus reading, and of Petre Abbot pointing to an open Bible which he holds in one hand, are exquisite productions, full of the deepest spiritual sensibility, and executed with the most careful and minute lines and shadings. They are written full with the moral history of the persons, showing years of lofty thought, deep feeling, and keen self-searching action of the inward soul. The sacristy of the church of Sta.

Maria Nuova, in the same town, contains three exquisite little pictures by Perugino of the Annunciation, Nativity and Baptism, which have a resemblance to the pictures of the Annunciation, Adoration and Presentation by Rafael in the Vatican, which formed the *predella* of his picture of the Coronation of the Virgin, and may have been his model. The church of S. Agostino, in the same place, contains, opposite to one another, two altar-pieces by Perugino, which though probably the work of his declining years, are yet highly interesting. In one of them the Virgin and St. Joseph are seen adoring the infant, who lies on the earth, and in the back ground at a distance, are two angels kneeling also in worship. It is in this manner that many of these early schools treat the Nativity. The purity, neatness, and chaste beauty of this picture are admirable. The face and figure of the Virgin are the perfection of an innocent, spotless, and refined *lady;* her dress in exquisitely simple taste. The head of St. Joseph is fine; but one of his upraised hands has an appearance of being distorted, which produces an unpleasant appearance. In the opposite work, the figure of St. John, tall, thin and severe, but soft, and purged of drossy passion, and full of a high beauty, is an impressive type of the human character, cleansed and chastened by mortification and natural morality.

In the Manfrini gallery at Venice are two excellent Peruginos. One is the Madonna, with the child, to whom an angel is showing a book; another angel is behind. It is in his best and most luxuriant manner. The coloring is high and in finely blending tints. The faces are rich, beautiful and Rafael-like. All the persons have red hair. Another most interesting picture represents the Saviour washing the feet of the Disciples. The Lord, kneeling, is about to wash those of St. Peter, who gracefully, with gestures, deprecates such condescension. Christ points with his right hand to heaven, as if saying, "Thus it becomes us to fulfill all humility." The others stand in a row beside. The composition is formal, but it is as fine an assemblage of countenances as in any picture I know of. All are different, and all admirable. The light falls with a slight illumination on the head of each. The coloring is pure and good.

It must be allowed that both of these works have something of the character of Jean Bellini. The last, moreover, has a variety and maturity of style which renders it a little difficult to ascribe its authorship to Perugino.

In the Stœdel Museum at Frankfort, there is a Madonna and child with St. John, a work of saintly beauty and purity. The mother's face is infinitely sweet, dignified and chaste. She has that fulness about the temples which Rafael afterwards worked out as a strong and marked characteristic of his female heads. She wears a red underdress and a green robe over it. The horizon of the landscape is brilliant. The color is high, but has been a good deal rubbed off in cleaning. There is a repetition of this at Munich, (Salle IX., No. 551.) In the Academy at Bologne, (No. 197,) there is an extremely brilliant and fine work by Perugino, of the Madonna, and four saints below her. The figure of St. John Baptist has scarcely ever been exceeded by Rafael. The Lichtenstien gallery at Vienna also contains a very superior Perugino; in which an angel holds the infant Saviour, and the mother, with a countenance grave and even sad, kneels adoringly before her offspring. The infant looks up with child-like adoration to heaven,—an expression of enchanting interest. The drapery is rich and soft. On the ground in front and at the side, strawberries and some small white flowers are painted with exquisite minuteness and perfection; which serves to show, as several other of his works might be cited to prove, that Rafael had derived, through his master, this pleasing Florentine method of enriching his landscape. On a rock at the side is written, "P. Perusinus P." The third *chambre* of the Belvidere gallery, in the same city, contains two excellent works of the same master. No. 12, representing the Madonna with the infant Saviour on her knees, and behind her two holy women, the one with her hands clasped, and the other with a palm in her hand, has probably been the model of the Francia at Munich, and in the Esterhazy collection. The delicacy, the ethereal light that plays around the heads, the grace of feminine purity that glows in these wonderful faces, are inexhaustibly engaging. No. 43, the same subject but having

the Virgin seated on a throne, and surrounded by four saints, St. Peter and St. Jerome on the right, and St. Paul and St. John Baptist on the left, is a strong, well-colored, powerful picture, and of large size. It shows Perugino to have been capable of a richness and force equal to the purity of his other Madonnas. There is a Madonna and child by Perugino in the Louvre, (No. 388.) Her face is of consummate dignity and holiness; of a rich expression, yet grave and elevated. Her dress is of a high color. There is a strong resemblance between the child and mother which produces an agreeable effect. The National Gallery at London also claims to possess a Holy Family by this artist. The color has fled; but the countenances are innocent and lovely; not divine and spiritual, but earthly-pure and homely-good. Perugino is constantly recognized, and to many persons is chiefly known, by single figures of the Madonna and infant, or the same attended by two or four saints, which are to be found in almost every collection. Many of these are no doubt by his pupils. Giannicola, in particular, seems to have possessed the faculty of imitating his master with great fidelity. In the Academy at Perugia is a large Glory by this artist, consisting of a number of saints standing below, among them S. Sebastian, and above, Christ and the Virgin seated, and angels. At first sight any one would take it for a Perugino; though afterwards, a greater fineness and a certain *petitesse* of forms, more than in Pietro may be seen. The figures are neat, clear and well defined. Probably Giannicola painted many of the Peruginos that go about Europe. As Perugino painted diligently through a long life, great inequality may be seen in his works. At one time he fell into a very highly colored manner, of which a flaming specimen may be seen in the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence. Latterly, his coloring grew thin, watery and pale.

Nor does it appear that Rafael's genius reacted at all upon Perugino's; or that Perugino imitated or derived any thing from him. On the contrary, at the period when Rafael's rich, brilliant manner was developing itself, Perugino was receding into an increased dryness; and just as Rafael was warming and

bringing Perugino's type into perfection, the original master himself was departing into a decided imitation of the Florentine school. Upon an inquiry of this kind, no picture can be admitted in evidence which does not bear its date, or the date of which is not otherwise established by direct external evidence. In the Villa Albani is a picture, in three compartments, of an altar; representing the Nativity, or the Adoration of the newborn Infant by the Virgin, Joseph and angels. On the columns of the picture are the words,

"Petrus de Perusia pinst. In XVIIII."
Primo.

It possesses high and characteristic beauty and loftiness: but so far from approaching Rafael's sensuousness, it has rather more dryness than is usual with Perugino. In the Palazzo Rinuccini in Florence, is an interesting picture of three saints in tribunes, on the bases of which are the names, S. Hieronymus, S. Marcus, S. Gerardus (?); and on the canvas is *written* apparently, or painted in imitation of writing,

"Pietro Perugino
pinst. anno 1512."

It has very little resemblance in the faces or the coloring to the ordinary manner of Perugino. Instead of his solid, heavy coloring, it is in the thin, watery style of the Florentines. It must be observed also, that in the south transept of the church of San Spirito at Florence, is a fine picture representing God the Father, surrounded by an oval of cherubs' heads, sustaining the Crucifix, St. Catharine kneeling on one side, and a St. Mary on the other. It is a beautiful work, the head of St. Catharine, in particular, is exquisite. The ecclesiastic who showed the church referred it to Perugino. It is so much wanting in the ordinary characteristics of his manner, that this is hardly likely to be a conjecture; it probably rests upon tradition. But it has so much of the Florentine style of the Rinuccini Perugino, that on the strength of that specimen it may be ascribed to his hand, at about the same period of 1512. Not long after his

powers began to decline. The Sebastian in the church of S. Francesco at Perugia, dated 1518, is pale and weak.

He appears to have been in the plenitude and perfection of his powers about the year 1493–94. He painted as late as 1521. The church of S. Maria Maggiore at Spello, has a Pieta and a Madonna with saints by him, on one of which is the inscription, "*Petrus de Castr. Pleb. Pinsit. M. D. xxi.*" They are quite feeble. The figures by him in the chapel of the convent of San Severo, which have the same date, are utterly imbecile.

Some, not a considerable portion, of the fame of Rafael justly belongs to Perugino, who is entitled to take a higher rank among great artists than has usually been given to him. Rafael *originated* none of those forms of the Virgin and child with which his immortality is associated. He only added that nature and vitality to the forms of Perugino which were required to bring them to perfection. It was Perugino who created them upon the hints of his predecessors, and he deserves a great share of fame for *founding* and *casting* the type which Rafael afterwards polished into completeness. The expansion which this type underwent in the mind of Rafael, was, in some degree, natural in the progress of Art, under the influence then prevailing, of a tendency towards recurrence to nature, under the impulse of the newly discovered works of Greek statuary; and it received concurrently a similar development in the works of Pinturicchio, Lo Spagno, L'Ingegno and Grannicola, who drew from Perugino, not from Rafael. But Perugino himself, in several of his works, brought his style to a pitch of force and perfection, which would not be credited by those who know him only through a few pale Madonnas in foreign galleries, the work of his immature or his declining days. It has been the practice of the German critics, who dogmatize upon conjecture, to say, whenever any superior touch of graceful nature is found in Perugino, that it is probably or clearly the work of Rafael. But upon a question whether a certain excellence was derived by Rafael from Perugino, or by Perugino from Rafael, the tradition which ascribes an entire

picture to Perugino ought certainly to be followed, or we are wholly without any rational guidance. But the pretensions of Perugino are susceptible of proof by a reference to works which were painted by him before Rafael ever handled a pencil; as all of Perugino's greatest productions really were.

The best easel picture by Perugino that I am acquainted with, is in the church of St. Augustino at Cremona. It is of considerable size, and represents the Virgin seated with the child in her lap, St. James the Apostle on one side, and St. Augustine on the other. The child with his sweet face turns lovingly towards St. James. The Virgin is one of the finest female figures that painting can exhibit. In rich, free, natural, flowing grace, Rafael never excelled this form, though he has often copied it. She wears skirts of blue, a red tunic, and a green robe over it; and her posture is one of matronly ease and dignity. Her face is of exquisite beauty, free from that *puckered* expression of the features which Perugino's women often have. Its character is delicate, neat, lovely. The heads of the saints are a little dry and pinched, though of great purity. I do not know that Rafael in his ordinary Madonnas ever went beyond the grade of intellectual merit which this picture indicates, though he adopted certain methods which heightened the agreeable effect of his works and added to their popularity; for example, by throwing in a light or illuminated background. The coloring here is as rich as in the best of Rafael's Madonnas; but the picture is wanting in light, and has, therefore, a heavy and gloomy look. That Rafael had no participation, either in the execution of this charming work, or in supplying its model, appears from the inscription on the base of the Virgin's throne:

Petrus Perusinus Pinxit
MCCCCLXXXXIIII.

It was painted when Rafael was eleven years old.

But the scene upon which Perugino appears in the highest power, and where he really displays the greatness of a master, is the Sala del Cambio at Perugio, a small apartment, of which the walls are painted by him in fresco. It is divided into two

parts by an arch; and on the pilaster beneath it, is cut the date 1493, which there is no reason to doubt is the true period of the execution of these works. Rafael at that time was ten years old. He did not come to Perugio till two years after. On the right hand wall are painted the prophets and sibyls, with the Almighty in a glory above. The prophets stand in order: Isaiah, Moses, Daniel, David, Jeremiah, and Solomon. The four last are admirable and grand figures. In head and form, the David is scarcely less than sublime. The drapery is free, rich, graceful, and finely colored. The Daniel, who is somewhat in the rear, behind the others, and whose face, with his upraised hand before his breast, alone is seen, is an extremely beautiful countenance. A little behind David, on the other side, is Jeremiah, whose pallid, thoughtful, worn face is full of character and interest. At the end of the line is Solomon, in whose features regal dignity, personal passion, and intellectual pride, are finely mingled. In a distinct group, on the other side of the prophets, are the sibyls, in the following order: the Erythræan, Persian, Cumæan, Lybian, Tiburtine, and Delphian. The finest is the Cumæan. The Tiburtine also is excellent; all of them carry scrolls. This fresco is clearly the *capo d'opera* of Perugino, who here displays a freedom, variety, and power, hardly below the level of single figures in Rafael's Roman frescoes.

On the other side of the wall, which the arch divides into two compartments, are representations of ancient heroes and philosophers. The compartment nearest the door of entrance contains standing figures in the following order: Fabius Maximus, Socrates, Numa Pompilius, Curius Camillus, Pittacus, and Trajan the Emperor; and, over them, figures of Prudence and Justice. The further compartment has the following heroes standing in order: Quintius Licinius, Leonidus of Lacedæmon, Horatius Cocles, Scipio, Pericles, and Q. Cincinnatus; and, above them, figures of Fortitude and Temperance. On the dividing pilaster, under the date, is a portrait of Perugino, by himself, a very strong, clean, well painted head. It may be observed that there is another portrait of Perugino, by himself, one of the most remarkable in the Uffizzi gallery at Florence;

hard, but very clear, and of astonishing strength and expression; where he holds in his hand a scroll on which are the words, "Timete Deum." There is also in the Lichtenstein gallery at Vienna, a head of Perugino, by Rafael, of great hardness, and in a dress of brilliant color.

On the end wall of the Sala del Cambio, are two more frescoes by Perugino: one of them the Transfiguration; the other, the adoration of the infant Saviour by the Virgin, Joseph, shepherds, and angels. In the former, the figure of the Saviour is full of majesty and beauty; the head is particularly well drawn. The two prophets are kneeling beside him on clouds. On the mount lie the three apostles; one of them with his arm raised up over his eyes, to shield them from the light, as in Rafael's Transfiguration. The whole work is able and brilliant. The Adoration is upon the level of Perugino's best performances.

On the front wall, at the side of the door, is the figure of Cato, by the hand of Perugino. Upon the [sides?] are mythological subjects connected with astronomy. In the centre, is Apollo in his chariot; and over other parts are the seven planets, represented by human figures riding, &c. The entire distribution and decoration of this room are excellent. Perugino thus took the lead among the artists of that period, in representing the sibyls, in connection with the prophets, as religious and *inspired* personages. Several years afterwards, in 1508, Michael Angelo adopted Perugino's conception, representing the prophets and sibyls in company. Subsequently, Rafael painted four sibyls in the church of Santa Maria della Pace, in Rome, and furnished drawings for the figures of the prophets, which were executed by another hand; and a few years later, L'Ingegno represented, also, four sibyls and four prophets with great beauty, in a chapel in the church of S. Francesco, at Assisi. Perugino also here led the way in that recurrence to classical and mythological subjects in which he was followed by Rafael and Giulio Romano. There seems to be no sufficient reason for ascribing any part of these frescoes to Rafael. The custode, however, assigned to Rafael the figure of Luna upon the ceiling, who is represented by a female driving in a chariot, with two other

females running; on no other ground, apparently, than because they exhibit the rich, full grace and beauty for which Rafael, several years later, became distinguished. Even if we supposed that these frescoes were painted in 1500, as has been assumed by some writers, we should find it impossible to attribute any of these figures, much less the best of them, to Rafael, whose powers at that date were by no means sufficiently developed to have painted with the force, freedom, and beauty here manifested. These works are decidedly beyond any thing that Rafael produced until after 1505; as may be seen by his Coronation of the Virgin in the Vatican, 1503; the Spozalizia, in 1504; the Last Supper, in S. Onofrio, at Florence; the Lunette, in S. Severo, at Perugia; all of which bear the date 1505.

Another evidence that much of Rafael's excellence consisted in a natural development and perfecting of the vital type which was evolved in the school of Perugino, is found in the Rafaelesque elegance and grace attained by another of Perugino's scholars, Pinturicchio, prior to the time when Rafael had expanded into excellence. A fine composition by this artist is the Finding of the Cross, in the vault of the Tribune of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme; of which the figures are full of that grace and dignity which we find in Rafael's Peruginesque forms. The colors are very high and fresh; not shading into one another, but each object having its own strong color clearly separated from the others; probably the result of a clumsy retouching. This was executed (prior to 1495). In the collection at the University of Perugia is a set of six pictures together, by Pinturicchio, which are altogether like the best of Perugino. On one panel is the angel making, and on another the Virgin receiving, the Annunciation, with a white dove coming to her from the window. The face of the Virgin is of the utmost loveliness and beauty. But incomparably the finest productions of Pinturicchio that I am acquainted with, are the three large frescoes on the walls of a chapel in the church of S. Maria Maggiore, in Spello, executed in 1501, when Rafael was but eighteen, and had done nothing that could have contributed to the character of this excellence. On one of the

side walls is the Annunciation; the white dove, as before indicated, flying in towards the Virgin at the same time that the angel is announcing the condescension. On one side is a portrait of the painter, looking out of the window, and below it "Bernardinus Pictoricius Perusinus." Upon the end wall of the chapel, is the Adoration of the Infant by the Virgin, St. Joseph, and some shepherds; the Magi approaching in the distance. All these figures are admirably painted, as regards nature, strength, and grace. The face of the Virgin is not exceeded, if it be equalled, in beauty, expression, and loveliness, by any thing in Rafael. The latter introduced an increased naturalness and actuality of head; but the type declined proportionably in spirituality of expression. The third fresco, on the remaining side of the chapel, is Christ disputing with the Doctors; and it is, perhaps, the best of all. The youthful Deity, a figure of much sweetness and grace, is standing between learned sages on both sides of him; some of whom are wondering, others listening, others pondering. At the side, Joseph and Mary, attended by some female figures, are coming in. The face, figure, and action of the mother are admirable. Her eyes are cast down, and her flushed face indicates a modest embarrassment and alarm at finding her son in so conspicuous a position; something of a fear lest he may expose himself. She has caught the belt of Joseph's robe, who is in front of her. Altogether, it is a composition of the highest richness, variety, and power. It is interesting to trace the progressive development in the several heads of the Virgin. The first, which is the Annunciation, is of faultless beauty, but calm, and not much disturbed from the natural condition of the features. The Adoration is a face upon which the gushing tides of natural feeling have overflowed, till they have dissolved its natural beauty into a celestial radiance of loveliness too exalted for an earthly destiny. Then, in the mother of the growing youth, is seen the fullest, deepest, tenderest maternal solicitude. In the church of S. Francesco, in the same town, is a Madonna with saints, by Pinturicchio, but not equal to the frescoes It contains a curious letter to him from the Lord of Perugia

(see it).* In 1503, Pinturicchio, aided in some degree by Rafael, and probably others of the same school, decorated the walls of the Libreria, at Siena, with historical compositions embracing a great profusion of figures. Rafael is known to have furnished drawings for two of these paintings, which are not decidedly superior to the others; and how closely the entire series comes to Rafael's general standard may be inferred from the circumstance, that a few years ago the whole were attributed to him. There is a good deal of carelessness in the execution of these figures, but they show clearly that the fine heads and attitudes introduced into Rafael's Roman frescoes were but finished reproductions of models long before in use in the school of Perugino.

The most striking display of the fine talents of the other members of the Perugino guild, is to be seen in the frescoes of the Chapel of St. John the Baptist, adjoining the Sala del Cambio in Perugia, which, for the beauty, splendor and good taste of its pictorial decorations, is scarcely excelled by any chapel in Europe. They are executed by that master and several of his scholars. The date of these, as I was informed by the custode upon the spot, is 1500; but, although the parts executed by Perugino cannot be much later, it is impossible to doubt that some other portions, by his scholars, have been done after the full development of Rafael's style at Rome had taken place. In the centre of the ceiling is God the Father, in clouds, encircled with cherubs' heads, and three or four little angels of free and graceful attitudes, playing among the clouds at his feet. His head is of the most elevated, pure, majestic type that I know of; almost an exact portrait of Bishop White. The drapery is also admirable. This, and a three-quarter figure on the altar front, are by Perugino. At the end, over the altar, is the baptism of Christ by St. John, and on one side of it, the angel making the Annunciation, and on the other the Virgin

* The reader will readily observe by this and other indications, as on pp. 108, 188, 190, that these pages are printed from a first draft, which was intended by the author to be corrected, enlarged, and entirely re-written.—Ed.

receiving it. These three are said to be by Giannicola. The angel, running, with drapery of glowing purple, is thoroughly Rafael. It is incredible that it should have been painted much before 1520. The ceiling, which is distributed into compartments, divided by gilded panelings, is of a blue ground, with gold stars, and is painted with figures of the four evangelists, the four doctors of the church, and sundry saints, connected with the city. On the side-walls are four large pictures of the Visitation, the birth of St. John, his decollation, and the feast of Herod; together with reclining figures of two Sibyls. In several parts of the room, and under the arches, are beautiful arabesques, and small pictures. The four evangelists, and the two sibyls, are ascribed, by the custode, to Rafael. The heads have much of his quality; but, in the figures and limbs of each, there is some one or more great fault in drawing, which makes it obvious that Rafael had no hand in it. The head of St. John the Evangelist, and those of the Sibyls, are so entirely of his style as to render it clear that several Rafaels in Europe may well be by the artist who executed these. Many of the heads are of his finest Greek type. The gilding of the panelings of the ceiling has been restored; but the paintings are in excellent preservation. They have never been engraved, but persons are now copying them for the purpose of translating them by the burin to that form.

It is impossible to view the various works of Perugino, of Pinturicchio, and others of his followers, without perceiving that many of those ideas of beauty, grace and expression, which we connect with Rafael's name, are the joint property of a school of Perugino's followers. Rafael evolved to perfection the idea of Peruginism, which also the master and his other pupils more or less successfully developed: and the ancient Greek statuary was fully comprehended and plentifully wrought, as the type of this school, before and apart from Rafael. He unquestionably reacted most powerfully upon the whole school; but, still, Rafaelism, in Art, was an idea in commission and transmission among several.

RAFAEL.

If vastness of intellectual and moral thought, communicated through forms of patriarchal grandeur, and with a power as "gentle," yet as extending and as resistless as "the morning light," constitute the characteristic of Michael Angelo, the name of Rafael calls up to our recollection a family of angelic shapes, in which beauty is superinduced upon grandeur, and dignity melts into consummate grace; which are illuminated by imagination and tinged by the hues of sentiment. Michael Angelo is an illustrator of powerful thoughts; Rafael a creator of perfect forms. In one, the abstract and mental purpose is so supreme, absorbing and intense, that all primary and independent consideration of the figures that express it is lost; as, in the glow of poetry we note not severally the syllables which convey the fire. The other labored, by the perfecting and beautifying of natural forms, to communicate those senti ments which are indwelling in beauty, grace and the imagi native perfections of personal forms. The mind is the realm of Michael Angelo's dominion; and hence he enjoys a prodigious fame, but a meagre popularity. The sentiments are the circle of Rafael's enchantments, more conformably, perhaps, to the true character of Art; and therefore his popularity is as universal as his fame. But the sentiments which engaged his genius were the most dignified that our nature and life evolve; oftentimes divine. Nay, he succeeded in investing intelligence itself with the grace and character of sentiment, and could incarnate the highest conceptions of divinity in visible beauty. Perhaps, therefore, it is not that he is less earnestly a thinker and a teacher than Michael Angelo, but only that he is more effectually an artist. He gives personality to sanctity and truth, and reaches and cleanses the soul through the imagination and the heart. If Michael Angelo is the prophet of the Old covenant, to drive men from evil by terrors, Rafael is the apostle of the New, to win them to the loveliness of virtue. Nature was the home of his genius; the channel, if not the

source of his inspirations. If his burning inspirations often transfigure nature with an ethereal splendor, he returns, with constant love, to its repose and simplicity; and sometimes sacrificed a higher praise in his too faithful rendering of the character of reality.

The peculiar purpose of Rafael's inspiration, as an artist, was to interpret between nature and spirituality, and to conciliate them into union, in the radiant truthfulness of his heaven-breathing forms. To develope and demonstrate the spiritualism of nature seems to have been the intellectual instinct of his deep-divining soul. He loves to explain the mysteries of divinity to us as the only, the possible perfections of human life, purified and raised by social affections, and chaste meditations or severe thought. His works seem to be founded on the view that the divinity of the Saviour and his saints was not merely a special and extraordinary fact, but also the revelation and illustration of a restoration capable of being developed even out of fallen humanity; that religion is the permanent realization of Deity made known "in the flesh;" the manifestation of "God with us." Never was there an artist of such intense spiritual sensibility, whose imagination reproduced natural forms with such unperverted truth—such genuine tone. Generally, in such cases, the morbid metaphysical power of the feelings re-acts upon the imagined form so powerfully as to pinch and bend its shapes into stiff and narrow types, half-conventional in their meaning. But Rafael's imagination acted with perfect fearlessness and freedom, to bring the form up to its highest inherent excellence; and, in that state, his genius seemed to baptize it with a luminous suffusion of spirituality, with which it shines forever. Some painters, such as Fra Beato, may represent a more strenuous and high-raised spirituality than Rafael: others, such as Titian, may give us a more forcible and real representation of nature: the special and lovely greatness of Rafael is, that his works present the greatest degree of spirituality that was ever inspired in forms so glowingly instinctive with the sympathies of nature.

It is as the painter of the Madonna that Rafael is known to

the admiration and affections of the whole world; and the variety, not of style and composition, but of purpose and sentiment, which he has exhibited under that notion, is remarkable. His Madonnas may be distributed into three distinct classes. First, those in which the Madonna is the representative, simply, of motherhood; and typifies only the natural sanctity of woman, in her relation to her first-born. In other words, the representation of the human mother and her human child is taken as the symbol of the peculiar divinity of the Madonna and Infant. The second may be called the Historical Madonna; giving us a view of what might have been the actual of the divine infant; sometimes with Joseph and Anna; sometimes with neither. The third class is the Spiritual and Divine Madonna, viewed in her permanent, ecclesiastical and doctrinal character, and generally in glory.

The first of these conceptions of the Madonna has a more profound and moral significance than at first might be supposed. It proceeds upon the feeling that womanhood, seen in the purity of its holiest function as mother, has in it a ray of divineness fit to make it the symbol of the Blessed and her Christ. In view of the suggestion that the Catholic worship of the Virgin Mother is but an instinct, or recognition, of an inherent divineness in humanity, insphered in woman, this peculiar class of Rafael's Madonnas proceed upon a deeper philosophy than a casual glance might detect.

To this class belongs the charming mother and child, in the Berlin gallery, No. 248, known as the Madonna di (?) Casa Calonna. In this extremely beautiful picture, the color of which, though now faded, seems once to have been brilliant, the child is held on the mother's knee, in a somewhat struggling attitude, and has his left hand upon the top of her dress near her neck, his right upon her shoulder. His face is that of a child only, with nothing of divinity; her's is the countenance of a merely human mother. Her hair is reddish, in the Venetian manner; a suggestion which Rafael may have derived from Perugino's Madonna in the Manfrini gallery.

Another of this style is the Madonna della Casa Tempi, now

in the Pinacothek at Munich, cabinet xix., No. 6031. In this admirable picture, the color of which also seems faded, the mother, standing, holds up the child's head against her face, and presses him earnestly to her breast in almost an ecstasy of maternal emotion. In these we have the mother and child only; and, judging from engravings, there are several other of his Madonnas with the infant, which are altogether similar to these two in character. But there is another branch of this class, in which the infant St. John appears; and, in accordance with the general design, merely under the type of an ordinary infant. He frequently bears the cross, indeed, but that is only a traditionary mark, like the arrow in St. Sebastian, to indicate what character he represents. But with the exception of some conventional sign of that kind, which, in the case of the Virgin, may be a gilded ring around the head, there is in these works nothing in expression or attitude to denote that the woman is ether than an ordinary mother,—that one of the children is a god, and the other his herald. There is nothing of consciousness, either, in respect to their own divine character or that of the others, in the faces or positions of any of the persons. St. John, however, is represented in a somewhat subordinate and secondary, or attendant position: as standing and looking at the Saviour, who is seated on the mother's knees, or as bringing something to amuse him. The design of the artist being to generalize the relation of the Saviour and St. John into a representation of an ordinary scene in human life, where the superior nature is attended or aided by an elder but humbler promoter.

Of this class is the Madonna del Cardonella, in the Tribune, a work of mild yet exquisite beauty. The mother, arrayed in a red tunic and blue robe, is seated, holding a book. A heavenly radiance seems to settle and rest on her head and brow. The Saviour, standing between her knees, extends his arm with a somewhat lofty air, to take a goldfinch which St. John, whom the Virgin encircles with her arm, brings to the other with great satisfaction. In this simple, delicate, vigorous little work, every thing in the heads and expressions is purely natu-

ral. [Passeggio same class—Madonna della Segiola of same class.]

There are some Madonnas of this class, in which Joseph appears alone with the mother and infant, and the group forms a symbol of the sanctity of the child and mother in the family relation. Others in which St. John is added to the composition; as in the Repose in Egypt, in the Belvidere gallery at Vienna, where the infant St. John humbly offers some fruits in his lap, which the mother holds the Saviour down to take, while Joseph grasps St. John by the arm to raise him up. Sometimes Elizabeth appears instead of Joseph.

In those representations of the subject, which may be called historical, or actual, the parties appear in their real and peculiar characters, conscious of themselves, and recognizing one another. The principal infant is obviously a divine being, and so is felt to be none other than the One Incarnate. The other, also, is the St. John Baptistes of the Gospel, enlightened by an inspired recognition of his master, and exercising his mission of pointing him out, or yielding adoringly to his higher sanctity.

Sometimes, in these, we have the infants alone with the Virgin; as when she reveals the Saviour to the young St. John. In the small, but exquisitely pure and pearl-like group in the Louvre (No. 418), called the *Vierge au Linge*, of which there are repetitions, the mother lifts the vail from her slumbering offspring, to show him to the son of Elizabeth. In that picture, the infant lies profoundly and richly asleep; a celestial softness of atmosphere is about his brow and eyes. The infant St. John kneels in humble homage; or, in some repetitions of it, stands and points to him, with earnest and decided air. The drawing of the sleeper's figure, which is extended, with one arm stretched back, is perfect. Of the Louvre illustration, the color has greatly faded. But most frequently, in this class, the Holy Family, including Joseph and Elizabeth, is represented; as in the Madonna del Impannata, where the holy child is the object of reverent solicitude to the three adult persons, while the little St. John, seated at the side, in all the solemnity of a

prophet, points to him, as if he would say, "Behold the Lamb of God." In the same rank is the popular and agreeable picture of the Holy Family, in the Musée Bourbon, at Naples, No. 370, sometimes called the *Madonna col divin' Amore*. The mother is seated, with her hands folded in adoration of her miraculous offspring, who, astride of her knees, with extended arm, is giving the divine benediction to St. John, who, bending upon one knee, and placing his hand upon his breast, seems to supplicate it. The Virgin wears a dress of pale lake color, with a blue robe going over her knee. Elizabeth, with her withered face, is behind the infant Christ, and holds him with one hand. There are square pillars in the background; and between them, towards one side, is Joseph, who looks round at the group.

The third [wholly unfinished. In this class, of course, would come the Madonna di San Sisto, or Dresden Madonna.]

In the sacristy of the church of S. Pietro de Casinensi, in Perugia, is preserved a small picture of two infants: the Saviour and St. John, seated together on a gilded bench, one of them having his arms over the shoulders of the other. The color is pallid, but some delicate pinkish flesh tints still linger about the limbs. It is represented to be the earliest remaining work from the pencil that afterwards drew the Madonna di San Sisto; and it is characteristic of the early path in which Rafael's genius moved, that this should be a copy from Perugino. In the first room of the Borghese gallery at Rome, No. 46, there is an unfinished picture attributed to Rafael, which, if genuine, must be the work of his very early years. It represents Christ lying on the ground, with a cross; St. John kneeling to him; the mother also kneeling, and two angels with trumpets; and is entirely Peruginesque in its elements and character. In the Berlin gallery there are three pictures of Rafael's earliest years, representing the mother and child. In one of them, No. 141, the child holds a bird; in another, No. 145, they are attended by St. Jerome and St. Francis; and in the third, No. 147, by St. John, who stands with his arms folded on his breast, and

holding a cross. All of these have much beauty, but still are purely Perugian. [See Waagen's Catalogue.]

The portrait of a Florentine lady in the Tribune must be referred to a period when Rafael, in his earliest manner, was yet far short of his master's excellence. It is hard, flat, and dull. The face is melancholy and the hands brown; the drawing of the figure pinched and timid. The catalogue says that it is painted in the style of Leonardo. It has that stiffness and confinement which some of his pictures show, but not the expression which they all have. It might be taken for an early work of Francesco Francia.

Another work generally agreed to be Rafael's is, certainly, very early, and before any decided advance upon his master had been made by him. It hangs in the royal palace in Naples, and exhibits the Virgin seated on a throne, and two female saints beside her; the infant is upon her knee, and St. John, standing, reaches to him; on either side, in front, are St. Peter and St. Paul. When I first looked at it, I was confident that it was a work of Perugino. After a longer examination, one may find in the standing St. John, a greater richness and fullness of limb than is usual in Perugino. His face and figure have a striking resemblance to those of the infant in the Seggiola Madonna. The Virgin's face is full of loveliness; but most of the others have precisely the puckered features of old Perugino. The heads have golden circles around them. Upon the whole, were one to judge from internal marks alone, there would be little hesitation in assigning it to Perugino rather than Rafael; yet it appears to be perfectly authenticated as a work of the latter, and only proves that at that time he did nothing more than literally re-combine the types of his teacher. The coronation of the Virgin, painted for the church of S. Francesco, at Perugia, but now in the same room with the Transfiguration, in the Vatican, is also almost completely Perugino; and the Predella subject, in an adjoining room, appears, as already remarked, to have been imitated upon some similar works by Perugino, at Perugia. This is said to have been painted in 1503. To the same period, I think, should be referred the

small Risen Christ, in the Galleria Tosi, now belonging to the city of Brescia. It is about a foot in breadth, and a foot and a half in height. The Saviour points with his left hand to the wound in his side, and with the other to heaven. His left hand shows a wound in the back. He wears the crown of thorns. The figure, which is beautifully drawn, is given only to the middle; and with the exception of a red robe round the right shoulder, and over the base of the picture, is undraped. The face, and especially the eyes, are thoroughly Perugino. This work has generally been referred to the year 1505, but appears to me too entirely a school-work to belong to the period of the frescoes of San Severo. The Adoration of the Kings, at Berlin, is so entirely effaced that it is scarcely worth while to refer to it. All of these works are probably anterior to 1504.

In that year, when Rafael was twenty-one, was painted the Sposalizia, or Marriage of the Virgin and St. Joseph, now in the Brera at Milan. This might be compared to a transparency of Perugino, through which a stronger, brighter, ruddier light than emanated from his mind was shining. There is great distinctness, brilliance and power in all the figures; and the work gives us a high idea of Rafael's genius. And yet all his merit consists in the more animated, spirited, and master-like style in which his teacher's thought is represented. It is Perugino reproduced in the vital mirror of an imagination larger, more fervid and more sensitive to the Beautiful than his own. The composition, with two groups on either side of the high priest, and an architectural design behind, with steps, is derived from Perugino's Delivery of the Keys to St. Peter in the Sistine chapel. Several of the faces are exactly copied from Perugino's models. There is a dryness about the coloring characteristic of his manner. The flesh tones, though clear, are pervaded by an olive tint. The draperies are variously and highly colored, yet have much severity of outline. It is impossible to point to any particular in the type of the figures, their character, expression, grace or dignity, in which Rafael here displays any invention. Yet he already renders the transmitted type with a grandeur, fullness, and accuracy of drawing, which

surpasses any previous examples. And he displays one artist quality which gives this work, for popular effect, an immense advantage over Perugino. He has thrown a general light into the air behind the figures, which sets them in fine and most agreeable relief. This atmospheric brightness of background is one of Rafael's most uniform and important characteristics, and he had thus early learned its value. The Virgin in this picture is beautiful, and the girl behind her has an animated and interesting countenance; but Joseph looks rather tristful.

Rafael may be considered as displaying gratefully in this picture, and to the highest possible advantage, the entire mental patrimony which he inherited as part of the school of Perugino; as if he had meant the Sposalizia to show in his later works with what surpassing power of wing, making the last limit of Perugino his starting point, he could soar away into splendors invisible to the keen strong eye that taught and guided his early flights. His works in the following year show the independent workings of his own imagination. They are not equal in grace and beauty to the Sposalizia: but they are far more valuable; because they show that imitation had at last provoked an original action of the mind. There is an aspect of painfulness in the countenances of Rafael's works in the year 1505, which indicates that the sensibility of his imagination was then greater than its tone, and that his spirit suffered in giving birth to its own strong conceptions. To this period belongs the fresco of the Last Supper, which was discovered in 1845, in a room in the Via Tedesca in Florence, which had formerly been part of the convent of St. Onofrio. On the border around the neck of the dress of St. Thomas, are the words "Rap. VRS. MDV.:" and no rational doubt can be entertained of the authenticity of the work. A good deal that is Peruginesque still hangs about the habit of its author's mind; yet the controlling outlines have an original character, and the expressions have a force, and an individualness of thought beyond the master. Some of the apostles look frightened; others look anxious or unhappy; but all the faces have a decision and intenseness that show a mind determined to leave its mark in Art. St. John lies with his

head upon the table; Judas sits in front, holding the bag, and looking out of the picture. Some of the apostles appear to be attending to what Jesus says; others are eating and drinking. The name of each is painted under his feet. The background is a tapestry of figured green. In a compartment above, is the Agony in the Garden, with small figures. In other compartments, tall slender young trees are painted, like those often seen in Rafael's pictures.

Another interesting fresco partly by Rafael in this year, and partly by Perugino a few years later, exists at Perugia, in a chapel in the convent of San Severo, over the altar. It is of two parts. The upper, by Rafael, consists of God the Father, with two angels below him at the sides. Beneath the Father, is the Dove, and still lower the Saviour, on either side of whom are three saints. On one side, beginning on the left, are St. Maurus, St. Placidus, St. Benedictus (or Severus); on the other, St. Romualdus, St. Benedict and St. John. The figures of God the Father and one of the angels are entirely effaced. The other angel has a freedom, force, richness, and boldness of foreshortening, thoroughly Rafaelesque. The head of the Saviour is finely and beautifully drawn; and his upraised arm and head are quite like those in the Transfiguration. Below this work of Rafael, are a range of half a dozen saints by Perugino, the work of his extreme old age. The faces are feeble and vacant. Below these, on both sides, are inscriptions, one of which states that Rafael's work was painted in 1505; the other, that Perugino's was painted in 1521. So that we here see in conjunction, one of the earliest of the pupil's and the latest of the master's productions. It is probable that the Last Supper was executed earlier than this work at San Severo; as Rafael was at Florence in the end of 1504 and beginning of 1505.

In this year, also, are said to have been painted the two portraits of a man and woman of the Doni family, now in the Pitti gallery, Nos. 59 and 61 of the Hall of Apollo. The former is the better of the two; but both are stiff and hard; still they have immature touches of those qualities of outline and color which afterwards grew into the nectarine richness of Rafael's

forms. About the same time was painted the portrait of Rafael by himself in the Uffizzi. There is in the expression something of melancholy, as of a spirit haunted by its own too earnest thoughts; the coloring has a richness that seems repressed by timidity or severity.

The only picture that I am acquainted with that bears upon itself the date MDVI., is the Virgin and two children in the Belvidere gallery at Vienna, called the Virgin in the Meadow, No. 55 of Chambre 3. The faces of the boys have something of the rich expression of the Seggiola picture. It is beautiful, yet simple and pure. It must be allowed that the Perugino manner is still visible in this work.

In the following year, we behold another influence coming athwart the soul of the youthful painter, and inspiring it with a grandeur and strength, and upwardness of aim that raised him into that front rank of great painters which he afterwards occupied. I mean the emulation of Michael Angelo; the source or stimulant of all that was great in Rafael. The first picture in which this is unmistakably shown is the Entombment, in the Borghese; No. 37 of the second room; which bears the inscription, Rafael Urbinas MDVII. We here find no resemblance to Perugino. Whatever types may have been derived from him have been matured into such higher grade as to make them truly originals; and this chiefly by Rafael's own independent study of Greek sculpture. The predominant characteristics of face and attitude are derived from Michael Angelo; with whose force, and daring, and grandeur, the artist's soul seems to have been set on fire. Both the composition and the coloring have great variety and force at the expense of harmony. The female heads are of great beauty. The countenance of the woman behind the Virgin, who has her arm around her fainting form, is of uncommon loveliness. Altogether you see a work in which the embodying powers of the artist come not up to the conceptive ardor of the creator, and which therefore has a coldness and stiffness not quite agreeable. But on the other hand you see an ambition, a skill in drawing individual figures, and a pervading greatness, that give assurance of a speedy march

of triumph into the highest regions. It is a prodigious advance upon all that Rafael had done before that time, and it belongs to the same order of works as the Vatican frescoes and the Transfiguration.

In the following year, 1508, Rafael began the frescoes in the Camera della Segnatura in the Vatican,—consisting of Theology, or the Dispute of the Sacrament; Poetry, or Parnassus; Philosophy, or the School of Athens; and Jurisprudence—which occupied three years, and were finished in 1511. The merit of these works consists chiefly in the dignity, grace, beauty, and intellectual and noble expression in single figures. The compositions are somewhat cold, lifeless, and heavy. The worst in that respect is Theology, and the best the School of Athens. But as single figures, nothing can exceed the serene and lofty gace of the type which here for the first time and forever Rafael associated with his name. It is altogether his own; yet he was undoubtedly led to it through the forms which had grown into his mind in the school of Perugino. The diligent study of the antique sculpture which now became familiar in Rome, gave variety and expansion to that system; and Michael contributed something in the grandeur of manner. Yet from whatever sources suggested and supplied, the forms in their final issue, have an absolute unity, originality, and character.

The year 1511 (?) was marked by an event memorable in the history of Art, and of the development of Rafael's genius,—the throwing open to the public of Michael Angelo's frescoes in the Sistine chapel. The first impression seems to have overset Rafael altogether: and in the figure of Isaiah in the Church of S. Augustino at Rome, he appears to have forgotten all confidence in his own native inspiration, and to have produced little else than a caricature of the mighty Florentine's manner. Subsequently, he learned to make the true use of Michael Angelo's great example; in catching the sentiment which it breathes, and qualifying and advancing his own characteristic style by feeding his spirit upon the atmosphere of grandeur and high thoughtfulness which the Sistine frescoes exhale. The expulsion of Heliodorus, in the stanza of that name in the Vatican, is, in parts

at least, the most vivid, single, and powerful composition that Rafael ever produced. The group that sweep the desecrator from the fane, seem launched with swiftness from the altar of the Lord; instant as lightning, the rush of vengeance springs upon the offender, and he is overwhelmed in the whirlwind of indignation. That group cannot be called an imitation of Michael Angelo. It is altogether original and Rafaelesque, and may be considered as an evidence that Rafael when provoked by an exalting emulation, could develop from his own genius, qualities fit to be mated against the august master of power. In some other parts of the fresco there is some adoption of Michael Angelo's manner of twisting the figure, which does not here produce that impression of power which it does in the Florentine.

In this year of 1512, Rafael's genius seems to have been deepened into a sensibility to beauty, exceeding any thing he had displayed before; and perhaps a little too morbid for the purity and dignity of perfect Art. It may be observed, in particular, that the sentiment and faculty of color, at this period, became developed in him with almost excessive energy; and much exceeding both earlier and later manifestations. This might, by some, be attributed to an effort to educate his powers in a different direction from that which characterized Michael Angelo, and to excel in a department in which that master was notoriously deficient: or, by others, to his having caught a sympathy with the Venetian school, of which there are other traces in some of his works. But it may most reasonably be referred to the temporary condition of his mental faculties in the co-progress of their changeful and comprehensive development. Color is a mental or cerebral faculty; intimately allied with the general state of the intellectual qualities, or, perhaps, resulting from them; and, probably, Rafael's organization was, at this time, in that condition of sensuous spiritualism of which color is a natural accompaniment and exponent. The Madonna di Fuligno, which bears the date 1512, may be referred to as an evidence of the somewhat morbid hyper-susceptibility of Rafael's

imagination in that year. The figures show an intensity of conception that is not quite healthy.

One of the works which belongs to this period is the lovely Fornarina of the Tribune, which, in fact, bears upon it the date 1512. It is the face of a most beautiful woman. She is fully and carefully dressed; with ear-rings, a finger-ring, and a gold chain passing round her neck, and coming to the top of her dress. But the small, thin curl of a few hairs, hanging loosely over her forehead and cheek, is a grace of nature truly Rafaelesque. Off one shoulder hangs a panther skin, which is held by her hand. The rich, warm, "purple light of love" hangs voluptuously over the picture. The whites of her dress are yellowish, and the harmony of all the coloring is admirable. It may be observed, that in the Pitti gallery, (No. 245,) is a portrait, by some ascribed to Rafael, but called in the catalogue, *Anonymous*. It is obviously the same head; and it has the same peculiarity of a slight curl coming down loose over the face. The coloring and drapery are not like Rafael, being more broken, ragged and intricate than is usual with him. I am by no means sure that the Fornarina of the Barberini palace at Rome, does not represent the same woman, in later years; for, though very differently conceived by the painter, the character of the faces is much the same. The one has the poetry of a female face, beaming with the inspiration of full dress, and further idealized perhaps by youthful love: the other is the prose of a figure, which age and custom have worn, and which is seen *en deshabillé*, in the light of mere actuality. If the latter be really by Rafael, it is in his later years, when he had fallen into that literal style, of which we shall speak elsewhere. It is precisely such a face as you see at this hour, among the Roman women of the lower order. But its having the word "Rafael" on the arm is, perhaps, not so conclusive of its authorship, since a repetition of it in the Borghese, confessedly by Guilio Romano, copies the same word. It must be allowed to have something of the metallic style of Guilio, who perhaps put the name there to denote the subject, not the author.

As a pendant to the Tribune Fornarina, may be mentioned

the exquisite portrait of Bindo Altoviti, now at Munich; formerly called a portrait of Rafael. It is on a green ground, and has a wonderfully lifelike and yet ideal look. The coloring has the freshness and softness of a picture finished yesterday. Of the same luxurious coloring is the Repose in Egypt, in the Belvidere at Vienna, Chamber 3, No. 53. The richness, depth, warmth and lustre of the tones are as delightful as, to one accustomed to Rafael's earlier and ordinary manner, they must be surprising. Nothing, in all respects, can be more remote from the cold purity of his youthful manner, or the rather dry delicacy of his later years, than this. The forms and attitudes of the children are admirable. It gives one quite a new impression of Rafael.* In the Esterhazy gallery, in the same place, (No. 56, Salle 10,) is a picture, formerly called a portrait of Rafael, by Perugino, but confidently stated to be a portrait of the Duc d'Urbino, by Rafael. It is of a very bright, airy color; and the features seem to have the illumination and quiver of nervous life.

There are a few pictures of Rafael in which one sees a predominance of yellow tone, which was much used by some of his followers, as may be seen in the Loggie of the Vatican. It is probable that these were partly executed by Rafael, and were colored by some of his pupils. Of this class is the Saint Cecilia in the Bologna gallery, (No. 132,) which appears not to have been completed till some years after it was commenced. If we suppose it taken up in an unfinished state by one of his pupils, and colored, we shall be able to account for the heaviness of expression which is now felt to be unsatisfactory in a work where the conception and composition are able. Of the same order is the Madonna del Passegio, (No. 278,) of the Naples museum, where the Mother, standing, holds the Saviour, to whom the infant John presses closely to kiss. Joseph, who is walk-

* Very similar in manner is a Rafael in the gallery at Parma, called the ———. The landscape strongly resembles that of the Repose in Egypt, in Vienna: so do the high plum-colored tents. The face of the Saviour resembles that of the infant in the San Sisto. Its authenticity has been doubted; and it has been ascribed to some of his pupils; but I take it to be genuine.

ing away, in the back ground, turns his head round. He has a yellow dress, and white streaming hair and beard, as seen in some of the figures of the Loggie, and often adopted by Rafael's followers. It is a small and slight picture, and yet has some marks of genuineness. We might plausibly conjecture that this was drawn by Rafael at an early period, and afterwards colored by some scholar.

There is a class of portraits by Rafael, at a somewhat later period, in which, either from an excessive devotion to the Venetian materialistic manner, or from his own characteristic tendency to Nature gaining too great an ascendency over his idealizing powers, he fell into a style which seems to aim at nothing more than illusory transcription of physical forms. These are, to me, not pleasing works. There is, one might almost say, a cannibalism of materiality, which goes below Rembrandt, and indicates a false view of Art that seems inexplicable in Rafael. The most marked of these is the picture of Leo X. and two cardinals, in the Pitti gallery, (No. 63,) of which there is a repetition or a copy in a gallery at Naples, (No. 371.) The Pope, with a book in his hand, sits at a table, on which is a bell. The bell and the figures of the table-cloth are given with a deceptive literality of imitation that would have made the reputation of a Dutch painter. The figures have a heavy, unrelieved, beef-like solidity, that belongs to no high school of painting. The Pitti also contains a portrait of Cardinal Bibbiena, (No. 176,) which, though brilliant, is hard and cold; and one of Inghirami, (No. 171,) which is dry and stony, though clear. Of the same general class is the portrait of a Cardinal in the Leuchtenberg gallery, at Munich, (No. 39,) the effect of which is massive, but too material. The countenance is a rich and ripe one, strong, but without effort or stare. The white, soft beard falls over a red dress, delicately painted. The coloring is solid and pure: the high colored robe over the dress, the red cap, and the drapery generally, has too decided an illusory effect to be satisfactory. This material style of portraiture

[Here this essay upon Rafael, which, as has been already

said, was left by its author in a state obviously intended for revision and exfoliation, terminates abruptly. On some loose pieces of paper are found some further, but disconnected, remarks, as follows:]

The inclination of Rafael's genius, it may, perhaps, be said with truth, was not to invention but to perfection. And that is not only the highest, but the true characteristic and the normal action of Genius. In Art, perfecting is the genuine method of creating. Art does not consist in representing forms; it consists in causing forms to represent thoughts, sentiments, emotions. He who merely transfers to canvas a shape from nature or his own fancy, has done but little that would not have been accomplished if the image had been allowed to remain where it existed before. But he who ideals this form; who exalts it into the grandeur and beauty of a higher expressiveness by ——

It would be extremely untrue to say, that Rafael was not a great master in composition, for he has left to Art the most perfect examples of composition which it possesses; and in the department of Compositions of Action, he passes all rivalry and all imitation.

Yet it may be said, that his pictures are more often defective in composition than in any thing else. Those large pictures which exhibit compositions in repose, often fail in that particular, apparently on account of the excessive intensity with which single figures or separate groups in the whole piece are conceived; each having, as it were, its own focus of power, and not being subordinated to a controlling organization of the whole. It seems as if nothing else than an earnest, impetuous action in the whole combination of figures, could furnish a medium potent enough to absorb and melt down the strenuous individualness of his separate conceptions of them. He is, therefore, of compositions of action, the greatest master that existed; but it is in statical compositions that the least successful displays of his power are to be found. If we ever feel a want in viewing Rafael—if the vague suspicion of failure ever occurred to us in

that ever glorious presence; it would be in reference to works of that character.

And here we see the diversity which he was able to create between his sphere and Michael Angelo's. He disdained to imitate the great Florentine, or to cope with him in a style which he had created; his resources were adequate to the creation of a new method, style and manner of greatness; a new realm of grandeur which might be set beside the elder world of the other, for the independent and equal admiration of mankind.

Michael Angelo's prevailing instincts, as a sculptor, made him subject to the law of repose in figures and in compositions; which he carried into his great compositions in fresco. Where an action is represented by him, the moment chosen is one of temporary stillness and rest; as in the Vision of St. Paul and the Crucifixion of St. Peter. He has not painted *motion*—the actual transition of time, and acts, and attitudes. This is a characteristic greatness of Rafael, in which he has been followed by none so ably and decidedly as by Dominichino. The dynamics of composition are the creation of Rafael. Rubens, in a later day, showed an energy to cope with both Michael Angelo and Rafael in their own greatest strength.

When the several figures were not involved in one great action, he felt a difficulty in combining them into one expression; and thus occasions a defect of chiaro-scuro; which seems to me to have been the greatest want of Rafael. His tendency to *action* in compositions is seen in his first great composition, on the Entombment in the Borghese. Not only is the entire procession in actual and hurried movement, but the several figures are in almost tumultuous variety and agitation. [Mention the Heliodorus.] Another composition, of which only a fragment from his own hand remains, in the Cartoon of the National Gallery, is the Murder of the Innocents, being one of the second series of tapestries in the Vatican. This is of matchless excellence. Here the divergencies of many individual impulses of terror and ferocity are brought to a common centre of unity the most complete. A prodigious variety in the attitudes and conditions of the several struggling sets, is made to tend to

one exclusive and irresistible effect. The moral impression has an entireness and force that never were exceeded. The interest of violent contest is still at breathless height, yet you see that such is the position of each murderer in relation to each infant, that the destruction of each Innocent is inevitable. No backward-working hope or possibility of escape conflicts against the concentrated expression of certain doom that every line of the action combines to form. The discordant cries of the group come to our ears, blended into one piercing shriek of childless motherhood. Guido (and Poussin?) have represented this scene; but the forces of their canvas are divided and scattered. The deliverance of St. Peter, in a stanza of the Vatican, is another charming instance of a hurried, agitating action, treated with beautiful delicacy and interest. Equally successful is the representation of movement in the Incendio del Borgo; the figures of the men letting themselves down the wall and clinging with their hands to the parapet, and of the women carrying water with a swiftness that sends their drapery flying on one side and the other, produce a delightful effect in contrast with the calm air of the Pope, who appears at a window to arrest the flames with a motion of his hand. We readily see in this picture one of the models upon which Dominichino formed himself. But the battle of the Ponte Molle, in the Stanza of Constantine in the Vatican, which was executed by Guilio Romano after Rafael's death, and of which a portion of the original cartoon exists in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, may be considered not only as Rafael's most difficult and greatest composition, but as the most masterly representation in existence of a multitudinous and complicated action reduced to distinctness and connectedness of impression. Several of the tapestries also display admirable examples of great force in motion.

[MS. here ends abruptly. What follows in regard to certain pictures of Rafael are lead pencil entries in a pocket journal made on the spot. It need scarcely be added that they are mere notes of fact, and not even unfinished critical disquisitions.]

Hampton Court, Wednesday, 19th June, 1850.—The celebrated cartoons of Rafael at Hampton Court are on paper and colored, about twelve feet broad by eight high. They were cut into slips about two feet wide for the convenience of working into tapestry; but the parts have been put together again, in some instances perfectly, in others not well. Much of the coloring of some of them has flown. They are all, except two, under a strong front light, which is very unfavorable for seeing them. Yet their effect is immense. The best, I think, is St. Paul preaching at Athens. It is in the best preservation as to color and as to the junction of the pieces. It is worthy of Rafael. The company before him does not form a *group,* blended into one mass; the distinctness with which the moral individuality of each is marked, is admirable; you see the word in its effect upon each mind and heart. The working of the word upon each hearer is the great subject the artist has illustrated. The whole is combined into

Next to it I would rate the Death of Ananias; the action of the piece there is inimitable. The Miraculous Draught of Fishes is a noble and glorious thing, but unluckily greatly damaged and the colors much impaired. In the "Feed my Sheep," the group of Apostles is exceedingly lovely and beautiful. The three other cartoons pleased me less. As for Hampton Court, I think it could not have been elegant at any time, and it is now dismally gloomy. I should not envy a Royal Pensioner any thing—except the pleasure of seeing the cartoons.

Dresden, 29th September, 1850.—Rafael's Madonna di San Sisto. This picture surpasses all my expectations. It is beyond criticism, because it is free from mannerism; you can only characterize it by saying that it is the perfection of the highest grace and beauty. As you gaze at it, it produces a concentrating and awing impression. The august glory of heaven was never more powerfully displayed. It is one delicious blaze of celestial, holy beauty. To analyze the qualities in which this great effect consists, to trace the methods by which so astonishing a result has been brought out, is quite impracticable. The greatness of the work lies in the majestic radiance in which the

subject presented itself to the transcendent sensibilities of the painter's imagination, who appears to have rendered simply that which he had conceived divinely. Never was the effect of a picture less dependent, apparently, upon any devices of execution—upon color, drawing, light and shade, or composition. All the magic seems to be in the mental conception of the scene.

The peculiar interest of the mother's face seems to be twofold; consisting, first, in the union of virgin girlishness with maturity; and, secondly, in the charging of a human countenance with all the sensibility of imparted divinity. The whole catholic conception of motherhood superinduced upon the unviolated innocence of virginity, and of the mortal overshadowed and absorbed by the glory of the Godhead, is realized in that face. The balance between all these is kept with consummate judgment. In reverencing the effulgent sanctity of the face, you are not so much struck with the extent to which a divine elevation has been attained, as by the firmness and skill with which a human consciousness and human sympathies have been kept. There is in the face a sadness wholly free from pain; it is not that anxious sadness of motherhood, which Francia often threw into his Madonnas: it is the sadness of humanity invested with a divinity before whose infiniteness its nature grows almost appalled.

The face of the child is glowing and distended, as it were, with the forces of an in-dwelling spirit all-God. It seems to be communing in an intense intercourse with the Invisible Omnipotent, and to expand in the apprehension of its own exalted being. It broods and kindles over the thought of its transcendent destiny. It fires with all the sanctity of the Godhead, and something of its severity. It is holy even to sternness.

The figure of St. Barbara combines the greatest simplicity with the most delightful grace and beauty. Grandeur, elegance, and loveliness are combined in it with an expression of the utmost ease and nature.

The two angels who lean over upon the platform below, are perhaps the most remarkable and effective things in the whole work. They are children, and yet all heavenly. The face of

the one whose finger is on his upper lip, seems fixed upon the far throne of the Infinite, in the ardent, bold, eager, sympathetic adoration of a spirit which partakes of that which it worships. The attitude of the third finger resting on the upper lip, in a musing self-forgetfulness, imparts an exquisite naturalness to the figure. The power of that countenance, which yet is thoroughly child-like, is truly astonishing.

The painting of every part of this matchless work is as perfect as the design. The flesh seems to palpitate under your gaze. The clouds on which the Virgin stands are exquisitely beautiful. There is no doubt that the picture has been overcleaned; and the colors are, generally, paler than in the early days of its glory. But, unlike the Notte of Correggio, the characteristics of the work have not been destroyed, and its expression still triumphs over all the accidents and injuries of time.

To describe the composition: The Virgin appears standing on snowy clouds, and holding the infant in her arms. St. Sixtus, covered with a gilded vestment of his office, kneels on the clouds, on her right, and is pointing to something in front. On her left, kneels St. Barbara on the clouds. On a platform below, the two angels lean with their arms. In the blue vault, behind the Virgin, are an innumerable throng of cherub heads, faintly indicated in white against the blue. The whole scene is represented as behind a green curtain on a rod, which is withdrawn on both sides. The picture has a glass before it, and is on hinges. This great work is a proof that the higher displays of Genius and Art return to Nature and simplicity.

Rome, Thursday, 13th March, 1851.—I sat for a long time in front of the Transfiguration, trying to discover the causes why a picture which has so much that is admirable in it impresses me so little. After having seen it many times, and studied it long, I must avow that I am disappointed in the effect of the Transfiguration. The first time that I saw it was with a blank and total disappointment, from which I could not recover. On the subsequent occasions, the first impression has been similar; and though, after careful examination of all its parts, I have been impressed with great admiration for the ge-

nius and skill of the artist, I have still always gone away unmoved, and but little delighted with the picture itself. The details are full of genius and artist power; the combined effect is unimpressive. And this, I think, is characteristic of Rafael, and fairly illustrates the strength and weakness of his powers. In the drawing of the figure he was unsurpassed; in the imaginative power, which conceives of a whole scene with unity and energy, he was weak. I find that in him the spirit of the particular and local predominates over that of the general and ensemble; but the Correggiesque power of fusing all the elements together in one burning whole, was not *his*.

The division in the action and character of the picture strikes me as a fatal fault. After all my efforts, I cannot make one picture of it. It remains to me two pictures; and two pictures not merely distinct and not contributing to one another, but inconsistent, and respectively impairing and interfering with one another. The perspective effect appears to me to fail utterly. The chiaro-scuro is decidedly bad. The mountain, and the figures on it, and the figures above, are all very near you in the foreground. The same thing, in a greater degree, may be seen in the Madonna di Fuligno, where the Virgin has got her foot almost in the mouth of one of the saints. This appears to be a defect in Rafael's genius, arising from the want of vastness and vigor of imagination. The light around the Saviour seems quite too feeble; the atmosphere of glory in which he is involved quite too thin. It also is confined to the Saviour, and does not fully embrace the saints with him. Moses is clearly seen against a tree, and against the natural sky, whereas they were all enveloped in cloud; and there is even more occasion to wrap them in a visionary lustre than so to wrap the Saviour. The artist, who has copied the picture in mosaic, in St. Peter's, has perceived this, and has extended the glory so as fully to take the saints in. There is a want of light in the whole picture. The dark background below, which Rafael rarely used, and perhaps did not know fully how to deal with, has probably absorbed much of the lighter colors. The picture has grown darker by time. But the great excuse is, that it is certainly

much more unfinished than we generally are told. The light above, I am sure, would have been greatly extended and strengthened. Remembering the Madonna at Dresden, I am especially struck with this. The elements and details here are doubtless fine; and I imagine that it is artists, studying them, who have made the great reputation of the picture. Its popular character would not be so high.

CONTRIBUTIONS

TO THE EPHEMERAL PRESS.

Although engaged professionally and with constancy in writing upon the law, a habitual student in the departments of Greek and Roman letters and of Art, and holding no connexions of office or of profit whatsoever with the public press, Mr. Wallace, it has been already stated, was a frequent contributor to it of short articles upon such subjects as he thought were fit to occupy its columns. These were always anonymous; and the contribution of them seems to have been performed by him only as a discharge of the duty which every citizen owes to his country. "The various obligations which the government undertakes in other countries," he remarks in one place, "are, with us, in commission among such of the people as are adapted to the discharge of them. By bonds of patriotism and honor, as invisible and as little to be shunned as the air that surrounds him, every man among us is a debtor to his country for the exertion of his best efforts in directing aright the course of his countrymen, and advancing their condition to the highest good." The great "Committee of Public Safety" among us, he declares, "is the Press; and of that committee every man of ability and information ought to make himself, not professionally indeed, but occasionally, an active member. To correct the excesses of enthusiasm, to abate the violence of false notions before they overrun into actions, to point out neglected fields of effort and to urge to their occupancy, are the methods by which all who can handle a pen, may acquit themselves of the service which they owe to a system which gives them safety and pride."

A few of these pieces, the only ones upon topics of general interest which it has been practicable to recover, are presented in the pages which follow. Their value, in a literary point of view, may not be thought great; but they are interesting as an exhibition of thought and character; and it is hoped they may prove valuable as illustrating a department of their author's character very worthy of imitation.

ART EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

TO DO—TO BE.

"OTHER arts and sciences have their use, no doubt," says Jeffrey, "and heaven knows they have their reward and their fame. But the great art, is the art of living; and the chief science, is the science of being happy." We imagine that there is no country in the world where this capital branch of human knowledge is less attended to, and less systematically practiced, than in America. External and natural interests here, are so intense and absorbing, that there is neither inclination nor necessity for cultivating the resources of enjoyment. Every one is so occupied with the desire to *do*, that there is no leisure merely to *be:* accordingly at some periods of life, most persons have occasion to fulfill the other function of the verb, and *suffer*. In a dynamical point of view,—in its adaptation for action, and development, and progression—this country is in the finest possible state; but the statics of American society are in a much less favorable condition. Accordingly, here, when men cease to move rapidly forward, either from having acquired that which is the great object of pursuit, wealth, or from having been hopelessly thrown off the track, their minds are apt to become, as Bacon expresses it, "poor, meagre, shrunken things." Now it is well enough to bear in mind that there is a husbandry by which, when the natural harvest which the soil of life sends up, is exhausted, a more abundant and finer yield of enjoyment may be obtained. Abroad, this matter is much attended to. Perhaps nothing strikes an intelligent American more, in making acquaintance

with English and European society, than the extent to which the practice, if not the theory, of agreeable sensations, forms a positive and definite oject of thought and effort. Cultivated people of the old world make it a point, regularly, to seek for sources of pleasure, and then to enjoy them deliberately and fully. The pleasures of taste are largely cultivated. Art and the beauties of Nature, are made to furnish large supplies of gratification. The extent to which Art is studied, as a source of refined and soothing delight, and its capacities for contenting the uneasy spirit, or stimulating the sluggish one, are developed; and the faculties which are appropriate to the perception and fruition of its elevating and tranquillizing effects are educated and exercised, is altogether surprising to a visitor from these States. On this difference in the social state of the countries, we think that we find one of the causes of the want of patronage of galleries of the Fine Arts in America. The moral necessity of such things is not yet felt. Perhaps the period in which it shall be felt, ought to be wished far distant, for it may mark the stand-still of a nation's commercial prosperity, or the commencement of its decline.

AMERICAN ENJOYMENTS.

It was a shrewd and just remark of Carlyle, that there is no nation in the world where there is so little misery, and so little happiness, as in America. And the sources of this blessing and this evil lie side by side; or, rather, these two results are but different workings of the same moral principle. The undying instinct of self-advancement,—the unresting aspiration after social improvement—the restless energies of temper that delight in toil for its excitement, and crave the stimulus of risk with a passionate interest—the keen intellectual invention—the intense tenacity of purpose—the daring enterprises—which operate so magnificently upon our general and public progress—are attended by a certain inward reaction not so favorable to the en-

joyment of the individual. Americans become the slaves, and even the victims, of the spirits that they have called up to labor in their service. Those ambitious sensibilities which are, at first, powers to push us up to independence and material comfort, when their just operation is spent, remain as feelings to plague us with vague disquietudes, and longings which have no object. After a certain point in the upward scale of physical amelioration, appetency is developed in a higher ratio than there are interests to absorb and gratify; and the larger our worldly possessions are, the more profoundly and despairingly discontented we have become. This calamity envelopes us all equally. Authors and their readers—counselors and their clients—merchants and their customers—the capitalist and the day-laborer—men of the country and of the town—all alike are affected by the sad working of the irreversible law, that the prince of this world's good waits upon mortal bidding up to a limited period, only on the condition that, after that date, places shall be changed, and he shall become the ruler. We consider the joyless state of the class which popular estimation recognizes as our upper class— the want of sources of mental occupation and satisfaction of those who have placed themselves above the grade in which provision for the needs of life is the one engrossing and sufficient concern—to be the specific evil of our society, which to a large extent counterweighs the multitudinous and mighty advantages which our system possesses. An unsatisfied and unquiet state of feelings reacts unfavorably upon the moral nature. The habitual experience of some pure enjoyment—the frequent realization of heartfelt pleasure—the diffusion within the breast of man, of the serenity of spiritual comfort and delight—we take to be most potent agencies for good in human nature. They produce that inward peace, and calmness, and strength, and hope, which are the plants of our immortal consciousness, whose fragrance is an inspiration of good, and whose leaves are full of healing. The *want* under which our country suffers is an absence of objects for the indulgence and gratification of the tastes and sentiments. These are the calming, composing, and equalizing elements of our being, as

the intellect on the one hand, and the passions on the other, are the quickening, the stimulating, and the disturbing qualities. The arts, in their wide and comprehensive conception, are the appropriate ailment and delight of these central faculties of our intelligence. Next to Religion—which is, of course, the highest spring of man's purest joys—Art is the truest, safest and fullest fountain of that delight which propagates its genial and restoring influences throughout the whole mental frame of its recipient. Those who have not been somewhat familiar with the elevating, cleansing and soothing happiness inspired by the presence and contemplation of Art, and become a little educated into impressibility of such sort, will hardly be aware of the moral power of this agent. We look upon a taste for Art not only as among the most exalted and unfailing securities for personal contentment, but as among the few efficient means of working out the higher stages of national civilization. The subject, therefore, is one which commends itself to every patriot, and especially to those who direct the public press, and whose profession, as it were, is to labor for the improvement and refinement of society. Much apathy has been protected under the opinion that Art could not be, on any useful or large scale, introduced into this country. Such an impression results from a narrow and unphilosophical view of what Art consists in. The notion is just enough in regard to the great works of painting, and some other of the illustrations of the creative spirit of beauty: but the manifestations of the character of Art are more numerous and diversified than is popularly supposed; and many of them are quite as practicable and appropriate to this country as to Europe.

POPULAR EDUCATION.

The present age, in America, is favorably distinguished for the diffusiveness with which the means of elementary instruction have been spread throughout the community. But though

the field over which the benefits of ordinary knowledge are extended has thus been increased, there has not been such a corresponding advance in the depth and thoroughness and comprehensiveness of our systems of culture, as the case readily admitted of, and the improvement of the country, in all physical respects, might seem to demand. The truth is, that, over all the world, Education—as a science and as an art, as a doctrine and as an institution—is yet in its infancy. The bold paradox of Helvetius, that all the differences between man and man are the results of education, was exploded with too hasty a ridicule to allow of its being observed how much truth was distorted in the extravagance of the maxim. The world has no conception of the extent to which humanity is the subject of improvement by culture. The object of education in its completeness, must be the development in man of all the sources of power of which his nature is susceptible, and of all the capacities of enjoyment which his situation will allow of. For this great design, the entire being of the person must be acted upon; his whole character, in all its complex and multiform varieties of quality, must be roused and stimulated and disciplined. Education with us, in its common application, operates but upon a few of the more obvious and prominent of the intellectual faculties. If the reflective powers have been exercised in some of the usual forms of the schools, and stored with certain principles of experimental knowledge, we consider that the task of the teacher has been ended. The most that can be said is, that those capacities which are employed about science, are drilled and strengthened: all that part of our nature which is addressed by the productions of Art, is almost entirely left out of consideration in the methods of cultivation with which this nation is familiar. Now though, undoubtedly, the former discipline is of far higher importance for all the great interests of business and ambition, yet those other properties form a large and vital portion of our constitution, and were intended to play a great part in the work of elevating the condition of our race, and multiplying its resources of happiness and glory. That kind of moral intelligence, or that species of rational sensibility

which, when it acts creatively, is a genius for Art, and when it exerts itself only perceptively, is a taste for Art—is an endowment as definite in its character, as universal in its distribution among men, as the mental gift itself. It is quite as much the creature of cultivation and exercise; and in its full maturity of strength and extension, it reacts with almost limitless influence upon the individual character and the social condition of those among whom it becomes prominent and potent.

In regard to all this matter, we are a little behind some other parts of the world. Our tardier progress in this direction was indeed inevitable from the circumstances of our history. No peculiarity is more striking to an observant person, who for the first time goes hence to the more advanced nations of Europe, than the increased degree in which Art enters as an element into the civilization of England, France, and Germany, for example. The best classes of society seem to live in an atmosphere of Art. It forms the most frequent topic of conversation: under one shape or other, it is the principal interest of the thoughts and occupations of the wealthier and better circles. This unquestionably marks a more advanced stage of national refinement; and it is so nearly connected with all that we deem valuable in the characteristics of a people, as to be well worthy the attention of the patriot and philosopher. Art, indeed, will never communicate to a nation that energy and endurance and sagacity—that vivid enterprise and that earnest self-control, which make a country great; but it will adorn its greatness with a lustre, the purest, the brightest, the least transitory. We have no conception that it will ever regenerate a degraded world, or take the place of moral principle or Divine grace. But to all it may come in aid of both these influences; and it may act beneficently on some who are insensible to either of the others. Next to the affections, the sentiments are the great natural absorbents and safety-valves of that sensibility which, when left to run wild, breaks forth into the fiery turbulence of the passions. And it is the sentiments, and the most lofty class of them, that are addressed and quickened by the appeals of Art. It elevates the tone of the character, and gives expansion to the aims of a

community. It tends to dissipate that sordid temper which is the unseemly rust of wealth: it is at war with sensuality and grossness: it dissipates those low fogs of selfishness which gather about the mind: and it surrounds it, instead, with the breezy air of chaste and healthful feeling.

That the living spirit of æsthetic susceptibility is as native and inseparable an element in man as reason itself, certainly no one can deny. That it is, to precisely the same extent, the subject of cultivation, is a principle of which we entertain no doubt, and the general reception of which by society will mark the commencement of a new era in the history of education. You cannot, by instruction and discipline, make a Rafael, a Mozart, or a Thorwaldsen, out of every child that is presented for tuition. It is equally impracticable to teach every boy to become a great lawyer, a consummate physician, or a successful merchant; and yet no one would say that, to be fitted for any of these professions, requires a special grant of energy from heaven—a peculiar inspiration beyond that conscious soul which is the inheritance of the race. To make a productive progress in Art, as well as in science, or in business, demands a larger share than ordinary of this divine emanation; but to understand, and to discriminate, and to feel, all the glory of the beautiful, and to respond with vital earnestness to its influence, are results which cultivation may look for in every instance of ordinary capacity. All the moral and all the intellectual benefits derived from Art, are within range of his powers whose eye is illuminated by no ray of creative vision—whose spirit is unanimated by a single touch of inventive energy. Painting, sculpture, and music are, in our opinion, just as capable of being taught to every one, as mathematics, languages, and moral sciences; and the duty of making them parts of the universal education of the country, follows inevitably from the power of developing the corresponding faculties by practice and culture, for the improvement of every capacity is the first and universal law of natural obligation. What new sources of happiness—what rich and exhaustless prospects of improvement in refinement and civility—would be opened in the adoption of this

conception throughout all parts of our country! How much that our nation wants would be insensibly supplied!—how much that it possesses would be heightened and beautified by a system of instruction which, instead of being limited to half the nature of the being it operates upon, and that the rougher and coarser half, should summon into social action all those fine and purifying sympathies of this being, which now are usually left in dormant and dreamy repose!

THE EDUCATION OF ART.

It will be found, that besides the external and direct effects which the mental faculties of man are adapted to accomplish, one of the natural and incidental results of their rightful exercise, is the insensible yet certain elevation and refinement of the whole social condition of the community. The imaginative power, for example, independently of the specific radiance which it casts upon the business and the pleasures of existence, is capable, from an indestructible lustre that inheres in it, of shedding upon all the other properties of the character, and upon the general action of life, an exalting and ennobling energy. In the degree in which this influence is interfused throughout the passions and instincts and hopes and conceptions and purposes of men, the entire tone of their conduct is raised and purified: every one has, whether consciously or not, a certain ideal in his thoughts—an abstract and general notion of propriety, dignity, or beauty, which becomes the type of all his plans and designs—the mould upon which all his being and thinking and acting spontaneously form themselves. As this ideal is lofty and powerful, the career of the person is lifted above the line of mediocrity and commonplace. The development and proper direction and control of an intellectual agency so important, is, in some degree, a matter of moral interest. The most effective and safe and valuable cultivation which can

be given to this faculty, under this point of view, is produced by a judicious employment of Art as one of the means and instruments of education. That the advantages of this practice are to some extent appreciated in this country, particularly in regard to female instruction, is shown by the prominence given to music in the tuition of young ladies of every rank in society. It appears to us, however, that the arts of drawing and painting are fitted to work out results far more useful and extensive; and that they might, with signal benefit, be substituted for that mechanical proficiency in the management of the forte-piano which constitutes the most engrossing, but by no means the most profitable, concern of the education of women at the present day.

Of all the fine arts, music is the most sensuous and the least intellectual. Except in rare instances, such as the harmonies of Beethooven, its relations with the more analytic powers of the mind are distant and feeble: it absorbs, in its production, but a small amount of the rational and reflective faculties; and its exercise, accordingly, reacts upon them with but little of quickening and strengthening force. It refines the passions into sentiments, but it does not tend, as painting does, to raise the sentiments into ideas. It opens the sources of feeling, but the feelings are motive, rather than guiding powers. Pictorial Art is conversant with forms, and form mingles in almost every operation of thought, and is intimately allied with all the highest faculties and processes of the understanding. Impressions of that nature, entering by one avenue, tone, as it were, through all the chords of intellectual being, and have an effect upon its action in all directions. Conceptions of grace and proportion which a young lady shall derive from the outlines which the pencil traces, become the model shapes upon which the fancy works in a thousand other employments; and the vital principle of a beauty thus received shall be reproduced in all that engages her attention—in dress, in manner, in deportment.

Music is stimulating, because it disturbs the balance between emotion and feeling, by overcharging the former: painting is satisfying and calming, because it brings them into just and

harmonious relation. That apprehension of something fairer than the present, that craving for something more vivid than ordinary life—which so often set the young upon reckless and desperate experiments—are appeased and gratified by productions which seem to feed the reason upon the delicate and dainty food of imagination, and to bring home to actual and familiar consciousness the airy dreams of restless Hope. One of these pursuits is as closely connected with reflection as the other is with action: one is meditative and the other impulsive: one imparts gentleness to the sensibilities, softness to the temper, and elegance to the taste, while the other is prone to engender a fiery, impatient, and impetuous enthusiasm. The moral influences of the pencil are as healthy as those of music are morbid and extreme. The latter is a jealous and engrossing love, which seems to produce an indisposition to take interest in or draw pleasure from other occupations or objects: but painting inclines and fits its pupils to derive increased enjoyment from almost all the departments of Nature and life. To one whose views have been opened and informed by a practical acquaintance with designing and coloring, landscape scenery becomes impressed with a significance and power which it never had before: rock and stream, and tree and flower, are charged with an exhaustless beauty, from which the eye and the mind together may draw the deep, fervent life of spiritual and intelligent enjoyment. In all the conditions of individual experience, in all the scenes of society—wherever the curiosity wanders and wherever the attention lingers—there is delightful aliment for such a taste, and abundant field for such knowledge. Beyond almost all other acquirements, the perception and skill derived from the exercise of the pencil are tributary to the demands of conversation when in company, and of thought when in solitude. Nothing can so agreeably enrich the personal character, or so wonderfully multiply the resources of social entertainment, as this accomplishment in the case of a person of fertile and active mind. It may be made to bear upon everything; it is capable of diffusing lustre and interest upon almost every situation and pursuit. In Europe, Art has now fairly come to be made a part of the gen-

eral elementary instruction of society generally; and to this may be attributed in a great degree that superiority in the conversation of French and English women which a candid traveler is compelled to acknowledge.

NATIONAL GLORY AND THE ARTS.

The most valuable patronage that can be conferred upon Art, is that which proceeds from the State. It has the right moral character, for it neither humiliates nor enslaves what it fosters; and in its indirect influence, as much as its direct operation, it aids inspiration, while it imparts encouragement. It is the more beneficial, because it is exercised in immediate connection with legitimate civil duties, the perpetuation of national glories, the decoration of public places, and the encouragement of patriotic sentiment. Those half-divine heroes, who appear in the early stages of every history that is destined to be an enduring and resplendent one, have always been the appropriate subjects of the artist's devotion; and the popular reverence for them becomes the best reward of the genius that brightens their fame. None of the results of legislation are of a higher and more enduring moral good than those which tend to deepen and strengthen in the public bosom the pride of nationality, by promoting an ever-present reverence for the character of those whose career is identified with the glory of the nation, and a living sympathy with their excellence. Intellectually, the future may as well be left to develope itself as it will, according to the instincts that are within it, and the necessities that are around and before it; but morally, the Past ever has that about it which may be made to react advantageously on the progress of the Present. What greater benefit could be conferred upon the social condition of our people—how more efficiently could be seconded the endeavors of our foremost statesmen, to keep the government of our country in the line of that magnanimous policy which pre-

sided over the formation of our Union—than to bring the visible images of those earlier legislators and heroes before the eyes of the community of this day? What national Temple enshrines the forms of more or mightier tutelary deities than those which our own history includes within its hallowed precincts? But these august figures are withdrawn into the dimmer recesses of traditionary memory, when their majestic countenances ought to be prominent in all the meeting-places of the people, recalling ancient virtue, rebuking unworthy aims, and diffusing that light of chastening purity which rays forever from the canonized excellence of the apostles and saints of public merit.

The Americans have sometimes been charged with an inordinate estimation of their country and its achievements; and with that real sensitiveness which is their greatest infirmity, they often fall short of a just appreciation of those things which belong to their renown, from a fear of being deemed excessive self-adulators. No impression is more erroneous. No people upon earth, with so much reason to boast, make so little of their own unquestionable claims. We cannot consider such modesty a virtue; on the contrary, we regard it as a serious fault. However interesting and graceful a timid *abnegation* of one's mind and rank may be in the individual, it is, in our judgment, the duty of those who are charged with the conduct of a nation, to inspire in the general breast an earnest, immovable, and glowing confidence in the greatness and glory of the fatherland. And how is this to be done so well as by magnifying and multiplying the present, palpable and continuing fame of the heroes who represent us to other lands, and recall our own best aspirations to ourselves? In Europe, at present, this is everywhere the policy. To decorate the capitals with the images of those whose renown has lightened over the nation—to set up the statues of local worthies in the provincial towns once benefited by their abilities—is now the scheme promoted both by governments, and by those patriotic persons who labor in private stations for the advancement of the public good. When a stranger visits England, and especially London—though it is not confined to that city—he is particularly struck

by the memorials of the glory of Nelson and Wellington that meet his eye on all sides, in the shape of statues erected to those heroes. Enter Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's and they seem rather temples of fame than of religion, for the altars which attract the public homage, are the monuments surmounted with the marble figures of almost every one who has increased the military, or political, or literary glory of England. In France, the palace of Versailles has been created into the most magnificent historical gallery that the world has ever seen; and statues of every eminent man, and pictures of every celebrated event in the annals of the nation, there fill the admiring gaze of citizen and foreigner. In Germany, the munificence of King Ludwig, of Bavaria—as boundless in its extent as it was judicious in its direction—developed this connection betweeen Art and national glory in its most splendid completeness, and his example became the model upon which Prussia and other German States are pursuing a kindred design. Besides individual statues in Munich and other cities and towns, of persons illustrious for genius or virtue, that royal enthusiast has consecrated three temples to the intellectual glory of United Germany. On the summit of a picturesque mountain on the banks of the Danube, about five miles below Ratisbon—far glittering over the plain that extends southward to the Salzburg—shines the snowy fane of Walhalla—matchless in modern times for the perfection of its Greek-like elegance—a consummate monument of studious taste. In its form and proportions, it is almost an exact reproduction of the Parthenon. Ascending the lofty flights of steps that lead to its portal, you enter its walls, and behold one of the most singular and impressive spectacles that ever greeted your eye. The floor is inlaid with polished marbles of every color, and the ceiling represents in blue and gold the starry skies of the night. Around the walls, on brackets, are busts of every man and woman of German origin who at any time has been conspicuous in arts, or empire, or war. On another hill, further up the same, now stands a circular temple, designed to commemorate, in like manner, the heroes of the war of German liberation from the tyranny

of Napoleon, not yet completed. Near Munich, also, rises the Rumeshall, a Doric portico resembling the Propylæa at Athens, which will be adorned also with busts and statues. The great bronze figure of Bavaria—the largest ever cast—which has recently been inaugurated, stands in the centre of the area of this building. The late admirable sculptor, Schwanthaller, was almost wholly occupied in commemorative statues and emblematical groups, connected with German history, and called for by the patriotic ardor of King Ludwig. The painters of Munich have at the same time been kept actively employed on innumerable frescoes, representative of great occurrences in the past.

This is the proper kind of patronage. This is the proper direction for an interest in national Art, and a love of national greatness to take. It enlivens genius by the infusion of that public feeling which is its best impulse and guide, and secures a genuine and native character for its conceptions. This is the course which we wish to see this country pursue. We desire that the various governments of this country should furnish patronage to Art, by ordering works illustrative of men and deeds that constitute the abiding fame of this land. In thus perpetuating the older glory of the country, they augment its present greatness by the development which they afford to that now depressed or unaided spirit of Art which struggles for growth. The Capitol at Washington ought to exhibit in its rotunda, statues of every great person who is identified with the Revolution; that strangers visiting that building may understand what sources of proud sentiment are supplied to the statesmen of America. Every state Capitol should thus pay honor to the names that throw a special lustre upon the local sovereignty to which they have belonged. Something in this way has already been done—by none more than by Virginia. Years ago, while Washington lived, she secured a life-like impersonation of her great son, by sending to France for the services of Houdon; and the figure that now stands in her public hall at Richmond, is a treasure of memory and of art, which all the other treasures of the world could not buy from her. She

has lately, also, given an order to Crawford for a colossal group illustrative of the fame of the State—consisting of an equestrian statue of Washington, surrounded at its base by statues of six other Virginians—Marshall, Henry, etc. Besides the several States it is an appropriate and legitimate object of the expenditure of cities to decorate the squares and public buildings with the figures of those exalted persons, who in past times have made such cities the particular theatres of their reputation. Why has nothing been done in this way by New York? There once stood in the Exchange a statue of Hamilton, which was destroyed by fire. Why has it not been replaced? There ought to be upon the highest grounds of New York, upon the summit of a pillar visible widely over the waters, a figure which should announce to the European that he is about to tread the land of Washington. There ought to be in the streets and parks of that city statues to remind its people that they dwell upon a soil once dignified—forever benefited—by the virtue, the learning, the ability, the patriotism of Hamilton, of Jay, of Schuyler, of Hobart, of Kent. If orders were given by our municipal and state authorities for works that are properly required for the adornment of our cities, and called for by the duties which the public representatives owe to the memory of the "great men" that "have been among us," our artists would find all the patronage that they could require, and Art in this country would soar far beyond the level it has ever yet attained.

A NEW GALLERY OF ART.

The least careful observer has not failed to be struck with the increased attention which has been given to Art within the last few years in this country, and the heightened interest and pleasure with which its productions are valued and studied. The multiplication of Art-Unions throughout the country, is one of the consequences of this awakened feeling, and in turn is

a cause of its further propagation. Such institutions are now in successful operation in New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati, and are about to be launched in Boston and in Baltimore. The public galleries in several of the cities have been extended and improved; private collections have been formed; and the native artist finds himself encouraged and supported. For the first time in our history, a single statue has been exhibited throughout the States, not as heretofore, to the detriment of the proprietor, but with large pecuniary profits.* In kindred departments of taste, a corresponding advancement has been witnessed. The Opera, which twenty years ago was a strange and unwelcome novelty, is now a necessity of our national existence. Within half that period, Ecclesiastical Architecture—the only vital branch of that art in modern times—has started up, and spread throughout the land, with a luxuriance, which, if somewhat wild and rank, attests, even in its faultiness, the vigor from which it springs.

All this, as we take it, belongs to an era in our history, and marks the arrival of a new period in the general life of the country. Art has ever played a most important part in the development of the beauty and the strength of national character. The sympathies which it suggests, the ambition which it inspires, the tempers which it educes, the faculties which it stirs and quickens, seem to be indispensable for working out the higher stages of intellectual and moral civilization. No empire, no commonwealth has expanded into the perfectness of its appointed organization and powers, without its appropriate Art; no race or people has passed into the immortality of history otherwise than through the accompanying influences of this kindling, exalting, refining energy. When the first tumultuous excitement of fighting ourselves into national existence has been allayed—when the keener concernment of vindicating an individual standing-place and breathing-spot upon the public platform of the country has been satisfied—our nature requires other, and higher, and calmer interests; its deeper emotions, its

* The Greek Slave.—Ed.

finer and freer sensibilities will not respond but to appeals which have a relation to the pure, the permanent, the ideal. The glittering forces of the intellect, indeed—a disciplined, but mercenary troop—will yield their best and readiest service at the summons of transitory and worldly passions; but behind or above the intellect, dwell other, not less potent faculties, of gentler lineage and a nobler tone—conceptions, that are charged with something of creative fervor—sentiments, half immortal in their sympathy—tastes, which remember the pleasures of a higher life, and seek to realize them in the world around. If these do not sink the broad foundations, and raise the vast pillars of the social temple, at least it is theirs to fashion the finer tracery of the arches, and mould the flowering capitals, and fret the roof into varying and endless luxuriance, and to make the structure a joy to them that frequent it, and a boast and beauty of the earth. These are the patrician properties of humanity. Partaking of the divine in their essence, they turn from the vulgar glare of earthly lights to gladden their vision with those forms upon which the aureole of perfection sheds a mild, rich light—the primal source of whose ray is from far beyond the solar sphere; they withdraw from the noisy scenes of time to dwell amidst those pursuits over which broods the sacred stillness of eternity.

In a moral view, it appears to us that the diffusion of a taste for Art is especially desirable in our own country. Our character and manners are wanting in repose: the contemplation of the beautiful in form and color—ever suggestive of the higher beauty of truth and goodness—tends always to induce a calmness upon the spirit—to allay the fierce craving after something which is not of the actual and the quotidian—to interpret amicably between the different parts of our nature, and bring them into harmony and counterpoise. We need too, in this country, some remission from the intensity of mere and single intellectual exertion: yet our disposition is not inclined to sports and games and pastimes. We have nothing of a national and general kind which may be called an amusement, excepting politics. Wearied with business, with thought, with science, we rush into it for

diversion and restoration; we throw ourselves into its periodical contests with an *acharnement* of interest, which, while the philosopher must pronounce it ridiculous, and the moralist discreditable, the economist must condemn as an utter and grievous waste of force and feeling and time and means. The Fine Arts, holding an intermediary position between the spiritual and the sensible, are adapted to relieve the mind without lowering it, and to refresh the soul without coarsening or perverting it.

In America, at this moment, there is no lack of creative ability in Art; but there is a want of stimulating encouragement and fostering patronage. The true patronage, however, under which genius expands and flourishes, is not merely pecuniary recompense for meritorious works; it consists rather in the public admiration and respect—in the earnest appreciation of the value of the artist's pursuits, and the dignity of his aims—in the manifestation of a general, and intimate, and just interest in his profession. To produce this result, you must bring the community acquainted with the deep pleasure that is to be derived from Art; you must make them know and feel its excellence in the splendor and power of its mightiest productions. Art, like Nature, vindicates itself by a direct appeal to our being, without the aid of education or argument. But unless it is seen, it can never be esteemed. There are millions within this America of ours, that have never experienced the sensation of that delight which is produced by the master-pieces of the pencil; who are strangers to the fact that the contemplation of statuary can send through the frame a thrill of enjoyment as chaste—we were about to say—as Religion; as sensuous and vivid—we may better affirm—as the rapture of the grape. To make the people value music, you must rehearse its enchantments before them, in the concert and the opera: to make them esteem pictures, you must show them the best and the greatest that the world contains. But how is this to be done? Remote from the repositories in which these miracles of genius are stored, how shall we appropriate an excellence which treasures could not transfer to us?

We propose the formation of a great Public Gallery, to be

filled with *good* copies of all the best productions of all the truly excellent painters in the past. In the way of originals, we can never expect to see upon these shores, any thing but the second-rate pieces of tenth-rate artists; the study of which, by misguiding the practitioner as to the nature of excellence in Art, and abusing the public as to the dignity of it, will, to the one and to the other, be in danger of doing much more harm than good. Half the amount that would be paid for a worthless, or injurious original Teniers or Rubens, would put us in possession of a work which might daily send down upon the hearts and minds of thousands of Americans, if not *almost* all, certainly a great deal of all that elevating, informing, trancing, magic of beauty and sublimity which streams from the canvases of Michael Angelo, Rafael, and Titian. The estimation which is attached to original pictures is not quite rational; it is founded not upon the impracticability of multiplying the essential merits of the production, but upon the consideration that they bring us into direct communication with the hand of the artist whose toil is expended upon them. Quite beside their higher value as conceptions of beauty, they have, therefore, another and less intrinsic esteem as the autographs of genius. We know that in many cases it has been doubtful whether certain pictures, even of Correggio, were originals or transcripts; and no one can look over the crowd of easels that block up the approach to the great works of Rafael, at Rome, without seeing one or more that present, if not everything that is important in the originals, certainly all of it that it is possible for us ever to possess. *Good* copies, we repeat, for all valuable æsthetic purposes, will serve in many respects as well as the originals.

The gallery in which they are exhibited should be in the Gothic style; and divided, as that architecture permits, into numerous high compartments. The great church pieces may thus be seen at the appropriate elevation and distance, and separately from one another. Our plan would be, to employ the most promising young American artists to execute the copies. If this scheme were worthily carried into effect, in a great city like New York or Philadelphia, it would not only improve our

painters, by affording ready access to those transcendent examples which for centuries have fixed the despairing admiration of the world, but would create in the community such fondness for Art, and such enjoyment of its beauties, as would lead to an extensive and abundant patronage of our own painters. And this re-active influence I regard as one of the best effects which would be produced. In the literature of Art, as in the literature of letters, the foundation of all true taste must be laid in the study of the classics. And those who have laid their foundations deep in a study of Titian, Michael Angelo, Rafael, and Correggio, will be the persons the most ready and the most capable justly to appreciate the merits of Huntington, of Sully, and of Birch. The suggestion here made in regard to such a gallery, may be commended to the many active and enlightened friends of improvement which all our chief cities now contain. Art-Unions have excited a wide and strong interest in the general subject; the nation is now fitted for this further and loftier step in the march of refinement.

PARKS AND PARKING.

One reason why the people of New York and Philadelphia, of the former city more especially, have been somewhat apathetic about new Parks, is, that the parks or "squares" which they have heretofore maintained have either been so very small, or have been kept in such a dismal condition, as to damp all enthusiasm in favor of Nature within the walls. What can be more sombre or disconsolate than the appearance of the Washington Parade Ground and the Battery in New York, or of the State House Yard and the Centre Squares in Philadelphia? The coarse, neglected, matted grass —the sickly trees, disposed in geometrical stiffness—the *trist* formality and jejuneness of the whole ground—rather induce a true lover of woods and turf to wish that the unpretending

monotony of brick pavements and stone walls had usurped the space so mournfully burlesqued by these travesties of landscape.

Ornamental gardening is, in truth, one of the Fine Arts, and capable of exhibiting a richness of beautiful effects scarcely less brilliant and various and impressive than architecture itself. If so, it must be the province of an artist; it must be consigned to the labors of a man gifted with genius in the particular department in question, and instructed in the principles and experience appropriate to the pursuit. The arrangement and planting of grounds really intended to be places of delight to the eye and the fancy and the senses, must be allotted to a person who loves the occupation with the passion of a creator, and follows it up with the devotion of sensibility and pride. This is the course which has recently been adopted, with the most satisfactory results, in Washington. The President has handed over a large portion of the waste grounds of that "city of magnificent intentions" to the competent hands of Mr. Downing, who is thus enabled to illustrate, in visible display, the theoretic maxims which he has long cultivated and taught in his writings. He will, without doubt, render them the most elegant and attractive pleasure grounds in the country. No man in this country understands the subject so well. He has for years made it a matter of studious inquiry; and has traveled in Europe for the purpose of making himself familiar with the best examples of excellence there.

What we should like to see would be this. We should like the city authorities of our large cities to invest Mr. Downing with the entire control of all new parks and of the old parklets —supposing Mr. Downing to be willing to accept the post. Let them obtain from him an estimate of the sum necessary to put them in the highest state of tasteful decoration, and then let the requisite funds be voted for the object. Unless we are to have a melancholy failure with the large parks now proposed in some of our cities, and which, we trust, are certain to be opened *in all those that are able to pay for them*, the matter must be put into the hands of a professional landscape

gardener. Aldermen and street commissioners, and inspectors of city property, may be most worthy men, but without special gifts and a long course of special education, they are no more fitted to lay out a park than they are competent to build a cathedral or paint a picture.

Perhaps no man who has not crossed the water, has a conception of the enchanting effects—the truly æsthetic character—of which parks and gardens are susceptible. What strikes with most surprise a voyager from the New World to the Old World, as he moves about France and Italy and England, is less the wonders of Art in those countries, than the perfections of Nature. He supposes his own land to be the one where all natural beauties and glories are in the highest condition, and he is astonished to discover that that in which the Europeans most excel us is a matter in which we might compete with them on equal advantage, if we only had the knowledge, the taste, and the determination. Ask any one of ready and appreciant sensibilities who has returned from the *pays d'outre mer*, what struck and delighted him most in that varied region—what he would report as the most note-worthy and admirable, and proper to be imitated—and we venture to say that he will make answer, not the galleries, not the buildings, but the gardens, villas, and parks. The subject there has long been considered a distinct and specific Art—on a level with any other of the Fine Arts. The fame of Le Notre, in France, of Chambers, in England, rests upon ingenuity, invention, and judgment, in the disposition and decoration of ornamental gardens; and when we look at the monuments of their genius that remain, we do not wonder that they were put upon a footing with great builders, sculptors, and painters, in the power to deal with soil, and shrubs, and trees, in a manner to impress the imagination and the sentiments with every grand and every pleasing emotion. Who has not felt, as he has wandered in absorbing admiration through the princely avenues of St. Cloud, that he was in the presence of a creation not unmeet to be compared with the master-pieces of Mozart in music, or Wren and Jones in architecture? How exquisite, in its neat yet stately simplicity, is the

beauty of the gardens of the Tuileries! Do any of the pictures that adorn the walls of the Luxembourg impart deeper and richer delight, or leave a more abiding impression upon the memory, than the lovely grounds which surround them? Are not all the qualities of pictorial combination—composition, form, perspective, relief, variety of coloring—exhibited in the imperial grounds of the Schonbrunn as much as in one of Rubens's magnificent canvases? In England, are not Kew Gardens, and Hampton Court, and Studley Royal, and Fountains Abbey, captivating exhibitions of Nature in its hallowed union with refining Art? Or, to go to the land where all things sensible are nearest in impression to divine—where that which is elsewhere homely becomes elegant, and that which in other climes is lovely, flowers into the splendor of unapproachable perfection —what structure in Florence, in invention, greatness, and beauty, is superior to the gardens of Boboli? Amid all the marvels of almighty Rome, what leaves forever a more definite and glowing picture upon the soul of the visiter than the finely-adorned expanses of the villas Borghese and Pamfili Doria, or, yet more wonderful than all, perhaps, the villa Albani? He that has entered the Albani grounds, on a fine morning in winter or spring, with the blue sky of Rome overhead, and the purpled snow-peaks Soracte and Monte Gennais in the distance, has viewed a scene which will be the last to be erased from the tablet, even in the approach of dissolution. No old patrician, in the days of Rome's most ostentatious pride—not Lucullus, in the glory of rank, and power, and wealth, and military fame —ever surrounded himself with a scene more palace-like and peerless. And what does it all consist in? Simply in walks, and shrubbery, and flowers, and trees, arranged in appropriate forms, and aided by vases and statues, copied, for the most part, from accessible models. What is there here that we might not as easily have? Nothing is wanting for the reproduction of such beauty among us but money, taste, and science—all of which we may command. England has, in its ever-moist atmosphere, an aid in the production of that "gay, glad green" which fascinated Chaucer's eye, which our parching summers

forbid us to emulate; and we can never hope to rival her mossy turf, starred with daisies. Italy may also exult in the profusion of her perennial violets, growing spontaneously and widely as the grass. But these are not important. We have every advantage of air and soil which the French planters possessed; and why should not our Parks be as beautiful as theirs?

NATURE.

THE ENJOYMENT OF NATURE.

[This literary scrap was written by Mr. Wallace, after returning from a summer visit to the Lakes and Niagara, along the beautiful scenery of the Mohawk and the Hudson. Calling, on his way home, in New York, to visit a friend there, then engaged in editing a literary paper, and finding him confined to his chamber by a sudden indisposition which threatened to arrest the next day's issue of his sheet, Mr. Wallace sat down at a table before him, and while the printer's boy was waiting for "copy," scratched off the following piece, which was printed from the first hasty and untouched draft; and filled up, on the next morning, (the 29th of July, 1848,) the editorial chasm. It called forth a communication from a respected clergyman of Philadelphia, who in a letter signed CLERICUS, endeavored to show that its doctrines were very dangerous. The letter was sent to Mr. Wallace, who returned by the next mail his reply, the "DRAMATIC DREAM;" which, with the communication of Clericus, is appended to the original article.—ED.]

VARIOUS and admirable as are the means of instruction now abounding in this country, we cannot help thinking that there is a department of human faculties, the development and discipline of which are not sufficiently provided for in our ordinary systems of education. If the intellectual powers have been exercised and informed, and the principles rendered quick and strong, we commonly consider that the furthest duties of the teacher have been discharged: we forget how largely refined tastes may be made to contribute to the happiness of life, and how important a part they may play in baffling the low temptations that beset our career, and keeping us true to virtue and to honor. The sentiment of the Beautiful is the most nearly spiritual of all our natural sympathies; and so fine, so exquisite, so powerful a sensibility has not been implanted in our character

but for lofty and interesting purposes. This delicate emotion is susceptible of almost indefinite advancement by appropriate indulgence and culture; and it seems to us to be a duty of men to expand and strengthen, as much as by ordinary effort may be done, this ethereal and half-divine capacity of our natures. The full appreciation of Beauty as displayed in the Fine Arts, presupposes, perhaps to some extent, an adaptation of the senses or the mind; it demands, also, a decided exercise of the reflective powers; and, moreover, to most persons this means of gratification is not accessible. There is another class of æsthetics, as expanded in its range as creation itself, simple and direct in its action, and capable of shedding into the spirit the fullness of pure and essential joy:—we mean that which belongs to the beauties of Nature. The amount of substantial and high delight that is capable of being derived from this source, is not to be believed by one who has not, by systematic practice, through years of studious observation, proved all the deep power of exalting pleasure that dwells in a fervent communion with the mysteries of the visible word. For ourself, an enthusiast lover of the scenes of Nature, we must avow that we ask for no more real consolation amid annoyance and discomfort—we cherish no more elevated hopes—than are connected with the vivid magnificence of the rising sun, and the multitudinous splendors of his declining orb—the snowy elegance of the wreathed clouds at mid-day—the fairy play of light and shade in a still forest in summer—the gorgeous hangings of the hills in autumn—and all the varied and exhaustless pomp and glories of land and sea and air. Dreamy as they may seem, these things are to us vital and earnest realities; and dark will that day be—with the gloom of a cloud that gathers never to be dispersed—in which these visions shall no longer touch our spirits as with the energies of a fresh creation—in which we can no longer draw from them, as from the sources of a divine current, the restoring forces of life and peace and strength.

In this traveling season of the American world, when thousands are passing along the landscape gallery of the Hudson;—when tens of thousands are gathered beside the "beached margents

of the sea," which, however, they will never look at except from under a bathing-cap—it is lamentable to think how many exquisite views will be seen, and not seen from want of knowing and having felt the genuine pleasures that are to be derived from those scenes in which the infinite diversities of form and color contribute to make up the richest, softest symphonies of beauty. Could we, amidst the snow-storm of books that is ceaselessly pouring down upon us, bring ourselves to desiderate the addition of a single flake, it would be our wish to see a classified and critical catalogue of the choice master-pieces in scenery-painting which Nature has accumulated in the museum of this great continent. Delightful to the corporeal sense as are these spectacles of sublimity, their changing shapes are the mystic symbols of a deeper significance, which it should be the duty of the prophet-sons of genius to combine and interpret. They are like magic mirrors, which catch the images of unutterable, and almost unapprehended sentiments and thoughts and feelings that float throughout our being, and reflect them in palpable representation to the mortal eye. Chaste, serene—glowing without turbulence, and intense without passion—the frescoes of the sky, the mountains, and the waters, wake and expand within our being a subtler, purer, vaster consciousness than that of our common being. They startle our hearts as with the flash of memory; they speak to us of something, instantly understood, though never to be explained. On the rays that flash to us from them, our existence, in a moment, with the swiftness of a trance, rushes back into that Eternity from which we proceeded and to which we tend: time and locality are forgotten, and we plunge with a breathless rapture into the ocean of the Infinite, and bathe in its waters of light. This apprehension of a distinct life within our being, of another world surrounding our universe; this sense of something which is not material, and is not intellectual, yet is as real as the one and as delicate as the other; this recognition of relations which escape the scrutiny of reason, are of inestimable service in giving us conviction of that mighty truth which Religion stands to testify to the Ages as they pass by to Futurity—that, incarnated within the physical, is the deathless

divinity of a spiritual essence, which, in the dissolution of the frame which enshrines it, will expand to the just proportions of its native majesty.

It has always seemed to us to be in some sort a duty of mankind to avail themselves fully of all those resources of simple pleasure which life brings before them. To taste some enjoyment every day—to realize that inward repose which arises from the complete satisfaction of the cravings of our nature—is of salutary moral consequence. It rights the disordered elements of character, and brings our being back to its proper balance. The constant goading of anxiety and care produces a certain recklessness in the temper; it generates an uneasy discontent which is alien from the calm and gentle tone of goodness. The tension of the over-tasked faculties is remitted, and the genial and kindly sentiments come forth to soften the severities of feeling, when the seals of the spirit are melted by the glow of an innocent happiness. Of such refreshing and pure felicity, none can be found more potent and more unreprovable than that which flows in upon the heart, like a tide of rapture, from the spectacles of sublimity and loveliness that are daily spread along the heavens, and hourly may be seen by him that seeks them by shore and hill and river. Nothing can give more abundantly to our hearts that peace, that hopeful patience, which withdraws our souls from a thousands shafts of ill and bring us under the fullest power of good. A taste, therefore, for the fair grandeur of the scenes of Nature, ought, we think, to be studiously cultivated, and every occasion of experiencing the joy that is to be inhaled from them ought to be improved by those who would develope all the faculties of their life, or taste the highest comfort that is appointed for their solace upon earth.

LETTER OF CLERICUS.

Messrs. Editors.

GENTLEMEN:—I have been a subscriber to your Journal from its commencement, and have ever found it an agreeable companion for a leisure hour. But permit me to say that some expressions, in fact the whole tenor of the leading article, in your last number, entitled, "The Enjoyment of Nature," considerably shocked my orthodoxy, and my sense of what is due to Nature's God.

I conceive that you have violated the precept, "Render unto Cæsar the

things that be Cæsar's, and unto God the things that be God's," by exalting Nature above "all that is called God, and worshiped." This was not done willfully and knowingly. You fell into error from having run way with your subject. But there it is, *error still;* and coming from an Editorial chair so much respected as yours, its poison may be conveyed to many minds. The evil spoken of, is none other than downright *Pantheism.* This heresy is defined to be a philosophical species of Atheism, in which the universe, or Nature, is considered as the Supreme God. It now prevails to a great extent in Germany. It is held by some erratic minds in this country; and it grieves me to see that your paper has come forward (unconsciously it is true) to its support.

But to the proof. You say that the "beauties of Nature are capable of shedding into the Spirit, the *fulness* of *pure* and *essential* joy." Why, gentlemen, the *fullness* of *pure* and *essential* joy is all that the Eternal God himself can convey to the soul—if Nature can do it, then Nature is God, and we should apply to her (since she is so "evidently set before us") in preference to Him who made us.

You further remark. "For ourself .... we must avow that we ask for no more *real consolations* amid annoyance and discomfort. *We cherish no more elevated hopes,* than the vivid magificence of the rising sun," &c.

The consolations of the Gospel, and its hopes of glory, honor and immortality, in the mind of the Editorial chair of the Journal must yield in importance and value, to "the mysteries of the visible World!"

You attribute to Nature "the sources of a Divine current and the *restoring forces of life and peace and strength.*"

After speaking of the wakening and expanding power of the frescoes of the sky, the mountains and the waters, how they startle your heart with the flash of memory, you conclude with the words, "time and locality are forgotten, and we plunge into the *Ocean* of *the Infinite,* and *bathe in the waters of life.*" This ocean and these waters are not God, but *Nature!*

You conclude with the words, "*Nothing* can give *more abundantly* to our hearts, that *peace,* that *hopeful patience,* which withdraws our souls from a thousand shafts of ill, and bring us under the *fullest power* of *good,*" than what? Surely a journal like yours will say, than the Religion of the Cross, than communion with Him who is the fountain of all peace and comfort, and the treasury of eternal bliss. No. There is another creed,—I believe in Nature as the source of happiness.

Gentlemen, I speak plainly, but sincerely and respectfully. I could wish that the article complained of had never appeared from your pen; or that in writing it, you had suffered your better judgment to control your imagination.

True, it is not to be expected, that your paper shall accommodate itself to all the tastes of religious people; sermonizing is not your legitimate business or province. But may it not be justly required that you do not preach up Nature as *every thing,* leaving the carnal mind to regard God and grace *as nothing?* May it not be asked, that you render unto Nature *only* the things

which are Nature's—and let the Deity remain as the object which can alone purify and satisfy the soul?

I admire the beauties of Nature as much as any one. They are to me a source of great pleasure. But I never can forget that these beauties are but a faint expression of the glory and perfection of Jehovah; and that the satisfaction to be derived from them sinks into insignificance before the pleasures which are at His right hand.

Gentlemen, separated from the excitement and the bustling folly of this world, I am the ministering priest of a country parish. My aspirations are to please God, and to do my duty in the limited sphere of life in which I am placed. I meddle not in other men's matters, and seek not to engage in controversy abroad and bring myself into notice. I am not a restless "seeker out" of heresy, nor prone to the indulgence of a captious spirit. But I could not resist the impulse which moved me, to bear testimony against the romantic and dangerous views of Nature contained in your last paper. CLERICUS.

A DRAMATIC DREAM.

——"which was not all a dream."—BYRON.

SCENE:—*The Editors' private study. One of the editors is discovered sitting in a fauteuil near a table.* TIME, *afternoon, close upon the evening. The postman enters and deposites sundry letters, one post-marked, "Philadelphia, Aug. 2." The editor runs his eye over their contents, dwelling some time upon the last, and then lapses into profound meditation. At length he begins to nod, and simultaneously some remarkable changes take place in the articles in the room. One of the letters stands upright on the floor, jerks up its shoulders, stretches out its legs, and assumes the eidolon of a gentleman clothed in black, with a white cravat rather carelessly tied. His countenance is thoughtful, penetrating, and benignant. An ingenuous love of truth, and a disposition fearlessly to vindicate it, mingled with a mild and engaging gentleness, are marked in his features.*

THE MAN-LETTER.—Good morrow, Mr. Editor. My profession and purpose will serve as an excuse for my intrusion. My name is CLERICUS.

EDITOR.—(*Rising and bowing respectfully, and then motioning with his hand the stranger to be seated.*)—The visits of the Order of Truth and Peace can never be intrusions, and can never require excuse from mortals. They are ever most welcome to this office. Whether the mission be to commend or to reprove, we shall ever receive the message with earnest deference.

CLERICUS.—I am pleased to find so candid a disposition.

EDITOR.—I speak sincerely. The responsibilities of the press are scarcely less than those of the pulpit. We are humbler and ruder workmen in the cause of promoting the moral improvement of mankind. But we enjoy not the felicity of pursuing exalted ends by *consecrated* means. We have no other promise of an accompanying guidance than such as is implied in the discharge of duty. That we should sometimes err where we have meant the best, is a thing often to be looked for, but always to be regretted.

CLERICUS.—I have been a subscriber to your journal from its commencement, and have ever found it an agreeable companion for a leisure hour. (*Editor bows.*) But permit me to say that some expressions, in fact the whole tenor of the leading article in a recent number, entitled "The Enjoyment of

Nature," considerably shocked my orthodoxy and my sense of what is due to Nature's God. Separated from the excitement and the bustling folly of this world, I am the ministering priest of a country parish. My aspirations are to please God, and to do my duty in the limited sphere of life in which I am placed. I meddle not in other men's matters, and seek not to engage in controversy abroad and bring myself into notice. I am not a restless "seeker out" of heresy, nor prone to the indulgence of a captious spirit. But I could not resist the impulse which moved me to bear testimony against the Romantic and dangerous views of Nature contained in your paper of the 29th of July.

EDITOR.—(*Profoundly moved.*)—I should be grieved to think that these impressions on your part were well founded, but I should be far more deeply grieved to feel myself capable of declining an investigation in order to conceal a fault, or of refusing to acknowledge it when I had once become convinced of it. I pray you proceed. But let us first have before us the *corpus delicti.*—(*The editor rises and takes from a pigeon-hole The Journal for July* 29. *Opening it, he reads aloud the article entitled "The Enjoyment of Nature."*)—Faults literary—manifold and mountainous do I see; faults of sense and faults of style: but of moral or religious error, none can I discern. It is overdone undoubtedly; it is the production of a pen heated by the rapidity of its own motion. But much should be pardoned to the necessities of a journalist whose unlucky destiny it is often to be compelled to fabricate something out of nothing—to make a good leader out of no subject at all.

CLERICUS.—I conceive that you have violated the precept, "Render unto Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's, and unto God the things that be God's," by exalting Nature above "all that is called God, and worshiped." This was not done willfully and knowingly; you fell into error from having run away with your subject. But there is *error still,* and coming from an editorial chair so much respected as yours, its poison may be conveyed to many minds. The evil spoken of is none other than downright *Pantheism.* This heresy is defined to be a philosophical species of Atheism, in which the Universe or Nature is considered as the Supreme God. It now prevails to a great extent in Germany. It is held by some erratic minds in this country, and it grieves me to see that your paper has come forward (unconsciously it is true) to its support.

EDITOR.—(*Breathing more freely.*)—I am relieved. No man in writing, unless copiously charged with the genius of wrong-headedness, can very decidedly have inculcated a doctrine which has no existence in his own mind. I hold the dogma—I will not say in aversion—but in utter contempt—as a thing fit to be scorned by the sense of children, and incapable of being embraced but by one whose character is wretchedly defective in some of the most indispensable elements of a complete man. In fact, you have fallen into the greatest misconception of my views that it was possible to have made. You are conversing not with a Pantheist, a materialist, but with an intense spiritualist—one whose apprehension of a soul within himself, and of a "soul of our souls, and safeguard of the world," around him and beyond him is so intimate and perpetual, that he sees in the images of the sensible universe

before him, only types and shadows and hieroglyphics of that infinite Existence, which, as it was before all things, and is above all things, so, if we err not in using an Apostle's words, is in all things; tokens of one who never left himself without witness, sent in infinite mercy and goodness, by the invisible God, to speak to our spirits of Him whose name is "Our Father." To me, the splendors overpowering of Nature preach in tones like thunder; and the echo of their sound within my soul is—God. Pantheism is an error of the understanding only; depend upon it, it never flowed from the imagination or the heart. The barren intelligence seeking to explain to itself the cold and dry phenomena of physical apprehension which alone it can recognize, and wholly incapable of the infinite, mysterious fervors which they kindle up within the spirit, may rest in such a system; but no man of quick sensibility —no man whose nature has bowed down before that ineffable majesty of the Unseen which surrounds and clothes the palpable—has ever thought of a scheme so nugatory. Haunted, enveloped by the everlasting consciousness of Deity—I may not have expressed particularly that which I took for granted in my readers as in myself. So far from questioning whether there be any God, the only doubt with me, would be whether there be anything else than God. I have reverenced Nature for that which it suggests, and that which, in my imperfect judgment, it was divinely framed to suggest. If, in this paper, I have ever taught my reader to rest in it—if I have extolled it for what it is, and not for what it is linked with in the associations of the reflective mind—if I have spoken of it as that light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world, and not merely as something placed to bear witness of that light—point out the fault and I will bare my back.

CLERICUS.—Well, to the proof. You say that the "beauties of Nature are capable of shedding into the spirit the *fullness of pure* and *essential* joy." The *fullness* of *pure* and *essential* joy is all that the Eternal God himself can convey to the soul—if Nature can do it, then Nature is God, and we should apply to her (since she is so "evidently set before us,") in preference to Him who made us.

EDITOR.—By "the fullness of pure and essential joy," I mean, undoubtedly, the very fruition of the presence of God. And I have said, not that the beauties of Nature could shed this delight, (for you have quoted me incorrectly) but that "the class of æsthetics *which belongs to the beauties* of Nature" could accomplish this result. I meant that the contemplation of those sublimities of beauty which the imagination creates as it gazes upon the natural world, bring the mind into communion with that Creator whose power and love are mirrored so livingly in the scene that we look upon. Wordsworth, I think, is regarded as a Christian man, free from "heresy and false doctrine."

CLERICUS.—He is so avouched by bishops and other clergy.

EDITOR.—(*Rising and taking the "Excursion" from the shelf.*)—Then let me refer to one of many kindred passages in his most approved and excellent productions. (*Reads.*)

> "Such was the Boy—but for the growing youth,
> What soul was his, when, from the naked top
> Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
> Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He look'd—

Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touch'd,
And in their silent faces did he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy: his spirit drank
The spectacle: sensation, soul and form
All melted into him: they swallow'd up
His animal being: in them did he live
And by them did he live; they were his life.
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed, he proffer'd no request;
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the Power
That made him: it was blessedness and love."

Of these gorgeous lines, it is as impossible to deny the truth as to doubt the intensity and rectitude of the religious sensibility in which they had their origin.

CLERICUS.—You further remark, "For ourself, we must avow that we ask for no more *real consolations* amid annoyance and discomfort—*we cherish no more elevated hopes*, than the vivid magnificence of the rising sun," etc. The consolations of the Gospel, and its hopes of glory, honor and immortality, in the mind of the editorial chair of this Journal, must yield in importance and value to "the mysteries of the visible world."

EDITOR.—Again you have grievously misquoted me, and most completely mistaken me. I wrote "than *are connected with* the vivid magnificence," etc. I meant that the musing spirit connects intensely with these great manifestations of glory in the material world, the most real consolations and the most elevated hopes which the mind cherishes; which are none other than those so fully explained in the Gospel of Christ.

CLERICUS.—You attribute to Nature "the sources of a divine current, and the restoring forces of life and peace and strength."

EDITOR.—Another miscitation. I said that I draw from "these visions," which the spirit sees as it meditates upon the ethereal splendors of the sunrise and sunset, "*as* from the sources of a divine current, the restoring forces of life and peace and strength."

CLERICUS.—After speaking of the wakening and expanding power of the frescoes of the sky, the mountains and the waters, how they startle your heart with the flash of memory, you conclude with the words, "time and locality are forgotten, and we plunge into the *ocean of the Infinite*, and bathe in *the waters of life*." This ocean and these waters are not God but *Nature!*

EDITOR.—Certainly. I was referring to natural feelings: the ocean of the infinite in space, and the waters of sunlight that surround the world. I wrote, also, not "the waters of life," but "*its* waters of *light*." You seem to be under the influence of the spirit of misquotation.

CLERICUS.—You conclude with the words, "*Nothing* can give *more abundantly* to our hearts that *peace*, that *hopeful patience*, which withdraw our souls from a thousand shafts of ill, and *bring us under the fullest power of good*," than what? Surely a journal like yours will say, than the Religion of the Cross, than communion with Him who is the fountain of all peace and comfort, and the treasury of bliss.

EDITOR.—By "the fullest power of good," I obviously mean that very religion and communion which you justly name as the source of bliss; and I intended to convey the idea that Nature inspired a peace and patience in the natural man eminently favorable to the reception of a grace from above. Let me again bring Wordsworth to the rescue :—

> ——"Well-pleased to recognize
> In Nature and the language of my sense,
> The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
> The guide, the guardian of my heart and soul,
> Of all my moral being."

Perhaps in saying that "nothing" could so much produce that peace which inclines to piety, as Nature, I was guilty of an extravagance, as Wordsworth was when he sang that Nature was the soul of "all" his moral being. But this is a fault for the grammatical or rhetorical critic, not the divine, to censure. And now, since the case against the defendant is closed, I would beg you, as an act of simple justice, to read this one sentence from the much abused article, and I shall be willing to go to the jury.

CLERICUS.—(*Reads from a paper handed to him by Editor:*)—"This apprehension of a distinct life within our being, of another world surrounding our universe: this sense of something which is not material, and is not intellectual, yet is as real as the one and as delicate as the other; this recognition of relations which escape the scrutiny of reason: are of inestimable service in giving us assurance of that mighty Truth which Religion stands to testify to the ages as they pass by to Futurity, that, incarnated within the physical, is the deathless divinity of a spiritual essence, which, in the dissolution of the frame which enshrines it, will expand to the just proportions of its native majesty."

EDITOR.—Is that the language of a Pantheist—of a "Philosophical *Atheist?*" Could I have spoken more plainly without fairly inditing a sermon?

CLERICUS.—I am much more gratified to find myself mistaken as to your creed than I should have been to discover that my views were correct.

EDITOR.—I have not a doubt of it. I have entire confidence in the candor of your purposes, and I am sure that you have the same in mine. Let me recall to your attention the different positions in which you and I are placed. Had I spoken from the pulpit as I have written in this newspaper, I had justly been chargeable with fault, because I would have been setting mere human fantasies *in the place* of the Gospel. In preparing a paragraph for the Journal, I consider that I am operating wholly apart from the system of the church—a friend beyond the citadel—an ally without the camp. I trust that—

(*The door opens: at the same moment the chair of* CLERICUS *becomes vacant. The* EDITOR *rises to grasp his hand, and finds himself vehemently shaking the hand of the boy who has brought in some proof.*)

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Bacon says that a little knowledge inclines men's minds to atheism, but a thorough progress therein brings them back to religion. If this is the law of the progress of an individual mind, very similar is the effect of the development of material arts and practical inventions upon the habits, characteristics, and usages of society. When the resources of science begin to act upon the condition of communities, the first effect seems to be to make life more artificial; to surround us with a host of conveniences and powers which wean us from all capacity to endure the meagerness of common and natural existence; and to substitute a factitious, a contrived condition of being for the plain and unforced state of primitive customs. The interest and value of earlier modes of life seem to fade, and civilization seems to be advancing into a progressive disavowal of all that once gave it strength and health; and we grow alarmed lest it should become wholly divorced from all human and spontaneous sympathies. These apprehensions, however, belong only to the early and undetermined stages of improvement. The perfections of Art always throw us back upon Nature; and the final development of any civil progress that is really the result of advanced reason and science, works out a recurrence to those same qualities and customs and tastes that marked the purer infancy of society. The first result of railways, and of the other mechanical devices by which industrial and commercial activity were so greatly increased, was to bring everybody to the city, and to cause a prodigious enlargement of those hives of mankind, into which all the better classes of the nation seem to be crowding. But life is like a skillful bell-ringer, who knows how to bring the peal home again, just when it seems to have lost all recovery. The excess of the evil involved its own remedy. Those subtle and stimulating interests of metropolitan refinement, which once seemed so engrossing and endless, are found, upon experience, to be limited in extent and easily exhaustible.

The prodigious expansion of the city defeats the very purposes of its original formation. Society becomes dissolved in the immensity of the crowd, and company breaks down under the inordinate accumulation of its constituent parts. The overgrown capital becomes of all wildernesses the dreariest. Men's worried and outworn spirits turn towards a country life, with a force and enthusiasm before unfelt. The appliances of Art and business come in aid of this revival of natural tastes. Railways and steamers afford facilities and advantages for a country life that in former years were unknown. The Hudson Highlands are, by virtue of the River Railroad, for all practicable purposes of prompt, frequent, and agreeable communication, *nearer to New York at this time, than places five miles from the city were thirty years ago.* The habit of residing in the country during at least the greater part of the year, is becoming usual among more prosperous citizens. Already upon the banks of this glorious stream, moving in silent and majestic course—for miles above the "Storm King," till it blends its waters with the Atlantic near Staten Island and the Narrows, there have gathered merchants retired from active business—lawyers withdrawn from the office and the bar—politicians weary of the strife of party—officers of the army and navy resting on their laurels; all seeking repose after their several struggles in the "Battle of Life," and settling quietly down among thriving, contented, and liberal-hearted farmers. To these circles will now be added many who are yet engaged in the whirl and responsibilities which attend active citizens, whose families are frequently engaged in an equally arduous search after pleasure; all ready to exchange for a while the wearisome panorama of the metropolis for the tranquil and soothing loveliness which dwells among these hills. This trait which, while marking especially the society of New York, is beginning to characterize hardly less our other chief cities, we esteem as the most salutary advancement in the highest refinement and luxury of social life that has occurred in our time.

For our own part, we look upon it as little less than wicked for any man to live in the town in summer who is at liberty to

live in the fields. In the months of July, and August, and September, we never pass from the city to the country, without feeling that we change the ignoble bondage of a work-house for the glorious atmosphere of a sanctuary, where all is free and fresh, and elevating. The metropolis at this season seems not only half-extinct itself, but morally infectious to all who are within it. Its toils weary one, not into wholesome fatigue, but into desponding exhaustion; its pleasures excite without interesting, and stimulate only to waste. But beneath the trees, along the brooks, among the sparkling grass, are there not only enjoyment to all the living sensibilities that we bring with us, but endless supplies of new, and deeper, and more thrilling existence. Something of the purity of the first paradise lingers still in a region where its visible splendors have not wholly faded; and walking there, man's nature insensibly lapses back into thoughts, and feelings, and fancies, kindred to the holiness of his unfallen humanity. Our imaginations become cleansed; our musings assume a more spiritual consciousness; and our passions are touched into gentler concord with the softness and sweetness of all that surrounds us. The city and country seem to us to share the winter and the summer solstices between them, as the twin star-brothers of the ocean divide the day and night; the one sinking into dissolution as the other glows into life. In winter, the pulses of life quicken in the social frame of the capital; it becomes braced with strength, and health, and hope; and every energy of being grows intense within it. The country at that period is like the breathless form of a young maiden, whose beauty, and pleasure, and every thing but sanctity, have fled. When the empire of the sun descends upon the earth the destiny of these two existences is exchanged. The city loses all its vital force and flush, and gradually withers and wastes into the unsightliness of a skeleton. Its palaces become stately kennels, and its magnificent avenues are a mere congregation of alleys. The country, in all its branchings, seems meanwhile to have gained all that life-sap which has flowed away from the other. Its excess of inward vigor blossoms forth in an endless diversity of growing and expanding riches, and all seems a boundless and infinite Eden.

THE DRAMA.

THE REGULAR DRAMA.

"Of all *im*-material sensualities that I am acquainted with," says Lord Byron, in one of his journals, "the most delightful is good acting." We share a portion of the noble poet's enthusiasm for that which was the proudest boast of Greece in the days of her most splendid greatness; which is identified with the ablest, most brilliant, and most moral literature of all nations; and which, from the variety of the resources which it combines, and the intensity of the effect which it produces, deserves to be regarded as the most complex and powerful of the Fine Arts. Beyond every other display, it interprets between the lower and the higher parts of our nature, and brings them to the focus of a common consciousness. It presents us with intellectual forms, richly steeped in the affections and passions, and glowing with the fragrant breath of an earnest life; it elevates all the lower range of the emotions, and charges them with the keen sensibility of thought and conscience. Nothing fuses all the different elements of the character into one vivid blaze of sympathy, like viewing a great action, or a mighty scene in real existence; and next to it in power is the representation of such things upon the stage. It does one's being good occasionally to have the feelings—especially the nobler sort of them—sent, in a surge, over the mind, drenching it with their freshening energy. It breaks the wearying continuity of impression; it dissipates the *tedium quotidianarum rerum;* it gives one's life a new start. "Not gayety only—not merely the amusement of an idle hour," says Mrs. Jamieson, "have we owed to the great dramatic artist; but that blessed relief from

the pressure of this working-day world; that general warming up of the spirit, under the sympathetic influences of beauty, passion, power, poetry, melody, which melts together a multitude of minds in one delicious and kindred feeling." How large an extent, too, of the brightest part of English literature is effectively extinguished, for the public, by the closing of the theatre! How splendid and peculiar a display of British genius, wit, and Art is lost to him who has never seen in action the imaginative and impassioned drama of the age of Elizabeth, the plays, so affluent in courtly elegance and worldly shrewdness, of Charles the Second's days, or the more moral and truthful, and yet scarcely less pointed scenes of a later school of comedy! These productions may indeed be read, but no one has the inclination to read them; and if he had, the sparkle of the living scene is lost, and half the skill of the author is invisible to one who ponders a dialogue contrived to be acted and not to be read. In an abstract view, certainly, objections of weight may be urged against the Stage; and we are among the last to despise or to oppose the feelings and principles in which these objections have their origin. But looking at it practically, and that is the point of view in which it ought to be regarded, it has always seemed to us that the cause of the drama was connected with the promotion of morals, the purity of taste, a high and sound tone of public feeling, and that the moralist ought to be the most active encourager of its old-fashioned forms. The love of histrionic spectacles, which, through the senses, appeal to the imagination and the heart, is inextinguishable in our nature. If you will not supply the community with the higher kind of entertainments, they will establish the lowest grades for themselves. There is a class in every community, who, having no enforced employment, must find occupation in amusements. Will you lower the standard of social refinement, by sending these persons to the circus and the halls of negro minstrelsy? —for there they will go if you close the doors of the theatre. There is a large portion of society who require excitement as a necessity of existence; to whom a stronger degree of sensation than ordinary life affords, is a vehement and indispensable re-

quirement of their natures. Will you compel them to resort to physical stimulants, or debasing exhibitions, or vicious hilarities, by withholding the display of those intense interests of the moral drama, which, while they agitate and delight, still cleanse, and purify, and elevate? If you proscribe the mental brilliancies of Shakspeare, and Otway, and Sheridan, whose scenes expand the conception, invigorate the understanding, refine the taste, elevate the sentiments, and people the memory with bright and noble images, society will resort, you may be sure, to the physical divertisements of which we speak—the clumsy, corporal displays of pantomime shows and tenth-rate dancing exhibitions, which debase the standard of the mind and coarsen the imagination and the manners. Does any man doubt that, since the decline of the dignified drama in Philadelphia, all descriptions of inferior entertainments have increased tenfold?

We have, indeed, always considered it one of the great justifications of fictitious writing of all kinds, that, by furnishing a species of excitement which should be moral in some of its elements or tendencies, it acted as a species of safety-valve against more dangerous vents of passion and fancy. This, as we have intimated, is the more applicable to dramatic fiction as the interest is stronger, the purpose more decidedly moral, and the class of persons reached by it more exposed to danger. * It is a common but miserable fallacy, that an occupation gains in moral harmlessness as it descends in intellectual interest. The natural affinities of thought are with virtue and purity. If there be any danger in public amusement, the best counter-irritant it can be accompanied with is something that stimulates the reason, and rouses to keen attention the sentinel powers of reflection.

DECLINE OF THE DRAMA. 1844.

Is the drama hopelessly and forever lost upon the earth? Shall we never again be summoned by the spell of histrionic genius within the circle of Shakspeare's magic, to yield our spirits to the grateful illusions of moral sympathy; to have great truths revealed to our minds under the delightful type of personal character, and great warnings signalled to our imagination in the impressive incidents of affecting action; to have our small griefs healed in the tide of the greater woes of a Lear or a Constance; to be raised up from the common sphere of faint and fading consciousness, to a region of intenser sensibility, by beholding The Moor, The Dane, The Jew, live again before us in that vividness of power which belongs to their immortality? Almost we are constrained to think that it is even so. Year after year, we have fought against the conviction that the great days of the Stage were past. Season after season, we have hoped that the long-expected revival of the life and popularity of the Scene would appear. But we have waited and hoped in vain. The managers do all that the resources of their profession will permit; but they have neither materials to supply their demands, nor popular taste to second their exertions. We know nothing more remarkable than this sudden sinking down of a great department of mental art—this entire going-out of one of the lights of public intelligence and enjoyment—not from any external influences of invasion or possession, but from mere failure of intellectual means to supply and support it. There is no drama in England; there is none in Italy or Germany. In France, Rachel alone sustains the glories of the Scene, and concentrates in herself all the inspiration that the profession at this day inherits—the solitary sibylline prophetess of a natural faith passed away, or yet unborn. To us, this interregnum of the Stage is a matter for keen regret. We regard the highest order of the acted drama as the most complex and delightful of all the Arts.

It is, to every other form of literary creation, what architecture is among the material modes of typifying beauty—the queen and head of all of them, implying, in the unity of its noble effects, all the skill that the others separately embody. When we inquire for the causes of the decline which we confess, we are embarrassed by the number of reasons which are offered for the solution of the question. On the one hand complaint is made of the want of public patronage; and the public reply that they no longer frequent the theatre, because the theatre is not what it once was. The proprietors and conductors of the Stage blame the few persons that have shown a genius for acting, that they abandon the Stage; and the Macreadys and Kembles reply that there is no Stage for them to return to. It is not quite reasonable to say that any one of these is the cause of any other. When a public art or amusement is on the rise to perfection, the genius of the artists, the skill of the managers, and the taste of society, are all developed concurrently in the direction of success: when it is on the decline, all the conditions of life, internal and outward, seem to fail together. The decadence of the drama appears to us to be nothing more than an accident which any year may remedy. From some influences which no man can fully explain, scenic genius of every sort has set in another direction—that of the Opera. All that we can make out upon the subject is, that the drama and opera have never flourished together. In England, when Drury Lane and Covent Garden were illuminated by such lights as Garrick, Kean, Kemble and Siddons, the opera never thrived in London; as they became extinguished, it rose into favor and popularity. Here, too, we must be content with the change. We may console ourselves for the absence of Coopers and Woods and Cookes by the reflection that Bosio and Salvi reign in their room; and when the opera seems to be retrograding, we may say to ourselves that the prospects of the Stage begin to brighten.

PROSPECTS OF THE DRAMA. 1848.

We recollect no period in the last twelve years when the prospects of the higher drama were so encouraging as they are in relation to the coming season. We have long been firmly convinced that, to give re-animated action and popularity to the theatre, nothing was wanting but performers; and *that* deficiency is now likely to be supplied. Mr. Forrest—always acceptable to the people—is among us; Mr. Macready's speedy arrival is certain; Mrs. Butler's appearance is spoken of with confidence by those who profess to be informed; and the late English papers announce the probability of a visit from the new tragedian, Mr. Brooke. These are strong materials; and if they be properly combined, it is not easy to see how the management should fail of success. To assert that the public taste for theatrical entertainments has declined—that amusements of this class have fallen into disfavor, and that the want of encouragement from the community is the cause of the inferior condition of the Stage—is to contradict the plainest evidence of daily and nightly observation. There never has been a time when the attendance upon scenic performances, of one kind or another, has been so numerous and so steady as during the last year, and at this present moment. The number of theatres of all description open, and the number of persons habitually frequenting them, is far greater now than in what are termed the "palmy days" of the profession. And this remark may be applied, with equal truth, to New York and Philadelphia. To be sure, many of these exhibitions are of very humble pretensions in point of intellect, refinement, and taste. That only illustrates our position, that the fault is behind the lights and not before them; for that very inferiority shows how strong and general must be the fondness for this art, when the benches are regularly filled even by the moderate attractions which it is in the power of the managers to offer. All those who now collect to witness some commonplace farce, would crowd with

greater eagerness to behold the mighty scene of Shakspeare, if they could but see it as adequately presented: his tones of strength and beauty speak to the sympathies of the coarsest commonalty as earnestly and as enchantingly as to those of the studious, the refined, and the exclusive. The triumph or the failure of the stage, or of any other great institution or art, was never yet dependent upon the inclinations or habits of the most elevated class of society. They can neither make nor mar the fortunes of a company. Its fate is determined by the countenance or neglect of the middle classes. The destinies of the drama reside with the pit, not the boxes. And that this community, at large, are essentially play-lovers and play-goers, is a fact which no one who will look at the first brick wall, not a house wall, that he meets with, or will make the tour of the theatres any night in the week, will feel a disposition to deny. The prostrate condition of the loftier drama arises, unquestionably, not from the fault of the public, but from the fault, or folly, or deficiency of some sort of those on the other side of the curtain.

If the stage is to become, once more, the dignified and delightful resort of society in general—if it is to be redeemed to the respect and affection of the educated, the thoughtful, and the polite—it is obvious that an entirely different method must be established from that which has prevailed for some years past. The fate of that method is pretty conclusively settled. The star-system has been the destruction of the drama. It broke down the stock companies, and now the stars themselves are broken down for want of adequate support from the regular companies; and there has ceased to be anything that can be called a permanent theatre. The evil arose from a short-sighted and mistaken policy of managers in former years, who imagined that the great profits derived from the engagement of stars for short periods, would more than counterbalance the longer time that a stock company play, and did not see that the system involved the ruin of the whole profession. The work of reconstruction, upon another principle, must be begun. The prosperity of the Stage is regulated by two very simple maxims—which, plain as they are, have been fatally forgotten or departed

from. To enact dramas, you must have a regular dramatic company; and to enable a company to make their impression upon the community, it is indispensable to have a regular dramatic season. Now, neither a theatrical company nor a theatrical season, in the proper sense of the words, and as they were once understood, has existed in any part of this country for twenty years; hardly at all, indeed, since the break-up of the old company of Wood and Warren. The question whether a single actor can sustain a play of a dozen parts, of which the star-ers maintained the affirmative, has at last been decided by experiment beyond the reach of any further controversy. It is equally well demonstrated, by repeated trials, that the interest and beauties of the dramatic art cannot be satisfactorily exhibited to the public by mere occasional flashes, even if the flashes be of lightning, but require the illumination of a continual and unflickering light. If there is to be a restoration of the once-flourishing empire of dramatic taste, the performers must be again organized into fixed companies, obedient to the appointments of a manager; and those companies must engage in the representation of an extensive and sustained series of the best and greatest plays, so that society may form an appetite for the pleasures of the Stage, and may come to count upon the play as one of the constant and dependable sources of gratification for the winter. People will not go into the house at all, unless they have formed the habit of going; and to create such a habit, there must be a steady succession of interesting and varied and brilliant entertainments.

As we have hinted above, the elements of a Stage are existing abundantly; it is the organizing and controlling energy that is wanting. We look to the managers: with them, as we believe, rests the power—and, if so, the duty—of restoration. Let the intelligent and experienced managers who preside over the theatres of our great cities come to an understanding with one another; and let them propose to the eminent performers whom we have named above, and to the dozen or twenty other asteroids of various magnitude, who make their transits across the scene during the year, to organize themselves into two com-

panies, bound together by fixed engagements, from a certain day in the autumn until a certain day in the spring. Then let the community receive assurance that a prolonged and diversified range of the most celebrated tragedies and comedies will be brought out. Let Mrs. Butler be the attraction for one evening, Mr. Macready for another, and Mr. Forrest for a third. In some plays—such, for example, as Macbeth—Mrs. Butler and Mr. Macready could appear together. Mr. William B. Wood, known to us all as an actor of the first pretensions, and Mr. Charles Kemble, his equal in many parts, played for several weeks together, in such plays as King John, Othello, The Gamester, Venice Preserved. Mr. Wood and Mr. Macready had previously done the same; while Mr. Wood and Mr. Cooper played to each other for years upon years together. Why shall not Mr. Forrest or Mr. Macready *be made to* do the same thing *now*, with other actors of character? A system based on this code of principles would once more make the Stage, morally and artistically, respectable; a strong and general interest in the subject would speedily be created throughout the city; and the rival merits of the chief actors, properly sustained by the secondary people, would enkindle discussions, which would extensively promote the advantage of all. If some of the persons principally concerned in such an arrangement should prove refractory —which we think certain—let the managers say to them:— "The scheme which we present to you is dictated by considerations of common benefit: it is the only reasonable plan of re-establishing the Stage: if you will not frankly and fairly co-operate in this effort, we decline to engage you, on any terms whatever." In playing at lower rates, they would find more than a compensation in the greater length of their engagement. The interest of all parties must, surely, be first to restore and re-institute the stage. Unless the theatre can be brought again into a real existence, none of those who are connected with it can enjoy much prosperity. As it now is, the Stage has fairly broken down under these famous tragedians; their calling has completely caved-in under their individual success. What are their talents and their distinction worth, if the vocation in

which they are to be exercised has ceased to be? What avails the lonely lustre of the star, if the orbit in which it is to move is blocked up or overthrown? That is precisely the present state of things. While you are doubting whether Mr. Macready or Mrs. Butler would condescend to such terms, the true question to be considered—and one which *we know* is altogether uncertain in its issue—is whether either Mrs. Butler or Mr. Macready, separately or in conjunction, can at this moment obtain any profitable engagement whatever, in any theatre in this country. Mr. Macready, eminent and admirable as he is in all that belongs to *himself*, has by his rejection of all second parts and his excision of some minor parts altogether, fatally overlooked the principle, that no man can long flourish on the ruins of his own profession. In his desire to make himself the "be-all and the end-all" of the play—generally reducing and sometimes sacrificing the parts of other performers to make himself the single feature of the evening—he has proceeded, as we have already intimated, on an assumption fatal to the performance of the drama as a public entertainment.

We offer these suggestions to both managers and actors, from the concern which we seriously feel in an art which has ever been to us a source of lofty and intimate gratification, and which we regard as one of the best contributors to social enjoyment and edification. If they are not attended to, or if they are found impracticable, we see but a melancholy prospect for the future.

SUMMER TRAVEL IN AMERICA.

THE MIDSUMMER CONGRESS.

It may be observed that those great discoveries and inventions which have played a signal part in the progress of society, have rarely been entirely accidental in point of time, but have usually had a relation with some considerable event, or some interesting period, to the demands of which they were specially adapted to contribute. In some instances, the necessity for a new instrument of power has existed before the means of its satisfaction have been provided; and the advancement of the world has appeared to stand suspended until the requisite element has been supplied. In most cases, however, the addition to human knowledge or capacity has distinctly preceded, yet by no extended interval, the occasion which it was particularly to subserve, as if Providence, like a judicious master-workman, would fashion beforehand the tools that were required for his operations, and would instruct his agents in the management of them, yet would not give them forth to curiosity or to neglect, much previously to the time when they were wanted. Thus, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, a thousand converging causes were about to awaken the intelligence of Europe to a higher enlightenment, and to stimulate its energy to a far keener exertion; and just before it begins, writing paper is contrived in one part of Germany, and printing from movable types is thought of in another. A little earlier, one man perfects the use of the mariner's compass, as an amusing philosophical toy; another takes it up, and in his hand it becomes the revelation of a new continent, destined thenceforth, throughout all time, to act and re-act with still repeating vigor upon the condition

of the old world. Paper, printing, and the magnetic needle were not the causes of the regeneration of Europe and the discovery of America; they were instrumentalities which the agencies that wrought out those events made use of, and without the co-operation of which those agencies could never have accomplished the results. In like manner, we consider that the discovery of steam had a prearranged connection of the same kind with the majestic fabric of the American Union. Steamboats and railway-cars have been indispensable conditions in the establishment of that stately confederation which, like a grand entablature, crowns, completes, and beautifies the columns which rose in separate elevation from the earth. The various colonies, it is true, had already existed, and it is possible that our country might have expanded to the physical limits which it now presents, even without this amazing instrument of material force; but our political scheme could never have been brought to perfection. The original divisions between the States would have become deeper and more decided with progressive years; and that creation of separate communities into one mighty organization—that fusion of multitudinous systems into the unity of a single nation—that identity of the whole amid the variety of so many parts—which is the pride of our strength, the marvel of history, and the name of our enduring greatness—could not, by any human possibility, have been effected without this influence. We give to Hamilton and Madison the glory of our political consolidation; but perhaps hardly less entitled to that honor are Fulton and Stevens.

Foreigners sometimes smile at what they term our national mania for locomotion. They consider us as a community who enjoy a kind of Chinese existence in boats; or who, like Pope's spider, "live along the line" of endless railroads. They do not perceive that this circulation forms the very life of our system. The moralist may censure the vanity of those Bedouin habits which seize upon our people as the summer advances, and send them wandering over the continent—precipitated in masses upon some favorite spot, by shore or spring, or scattered in tireless vagrancy over hill and lake and river. The man of

taste may question the delicacy and the comfort of emerging into public view at the season when retirement seems to be the most agreeable—of exposing oneself to be grilled in a rail-car, when the cool grove and sequestered vale would be the most natural dwelling-places; of sweltering in a crowd, at hotels, at a period when seclusion and domestic privacy are rendered desirable by every consideration of fitness and enjoyment. But the philosopher, who has heard that "private vices are public benefits," will reflect that individual follies may conduce to the national good. Fashion has, undoubtedly, contributed powerfully to sustain, at various times, the tottering fabric of monarchy; it is not unreasonable that she should exert her potent influence to aid, in her own peculiar way, in building up the fabric of the republic. For ourselves, we regard the ebb and flow of population that takes place throughout the land during the summer and autumn of the year, as very tides of the life of our Constitution. These periodical currents serve a more important purpose than some of the noisier and more pretentious of our institutions. We look upon the immense assemblages that at present are gathered together at Saratoga and Newport, as so many great national congresses on a social platform. The north, the south, the east, and the west send hither a concourse of sovereigns, who mingle in familiar intercourse, and give and take a portion of the peculiar tastes and feelings and opinions that the differing sections of the land send forth. Insensibly to themselves and to others, these unconscious diplomatists are engaged in negotiating relations of amity and concord—in concluding treaties of friendship, and making mutual interchanges of confidence and respect. The good understanding effected in summer at the Springs tells strongly upon the winter at Washington. Important political connections establish themselves along that chain of intercourse which was strengthened and brightened in the promenade, the drawing-room, and the bowling-alley of some great resort. Thus it is that the organizing power of Nature—like the artificer, who fabricates from the gossamer tissues of a worm the garments of men and the hangings of palaces—weaves out of the idleness,

the vanity, and the caprices of humanity, those viewless but indissoluble bands—delicate as the air when at rest, and mighty as the same element when winged with the tempest's swiftness —which hold society itself together—which baffle the devices of men and triumph over Time with all his accidents. Let us not, therefore, in the dignity of our wisdom, denounce *too severely* the bad taste of the annual Olympics of Saratoga and Newport. "From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose," so from the cohesion of this social admixture may be formed that cement of our public union which, when it has grown as hard and as glittering as marble, will bear no trace of the trivial source from which it sprang. Let us attempt to regulate rather than to abolish, to reform and to refine rather than to destroy the modes and habits of these national transits and assemblies by which our people are thus brought into union for their benefit.

NEWPORT. 1846.

To the Editor of The National Press.

Newport, Sept. 21, 1846.

DEAR GENERAL:—Kemmeyrer's band left us last week. From that time, society at the Ocean House may, with great literality, be said to have been dis-banded. A few belles, who, like the leaf in Christabel, seem determined to be "dancing as often as dance they can," still give us an occasional Redowa, though reduced to a piano and a lady-partner. In my opinion, the really pleasant season at Newport is just beginning. *Old* Newport—genuine, quiet, unostentatious, social Newport, which has been entirely submerged under the irruption of fashion, is now beginning to be visible above the retreating waters. I arrived about the middle of August; and upon inquiring for the Newport in which I had been wont to enjoy my summers, discovered that the place was in bondage, but not destroyed. I

therefore waited patiently until this tyranny should be overpast: and now I am beginning to taste the reward of my endurance; for while you are laboring under exhausting days and sleepless nights, I breathe a balmy light, and snore vigorously under one or two blankets, with the privilege of conversation with a very chosen society. Not, by the bye, that I did not enjoy the season of high fashion very keenly, for a crowd of blooming belles and well dressed beaux always give a bachelor like myself, something to amuse and entertain him, or, which is as good, an opportunity of doing so to others.

Another year, if this kind of society at Newport is to continue, there are certain matters which must be provided for, on a different footing. In the first place, there must be one common assembly room, not attached to any of the lodging-houses, and to which visitors at any of them shall be admitted upon equal terms. During the past season there were jealousies on this subject between the different hotels; and there being nobody to give responsible invitations, where the dance was not a subscription one, and nobody to receive the guests who came from other houses, there was an awkwardness, and a want of freedom in the intercourse on such occasions. In the next place, there must be a general master of ceremonies—a regularly instituted king of Bath, invested with comprehensive jurisdiction, and armed with plenary powers. Such an officer is indispensable; not merely for the purpose just indicated, of representing the host, and giving persons occasion of feeling themselves at home, and on a perfect equality with all others, but also to enforce the obvious requirements, not perhaps of strict *etiquette*, but at all events, of ordinary human propriety and decorum. Under the reign of such a monarch, M. Leopold de M—— would not be allowed to appear at a dance when ladies are in full dress, apparelled in harlequin pantaloons and a frock coat; nor Mr. I——, of——, to wear his hat in the ball-room; nor others to present themselves in such costume that it is impossible to determine whether it is a waiter who has got entangled in the quadrille, or a gentleman who is arranging the lamps. Very special qualities will be required for such an office; he must be

a man of mature years, of great usage of the world, of character and manner to enforce respect, of good temper and of good sense; in a word, *totus, teres, atque rotundus.* He must not belong to a clique in society, nor must his appointment be dictated by any set or rank in society; on the contrary, he must be chosen by the proprietors of the houses at Newport, out of the best class of persons in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or Baltimore.

Such a magistrate, possessed of legislative, judicial, and executive functions, must bring some degree of common sense to bear upon the system established at Newport, especially as to hours. Instead of dancing beginning at ten o'clock and continuing till one o'clock—a custom preposterous in summer and at a watering place—moderation must be enforced by ordering the lights to be extinguished at eleven o'clock. In short, the social intercourse of the place must have something else to recommend it, than extravagance, absurdity, and irrationality. By the appointment of a dictator of this kind, who should be a Lycurgus to make laws, a Draco to affix the penalties, and a Minos to enforce them, the evils and inconveniences which now deprive life at these places of its comfort and respectability, might be extensively remedied. It should be understood that this officer would be wholly irresponsible to any of the visitors for any act done in the execution of his office, and that for any such act, no challenge could be sent to him.

Connected with Newport, you will naturally ask me, if there are any memorials still remaining of Bishop Berkley? The organ in Trinity church was presented by him; it bears on its summit a gilt crown and two gilt mitres, and in front, the inscription—"The gift of Dr. George Berkley, late Lord Bishop of Cloyne." The house in which he resided is still shown, but is not remarkable for any thing but some rather common Dutch tiles about the chimney-piece in one of the rooms. A cavity in a very prominent rock, called the Hanging Rock, commanding a magnificent prospect of the ocean, is identified as the spot in which he was in the habit of composing, and here it is said to have written "The Minute Philosopher." There is an entry

on the church books, of his arrival at Newport, in which it is recorded, that being on a voyage to the Bermudas, he was driven in a storm upon the island of Nantucket, and being there informed by the Indians, that there was a church of England on the island of Rhode Island, he came thither to visit it; the entry expatiates at some length on the courtesy and sauvity of address with which he received, in his robes, inhabitants who came to welcome his arrival. I found out two traditionary anecdotes preserved among the people, in relation to this excellent and extraordinary man. One contained the reason of his placing his dwelling-house, not on the summit of a hill, (Honeyman's,) from which the view is extremely impressive, but at the distance of a mile or more beyond it; which was, that if he could view the scene at any time, he probably, in fact, would never look at it at all, and familiarity with it would destroy its charm, but that if he only saw it when he was crossing to the town, he would enjoy it more and perhaps see it oftener; a reason quite characteristic of his subtle discrimination and practical good sense. The other was, that he was in the habit of stopping as he rode to or from town, at a particular house which is pointed out, and calling for his *dram;* this dram consisted of a cake of gingerbread, which was regularly produced for the refreshment of the good dean. Perhaps you will be led to seek, as I was, for the point of the Bishop's pleasantry; but at all events, "I warrant it proved an excuse *from* the glass."

THE MONARCHY OF NEWPORT. 1851.

The confederated republic of American watering-places seems to be rapidly resolving itself into the supreme and unlimited monarchy of Newport. Other resorts are local in their fame and attractions; it alone is national. It has been gradually assuming the eminence and universality of a social capital; while other spots, once primary and independent and sovereign in pretensions,

have declined into narrowness and subordination. In visiting lately the thinned and shrunken haunts of a famous summer scene, once wont to be glowing and distended with excess of popularity, we were almost inclined to summon up, as of kindred melancholy, the recollection of the fate of Babylon the Great; and if we had had a pocket copy of Volney's Ruins by us, we should have meditated upon the warnings of that volume, with deepened interest, amid empty ball-rooms, neglected promenades, and "cottages to let." So far as permanency ought to be predicted for anything dependent on the changeful qualities of taste and fashion, Newport bids fair to enjoy a very tolerable immortality of empire. There are sufficient reasons for the ascendant which it has gained, and for the continuance of that ascendant.

In the first place, the climate is as near perfection as can fall to the lot of an earthly watering-place. It is the only place in the country where, in the hottest weather, and at all hours of the day, you are certain of being able to be cool. The temperature, moreover, is more equable than on any part of the continent; and the place is thus free from the greatest evil of American weather. The range of the thermometer, both during the day and throughout the year, is less than in other places. It sems, in fact, to enjoy an insular climate of its own. Nestling, bride-like, in the bosom of the sea, imparting ornament and deriving benefit, it is guarded by the power of the trident alike from the scorching heats and from the northern blasts that revel in alternating excess along the adjacent coast. As far as our experience extends, we are disposed to infer that the best climates are to be found in small islands; especially such as are near to the mainland. Venice, the Isle of Wight, and Newport, much resemble one another in the peculiarly delightful qualities of the atmosphere; and to each has been vouchsafed a specific charm to rob the summer of its oppression and the winter of its severity.

The natural beauties of Newport pass quite beyond comparison with any sea-side resort in this country. The romantic va-

riety and picturesque elegance of its coast scenery, where the salt spray, foaming against the rocks, momently dashes itself into rainbows, present the most enchanting splendors of impression that land, sea, and sunshine, in their combinations, can produce. A walk along the cliffs is like a ramble through a select gallery of Birch's marine views. To sit on high upon some "coin of vantage" in the rock, and gaze upon the white waters wrestling in undying wrath with the eternal bases of the earth, while the Spirit of Beauty, prevailing over both, transmutes the terror into glory, and spreads out before the imagination an exhaustless banquet of visionary delight, is a pleasure that invests that region in a spiritual lustre, and consecrates it to the enthusiasms of the poet as much as to the enjoyments of the gay and the crowd-loving. It is not to be wondered that gentle and pensive souls like Berkley and Channing—the "temple-haunting martlet" spirits of humanity—that resort "where the air is delicate," and who "approve by their loved mansionry where heaven's breath smells wooingly," should have found especial inspiration for their holy fancies and their kindly feelings, in scenes where the pure and beautiful and the majestic in Nature combine to shed their most calming and exalting influences upon the mind and heart.

The atmospheric effects which may be observed around Newport almost approach those iris-like enchantments that glorify Southern Italy in the memory of a landscape-liking traveler. Those airy fascinations—roseate purple and violet—with which the hills and rocks and waters of Naples are so profusely invested, are here poured forth in delicate profusion, to heighten almost to an intoxicating charm forms that were already more than lovely. The drives in the neighborhood of the town are numerous and varied and beautiful. They have the advantage of affording unwearying entertainment to eyes and hearts devoted to Nature's lofty service, and of giving *parvenus*, whose interests must of course be considered, an opportunity of displaying their showy equipages.

Social Newport is as delightfully different from all rival assembling-places, as the natural qualities of the scene are superior

to all near or distant competition. Hotel life at Newport—an unrefined life everywhere—is happily on the decline. But cottage life—which is the true life of Newport—is extending and improving. In other words, the floating capital of favor that circulated about the region is becoming permanently funded; and these investments imply as well as promise a permanent interest. Newport is a place in which a long time ought to be spent in order to appreciate and appropriate its particular excellencies. It does not abound in startling and stimulating enjoyments, which may be best snatched with a rapid hand, and which pale and perish under a prolonged and familiar gaze—

> "You must love it, ere to you
> It shall seem worthy of your love."

You must experience the gradual, insensible alteration which the mild invigoration of the air produces without shock or excitement, after some weeks' residence; you must feed upon the refined and quiet beauties of the landscape until your taste has become purged from the love of the turbid interests of the city, and educated into a capacity to be thrilled by the soft splendors of a mellow sunset, and to find unfailing attractions in foam-fringed rocks and cavernous cliffs; you must make yourself at home with the permanent society of the place, and enjoy the comfort of an intercourse, elegant but uncremonious, intellectual but free from pedantry. Newport, like the highest class of personal characters, gives not forth its best effects to casual acquaintance; and must be known familiarly to be understood at all. Hire a cottage for a season—surrender yourself to the easy but refined existence which prevails here—make the rocks and caves of the shores acquainted with your footsteps—and you will be tempted to make the place your summer retreat for at least a part of every season. The interests and amusements of Newport society are more European than those of any place we know of. An odor of Art—of all life's perfumes ever the most freshly sweet—enriches the atmosphere delightfully. It was the home of Malbone and Stuart—a favorite residence of Allston—and now the haunt of more than a single votary of

the pencil: and the influence which these presences dispensed lingers to refine and elevate the scene. Music has this summer been one of the highest enjoyments. Among the lady visitors there had been ONE—a lady of Union Place, New York—the finest amateur singer that this or any other country has in my time produced; and musical *matinées* and *soirées*, of which she had been the feature, have given an appropriate and perfecting charm to the pleasures that are native to the spot.

MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

The learned are familiar with the history of an extraordinary malady which made its appearance in Germany and the northern parts of France, about the middle of the sixteenth century, and was known by the appellation of the "dancing mania." When visited by this singular contagion, individuals, families, and even whole communities, felt themselves seized by a nervous agitation, which compelled them, irresistibly, to join in a wild kind of dance, and whirl along in dizzying circles, till the access of the malady had passed, or the sufferer sank from exhaustion. Epidemics, it is known, have their periods of recurrence, and their reappearance may be looked for after certain cycles of greater or less duration. From a comparison of the characteristics of the disease, the season of the year at which its power was greatest, and the general symptoms which attended it, we are satisfied that the excitement which prevailed at Newport, and some other places of resort, during the past summer, (1846,) was really nothing else than a return of the afflicting disorder, with which the inhabitants of the Black Forest were disturbed three centuries ago. The purposes for which Newport is visited in the summer are obvious enough; they are repose, refreshment, and a new supply of vigor. A climate which approaches nearer to perfection than any other on this continent, or perhaps in the world, which diffuses a delightful calm over the spirits

while it braces "the nerves and finer fibres," and in which it is impossible, by any exposure, to take cold—enables the stranger, by passing his time principally in the open air, to recruit from the wastingness of heated rooms and a city residence during the winter. The splendid variety of the sea, sometimes rolling majestic billows along an expanded beach, and dashing the snowy foam upon the rocks in mingled terror and beauty, invites him to forget the vexations and frivolities of life in the strength and greatness of the ever young spirit of Nature. The season, too, seems to call for a suspension of ceremonies, and a truce to the contest of conventionalities. In a word, you go there to exchange society and its restraints for a country life—its freedom and its peace. Yet, under the influence of the distressful contagion which we have referred to, the air, the ocean, the rocks, the walks, were neglected or forgotten; and the hundreds who had resorted thither for rest and restoration, shut themselves up in the great houses, and passed the evening and morning in the monotonous and exhausting gyrations of the redowa, the polka, and the waltz—robbing night of its natural repose, and the day of its invigorating exercise, to the exhaustion of spirits, the overthrow of health, and the destruction of female beauty. Persons of unquestionable sense and dignity were involved in this unhappy mania, for its power overbore all reason. Individuals the most prominently engaged condemned and regretted it; but it was stronger than the will. Could it be any thing else than a formidable infectious disease—a lamentable nervous malady—which thus triumphed over good sense, and real inclination, and ease, and comfort, and all the fitness of time and place? The subject, we think, deserves the attention of the philanthropists. The name by which this maniacal influenza, in its present reappearance, is known, is—FASHION.

AN APPEAL TO WOMEN. 1848.

Thus far, American civilization has developed two peculiarities: one of them, politeness to women; the other, an irrepressible gregariousness in the summer months. The former is the very flower of our native virtue; we boast of it as the ornament and jewel of our national character: but we cannot regard the other with quite the same complacency. Society quickens the mind and refines the taste; but retirement and rural seclusion are the true home of the moral sympathies—the true scenes where the exhausted spirit renews its vigor from the undefective sources of Nature, and refreshes once more its energies and its hopes. The lives of the younger people among us —especially of the younger women—are passed too constantly and exclusively in company. We think highly of the advantages to be derived from social communication of the best kind; we consider its multiform benefits to be so unquestionable, that a certain degree of general intercourse with our fellows has always presented itself to us in the light of a moral duty. It developes the finest of our powers; it provokes the genial play of various feeling; it keeps us in tune with the actual, the present and the real. But there is another part of our being upon which it breathes no elevating, no strengthening inspiration. It is when company becomes the perpetual and unchanging condition of life that we begin to dread its power. We object to a system where there is no remission of its excitements; where the individual instincts of the character are never suffered to expand and exert their forces; where the tyranny of externality perpetually rebukes and represses the deeper inward emotions and aspirations; where the flash of public display ever dims the calmer glow of private and personal consciousness. It is a striking circumstance, that though we may have been born and brought up within the limits of a city, we never feel thoroughly at home except in the country: the town always retains something of strange and alien which we cannot familiar-

ize and appropriate to our affections. And something like the healthful influence of the domestic circle and the old paternal hearth, is exerted upon the mind by the presence and communion of country scenes. There is no nation in which the richer and higher classes have so little to do with the country as in ours. We are dwellers in the city, occasionally visiting the green fields and breezy forests: the patrician English have their permanent and hereditary homes in the provinces, and encamp in the metropolis for a few months in the year, for the conduct of business or the enjoyments of society. We cannot but think that by a system like theirs, the genuine strength, the most exalted dignity, the truest loyalty to the high sovereignty of goodness, truth, and honor, are most sure to be encouraged and advanced.

In our land we are sure that it would be felt as a most grateful relief, if Fashion should undergo a complete interregnum during the summer; if society, instead of seeking coolness at the Springs or by the ocean, should hide from the heat in a "vacant inter-hiemal cave;" if company should be wholly disbanded, and merged again into its aboriginal individuality. If young ladies could realize how sadly their charms exhale and fade away, when they are forever in the sight of the public eye; if they would note—as certainly some of them might often do—how the brightness of the cheek and the lustre of the glance grow dim under the exhaustion of incessant gayety; if they could suspect—as probably none of them will ever do—how fatally that downlike bloom of the spirit—which is, after all, the true talisman of a woman's fascination—is worn away and ruined by ceaseless exposure to the world, they perhaps might join us in our wishes for a change. Wearied with one another, fretted into mutual disesteem, all persons would feel the comfort occasioned by the temporary withdrawal of their acquaintance, and the refreshment derived by their own characters from a return to the privacy and solitudes of country existence; all would come together again in the autumn, with renewed energies and reinvigorated spirits.

We have no expectation, however, of reforming the nation

by a paragraph. Newport will this summer, as usual, assemble its thousands; Saratoga will give to tens of thousands the healing draughts of its waters. No persuasions will lessen, by a unit, the immensity of the throngs. But may we not indulge a hope of seeing some modifications introduced, by which the system may be rendered a little more consonant with good sense and good taste? In the name of everything reasonable and comfortable, we protest against the revival of the formalities and etiquette of ball-room display in scenes which are visited for rest and recruit. We hope that the time is coming when summer feelings and summer moods may indulge the careless unrestraint that belongs to that free and genial season, and not be vexed with the senseless, underbred intrusion of customs and habits and manners that belong to other scenes and another temperature. It is in the power of a few women of established character and commanding influence to control these evils, and restore society at the watering-places to a rational and useful condition. Let them unite in breaking down the absurd, vulgar, and irksome system of dressing and visiting which is kept up by second-rate people for purposes of self-illustration and self-importance. Let them determine that the late hours—which transfer to places of repose and restoration the exhausting customs of the winter—shall be abandoned. It is a mighty power which the feminine chiefs of society wield: by averting the light of their countenance from any practice or habit, and thus casting upon it the faintest shadow of *le mauvais ton*, they can blight it more effectually than a thousand moralists with all their philosophic artillery. We invoke their omnipotent aid. They could not distinguish themselves more signally, or rise to higher and firmer power in their respective spheres, than by reducing the "fierce democracy" of Fashion into subjection, for a period, to the "law and order" of a reasonable existence. A smile, a word, a look might do it.

RAILWAY HINTS.

The Railroad system of the United States, considering the popular character it has been compelled to assume, and the multitudinous travel to which it must be subservient, is, generally speaking, creditable to the genius of the country. Sooner or later no doubt, all our companies will be forced to the adoption of double tracks, as the only safe or even economical plan. Our courts of law will compel them to it. Indeed our best railroad companies have them already. Others are desirous to lay them. At the same time, there are a few regulations and usages on the European railways which, with that constant disposition to proceed *in melius* so characteristic of our people, might advantageously be attended to even by our best companies. We shall mention two or three of them.

I.—It ought to be a standing order on all railways where there is occasion for such a provision, that in passing through tunnels, the lamps in the carriages should always be kept lighted. This, we believe, is a precaution never neglected on any European railroad. In England and on the Continent alike, when a tunnel is to be passed, lanterns let down through the top of the cars are lighted at the preceding station and extinguished again when the passage is performed. This prevents that "horror of great darkness" to which, in this country, we are exposed on such occasions; and which, disagreeable to all persons, is absolutely terrifying and distressing to women and those of weak nerves. It recommends itself by so many obvious considerations of convenience and propriety, that it is surprising it should have been neglected so long. We invite the attention of the Reading and of the Long Island Railroad Companies to the subject, who try the courage of their passengers not a little by the long tunnels on their roads.

II.—There ought to be attached to every train a few carriages corresponding with the first class in Europe, in which invalids, persons with young children, and persons who choose

to travel in greater seclusion than the omnibus coaches allow, may, by paying a little more, be enabled to avoid the crowd and tumult of the public throng. To aged people, and those in feeble health, and to ladies accustomed to shun the eye of curiosity, the exposure to the rude bustle and jostling disturbance of the general cars is painful, and almost impracticable. To mothers with young children, how annoying is it to feel that the cries which they cannot prevent are disturbing a hundred other people, without the power of relief to either party! To bridal companies, who often must have occasion to voyage in this way, how unkind the necessity that compels them to endure the approach and gaze of a promiscuous multitude! But besides these and other special cases of necessity or high fitness, there may be a thousand reasons why a gentleman or a man of business may desire to travel with privacy; and we are unable to see why the power to gratify such an inclination should be withheld. It is fair, of course, that a higher charge should be made for a particular luxury of that nature. All our railway cars correspond with the second class of cars in most of the countries of Europe: though in many parts of Germany, even the second class consists of comfortable carriages, scarcely differing in form or furniture from the first. The great mass of travelers, even of the best condition, make use habitually of the second class. On many railways, the first class differs from the second in scarcely any thing but price; but that is an advantage, because it enables you to be private. It is a common saying in Germany, that nobody travels in the first class of cars, except women, ill people, and fools. For the interests of the last-named class we are not especially solicitous; but the two former have a claim to be considered. We do not perceive that the scheme could be objected to, on the ground of its being aristocratic. The new carriages need not be called "the first class." We have ourselves enough of the American spirit of equality, to find the distinction between first and second classes uncomfortable to our feelings. Let them be known as the "private cars." We have private boxes at the theatres; private state-rooms, as

distinguished from cabin-berths, on the steamboats: what objection is there to private railway carriages?

III.—A regulation is posted up on the station-houses of the new railway from Genoa to Turin, which seems to us so judicious, that we anticipate its adoption here. It provides, in regard to the general carriages, that any one of the passengers may enforce the closing of the windows on that side from which the wind blows. The windows on the other side must always be sufficient for ventilation; and we have known so many instances in which a considerable company has been incommoded, and exposed to the certainty of taking severe colds, by the perverse predilections of a single passenger for a current of air from a north-west wind, especially in autumn or winter, that we consider it a proper subject of regulation by by-law on the part of the proprietors of the road. In all partnership action, if it is only that between fellow-travelers for a day, *melior est conditio prohibentis* is the plain maxim of justice.

THE RAILROADS.

"To us, much revolving this perplexing subject"—as Lord Brougham, in his classic-loving mania would say—it has appeared wonderful that there should be so striking a difference between the elegance and comfort of the accommodations with which the community is supplied in steamboats, and those which are met with in railway cars. In the former class of conveyances, the business of improvement has been steadily going on through every successive year, until at last a degree of convenience and luxury has been attained that leaves nothing more to be desired. In all directions, by day and by night, you may journey upon the waters surrounded, not merely by the splendors of a private mansion of the first class—for perhaps there has been "something too much of that"—but with every valu-

able source for enjoyment—spacious and well appointed sleeping rooms—airy and richly furnished sitting rooms—and freedom to move about whither you will, and to choose your resting-place among half-a-dozen equally commodious and inviting apartments. But in regard to the rail cars, absolutely no improvement has been made from the day when they were first set whirling along their iron tracks. With a kind of Chinese contradictoriness, all the powers of invention that belonged to the case appear to have been exhausted upon the first wonderful contrivance, and since then to have rested in a complete inaction. As the matter now stands, the provision that is made for the accommodation and privacy and refreshment of the traveler is not such as the demands of the public reasonably call for. As the number of carriages that may be dragged by a locomotive is almost unlimited, and the space at the disposal of the companies is consequently not a matter of any consideration, there is no excuse for the crowded and cramped condition in which people are compelled to pass the weary hours of a railway journey. Instead of bee-hives, in which fifty persons are boxed up as closely as it is practicable to pack them, there ought to be a large number of roomy vehicles for the use of fewer passengers, and a supply of private conveyances which may be occupied by parties of half-a-dozen. Instead of the hard, narrow, *miserere* seats in which the voyager is now "cabined, cribbed, confined," we ought to see such truly delightful, deep, capacious, easy fauteuils and sofas as are found in the best class of steamers. There is no reason whatever why these things should not be found in cars as well as in boats. Increased attention, also, should be given to the object of furnishing the carriages with an adequate supply of fresh air. Instead of the present necessity of opening a window, which admits a draft of dust and smoke and cinders, holes should be drilled around the top of the apartment just under the roof, and in other places indicated by the proper principles of ventilation. In truth, there is no end to the advantageous changes that might be suggested; and there would be no difficulty in accomplishing every one of them, if, on the part of the managers of the roads, there existed a desire to

gratify the public to the utmost. The conclusion at which we have arrived, as to the cause of the inferiority of the steam conveyances by land to those on water, is that the former are usually in the nature of monopolies, and sometimes are mo nopolies themselves. The Hudson and the Sound are open to a hundred competing boats; and in the rivalry, *that* one will be preferred which presents most that is attractive to the traveler. But he who comes from Philadelphia to New York, depends upon a corporation which holds the community at its mercy. Whether a reformation will ever take place, we greatly doubt; but, meanwhile, we relieve our consciences by giving a witness to the truth.

THE RIGHTS OF LITERATURE.

AN INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. 1851.

No one who has kept watch over the fortunes of literature in this part of the world, can fail to be struck with the fallen and languishing condition of authorship in our country within the last two or three years. Never, in the last thirty years, has there been a time when literary production seemed to be so scanty, and the prospect of an independent literary class becoming established so doubtful. The horizon, which but recently seemed brightening and hopeful, has grown overcast and dim. Much of this decline may be attributed to the conviction that has taken possession of the minds of writers, that the establishment of an international copyright law between America and England is now hopeless. A few years ago there was such a probability of it as kept alive a promise of better things, and served to encourage a wide activity on the part of those young men among us who were conscious of a capacity to add to the literary stores of the country. Every such expectation has now become extinguished; the fatal usage of cheap reprints has become an inveterate and crushing system; and the result is seen in the lifeless condition of our native genius. This state of things ought to be deplored by every American. It is the duty of every American to labor to obviate it. The literature of a people is the noblest emanation and truest measure of the intellect, and earnestness, and progression of that community. That of America ought to be as aspiring, as copious, and as brilliant as the spirit, resources, and destiny of the nation of which we are a part. *It would be so* if that development were not

counteracted and repelled by a legislation which discriminates *against* domestic talent. American authors ask no protection, they demand no aids, no bounties : they simply ask not to be put at a disadvantage with British competitors. They ask only for the favor of contending with these competitors on equal terms—the privilege of meeting them in fair contest. At present the authors of Great Britain are protected against our fair competition ; the laws give them an irresistible superiority in their rivalry with us. Their works are offered to our publishers free from the charge of the cost of production to which ours must necessarily be subject. They are, therefore, in this country exempt from a tax which attaches to us. On the other hand, they find a protection and support from the laws at home, which is denied to us. Protection, where they have it, is a strength to them, and where they want it, a hinderance to us. Protection, where we have it not, is to them a relief, and where we have it is a clog to us. Thus, in all ways, the present system operates to tread down and extinguish the literature of this country under the advancing mass of English production. It is time that the legislation of the country, on this important subject, should be set free from the thraldom of that short-sighted selfishness which has hitherto fettered and degraded it. It should seek suggestion from those sentiments of elevated justice and public honesty which are the sources of judicious counsel, and should act in that spirit of permanent and comprehensive wisdom which alone gives assurance of deep and expanding benefits. Had an equitable copyright system been established ten years ago, we should now possess a literature capable of supplying every taste and requirement of our people. But the ability which would have sought this field of occupation has been diverted into more profitable departments ; and our people, who would not cultivate the native harvest, are to be fed upon the refuse of the order-supply of England. We are kept forever in a state of colonial dependence upon a country which neither values us nor deserves our devotion. Every effusion of British bad taste is to be propagated through our land, as a model of propriety and

refinement. Our minds are to be frivolized by trash which vulgarizes the imagination and vitiates the judgment. The tone of the reading class among us is as much lowered as the power of the writing class has been paralyzed. An organized literature—national in its basis, original in its character, independent in its aims—is less probable among us now than it was twenty years ago. There can be no decided literature in any country where authorship is not a firm, reliable, and safe possession. And it can never become a secure or dignified possession where it does not stand on a level with other callings, in the enjoyment of those fair advantages that ought to result from an industrious exercise of reasonable abilities—where it is outlawed from the protection that is usually afforded to property. It is time that one final effort should be made to redeem the literature of the nation from the disgrace to which the action of Congress has consigned it. Some hopes have been entertained that the recent course of decisions in England, tending to recognize a copyright in foreigners, might result in giving relief to American authors, so far as the English market might be concerned. These hopes are unfounded. The case between England and America rests on special clauses in the English statute, and the late decisions apply only to continental authors. It is only by a movement on this side of the water that any real relief can be hoped for.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

It appears to us that, abstractedly considered, there never were circumstances in any land more favorable to the development of a powerful national literature, than those which now exist in this country. It is a time when the elements of human thought are stirred from the foundation—when feelings the deepest, fiercest, most intense, and most turbulent, are working uneasily in the bosoms of the community; when the whole

political system is convulsed, social institutions are rapidly changing, and the very principles of morals are in a state of fusion in men's minds. It was at an epoch like this that the philosophy and oratory of Greece came into being, and that the intelligence and passion of Europe blazed up into so splendid an exhibition of Art in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In our political maxims and constitutions we stand alone, as it were, in a state of armed antagonism against the society of Europe, just as Greece asserted independence against the great king, and England vindicated Protestantism against the Continent, in the days of Salamis and the Armada, the echoes of which strife live eternal in the verse of Æschylus and Shakspeare. We own a country whose magnificent extent fires the imagination; whose rapid energy of progress amazes the judgment; whose past is full of pride, and whose future is boundless in its promises of power. Why then have not the immense forces which are moving irregularly through our American character yet deployed into Art? Why has there not arisen some great author, who should embody in the productions of his pen those grand conceptions which belong to the condition of his country, and be, as it were, the antitype in literature of the sublime sentiments which seem to float around the history of America? Of the writers who have become distinguished among us, a part appear to be struck and enchanted by admiration of English models—a noble exemplar, undoubtedly, but one whose elaborate perfection, in its kind, condemns all imitation to a hopeless inferiority. Another portion have been fascinated with the quaint and affected intonations by which the pedantic muse of Germany has sought the praise of originality, and have bent all their forces to waken from our native hills an answer to the thrice-reflected echo of a sound which, in its origin, was artificial and empty. The self-dependent, strenuous, deeply-souled and widely-minded American creator in letters, has not yet arisen among us; he whose profound and quick spirit shall be sensitive to seize all the influences that are native to his nation, and faithful to give them back in the vivid harmonies of Art;

whose sympathies shall absorb the mighty, but, as yet, silent inspiration with which the American character is teeming, to reproduce it in vocal majesty and power; whose soul, attuned like Æolian chords, shall be held forth to catch every breath and every passionate gust of national emotion, and touch them, as they pass, into natural and enchanting melody. For the appearance of such a power among us at some time or other we have always looked with great confidence; and, with the neglect of our laws to foster the literary genius of the country, it is not a matter of surprise to us that it has not taken place hitherto. Independently of this, the one great and greatest cause, the development of Art, is a result and test of nationality; and it cannot be expected, until in the progress of their advancement, a people has come to feel a sense of individuality—to have an independent consciousness as a nation—to recognize its identity and its distinctness from others—that it will devote itself to working out those forces of life which it feels to be stirring within it. In the years that are passed, American life has been little else than European life projected into a new continent, and subjected to new conditions; and it is not until now that we begin to exhibit the peculiarities of an original national existence. As this stream of native consciousness goes on developing itself more extensively, and starting into action yet deeper sources of energy, until our country stands forth marked and separated from every other in character and quality of tone and temper, it is not to be doubted that the flag of Art, which is the signal to mankind that a new nation has taken its place in the family of history, will go up among us with exultation, and float conspicuous on the unchanging breezes of eternity.

All that we *now* want is an International Copyright; and until we do have an International Copyright, we shall have no literature that is distinctly *American*. But we have already enlarged upon this topic.

MR. COOPER AND THE PRESS.

[So completely do little incidents, which are made by popular feeling to impair, and for a time almost to destroy, a great man's fame, pass into entire oblivion after his death, that Mr. Cooper is scarcely now remembered by any class, otherwise than as an author who did honor to the country, and to whom all are indebted for instruction and delight. Yet it was much otherwise with his name for a short time before his death. Having seen fit to prosecute—as he undoubtedly had a perfect right to do—a few papers in New York, for libels upon his works and character, a large portion of the press of that and other cities seemed to regard his acts as an offense done to their whole vocation; and his death, which at any other time would have been lamented by them all as a public calamity, was suffered to pass by, with no record but the most unworthy. Soon after this a literary gentleman of New York took very public measures to assemble the literary men of the country, and to obtain from them an expression of their views as to the honors which were due to Mr. Cooper's name and memory. It is to the facts above recalled that the following piece has reference.—ED.]

We must express our satisfaction at the step taken at New York upon the death of Mr. Cooper, in summoning together the literary men of the conntry, to plan measures for appropriate tributes of honor to the name and memory of one of the most eminent literary characters of the nineteenth century. It was a proper thing to be done; and by no man was it more proper to be done than by him, in whose public-spirited zeal for the dignity of American authorship this most respectable and commendable movement had its origin. We must confess that we have observed with astonishment and grief the insensibility with which the intelligence of the death of such a man as Cooper was received by this country. It was not creditable to the moral sense of the nation. We verily believe that if it had not been for the solitary and determined efforts of one single man, the author of "The Spy," the "Red Rover," the "Last of the Mohicans," and a long list of matchless works besides, who has shed upon the literary reputation of this land a lustre which will never fade, would have descended to his grave with less circumstances of respect than attends the departure of the poorest scribbler that ever foamed his nonsense through the columns of

a morning journal, or the most worthless vagabond that ever put on the disguise of a patriot in order to earn the laurels of a pirate. There is something wrong in this. The Press "is too much with us." They who belong to that arm of the service are bound to speak freely upon this subject; and to speak fearlessly because they speak the truth. The press is a great power; but it is not the highest literary estate in the country! After all, it represents only the present and the fugitive, while another order of effort embodies the permanent and the far-seen. The nearness with which it comes to us, confuses our sense of the proportion of things. The press is a great power; but unless that power is exercised conscientiously and unselfishly, and with a just sense of its own limited rights, and a full recognition of its own extensive duties—it will become an odious tyrant instead of a beneficent ruler. The self-sycophancy of the press, and its animosity towards those who do not flatter it, are sometimes pushed to an extent that overrides the claims of justice and of truth. Is that a fosterer of our true literary greatness which is so administered, that the puniest hanger-on of a tenth-rate paper, shall have his motions chronicled, his name periodically blazoned, his death made the subject of a claim to the national attention, while a gentleman who chooses to stand apart in the independence of his own dignity, and in the unquestionable rights of his freedom of thought and speech, on all subjects, shall forfeit all acknowledgment of those great merits that were identified with the best fame of his country, and have a genius which no one dares to deny passed by and ignored, upon a system of stupid and dishonest silence? The thing has been carried to a pitch of indecency. No differences of opinion or taste should ever have been allowed to prevent the press of this country from rendering, cordially and generously, constant recognition of Mr. Cooper's genius, and heartfelt tributes of gratitude and admiration for noble achievements, once done, forever to be cherished. A man of splendid faculties and exalted nature—exhibited in manifold performances of the highest excellence—may be betrayed in such weaknesses and errors that the puniest caitiff of the press may insult him with his malice, or injure him by his silence;

yet the relations of things are not altered by injustice; the one is still a glorious creature, the pride and pleasure of the world; and the other is but a poor miserable animal, little better than an overgrown vermin. The literary among us is too much the victim of the political, the commercial, and the personal. We sincerely trust that some signal manifestation will be made, in a permanent form, of the admirable and delightful genius of James Fenimore Cooper.

Among the letters which were written in reply to the invitation to the late meeting of literary men, there was a paragraph of Mr. Bryant's, which struck us forcibly by its truth, and the deep feeling which it indicates, but not indulges. "It is melancholy," is the reflection of that fine spirit, "to think that it is not until such men are in their graves, that justice is done to their merits." And again—he was "one to whom we were too sparing of public distinctions in his lifetime." The truth is—and it may as well be frankly spoken—for a series of years, we have all been unjust to Mr. Cooper. It is needless now to inquire what misapprehensions were the cause of this injustice. The first step in a right direction, should be founded upon each one's own inward recognition of the fact. The misfortune is, that we are too sparing of public distinctions toward all our great literary men. We mean to make that sentence of Mr. Bryant's letter the text of a homily on a future occasion. Meanwhile, one effective way to manifest our value for the living is to pour out honors upon the dead.

HONORS TO LITERARY MEN.

If literature is to flourish in this country, the calling of the literary man must be made dignified, and honorable, and eminent. The love of distinction is probably the most prevailing influence in American society. It is gratified so promptly and so poignantly in political and editorial life, that few of the

bright spirits that might vindicate for themselves abiding places upon the calm heights of fame, can withstand the temptations that are presented to youthful sensibility by systems whose promises are felt at that age to be rewards, and whose rewards are found at a later period to be only promises. The Present, like the poet's monster—barking, restless, and voracious—always feeding, and always famished—seems to be eternally devouring the Permanent, yet becoming no better favored for its banquet. How many great authors—we mean great authors of great works—will the now rising generation in our country give to renown? The glory of a hundred writers is in all our newspapers—and there, alas! it will remain forever. We fear that the future historian of letters, as he looks backward over these days, will have little to record but a series of fair auguries, fading away just as they seemed to be blooming into fulfillment—a tale of noble natures snatched into the captivity of an ignoble enlistment which drowns the individual in a nameless mass, and, with an infinite effusion of power, earns only the boast of having been able to endure a great waste. Our system tends to the over-supply of all the lower and meaner channels of literature, by draining all the larger and loftier reservoirs. We have many incomparable articles—few valuable books. We have many to whom the poor and pitying tribute is paid, half in melancholy, and half in contempt, "What he *might* have done!" few of whom we feel "What great things he has done!" We view these tendencies of our country with regret; we note them, not to insult, nor to repine, but to urge amendment. The great reason why so few are disposed to dedicate themselves to the lonely and retiring toils of genuine authorship, is, that the social character of that calling is not distinguished adequately, according to its true and inherent superiority. We again generalize, and repeat the remark of Mr. Bryant, that we are too sparing of public honors to our great authors during their lives. It ought to be felt that literature is an order of eminence in the State, brighter and higher and purer than every other; and for the persons of those who are of its highest ranks, specific honors should be reserved.

It is a common-place philosophy to deride honors paid to the dead as empty and mocking. The feeling is an unthinking one. Such honors are wise and beneficial, and have ever been observed by the most moral and reflecting people. It is by accumulating testimonies of homage and regret about the graves of any class of persons, that society teaches how profoundly it values and reverences that class. The departed are insensible, perhaps, to these tributes; but their surviving brethren reap great advantage. We view the meanest pageantry of burial with interest, for it tends to the dignity of poor human nature; we look upon pompous exhibitions at the mortality of genius and virtue as a duty, for they belong to the acknowledgment of the merit that was revealed in them. We entertain a hope that the occasion of Mr. Cooper's death will be made to teach a useful lesson, and to be the commencement of a proper system of usage. It may become the beginning of a measure for the proper illustration of literary merit in the eyes of the nation. Why should we not have a Westminster Abbey—at least for literary men? Why would not Trinity serve for a Poet's Corner? We should be glad to see the remains of Mr. Cooper brought to New York, and carried in public procession to that venerable spot, and deposited as the first occupant of a building which should become the mausoleum of the genius of the nation. Let those hereafter, who rise to a genuine and national reputation, be laid beside him, until the place becomes a temple of the reverence that is due to mental greatness—a shrine of the homage of a people towards those who have made themselves the benefactors of them and their posterity. Nothing would tend to create in the hearts of literary men that just pride which is the foundation of great virtues and the fosterer of great endeavors, than the existence of an institution like this, to remind them ever of the dignity of their vocation, and to propose a token of public and permanent respect as the reward of unswerving labors in the highest walks. Let us begin the task of perpetuating. Let us learn to incorporate into the enduring whatever has become valuable in the passing time. It is lamentable to think how entirely the names and memory and

moral influence of the great men whom we have had through three parts of a century, have crumbled away into nothingness. We exceed all nations in our energy to gain from the future, but none loses so much as we on the side of the past. Let us learn to garner up into the treasure-houses of an always-present and vital remembrance, whatsoever appears among us adapted to exert good effects upon the days hereafter. As a nation, we are spendthrift of everything; but most, and worst, of the renown of our citizens.

DEFENCE OF THE COUNTRY.

AMERICAN SOCIETY AND SCIENCE.

[This piece, with several which follow it, was written at a time when nearly the whole secular Press of Great Britain was pouring out those expressions of ridicule and contempt against the United States of America, in which it from time to time so unbecomingly indulges. The absence of any *national* representation of this country at the Great London Exhibition of 1851, was the subject of unintermitted and insulting comment. American taste, American Art, and American science were denied, disproved, and ridiculed. Not long before this, the pretensions, as a discoverer, of our countryman, Professor Morse, were wholly set aside in favor of British superiority: and the modest genius to which science everywhere has since been forced, by the power of truth, to do homage, was scouted with expressions of contempt by the best known and most influential paper in the world. These denials of his merits were seized on in America, also, with the worst effects to his interests, by piratical invaders of his rights. It was just as this systematic course of assault was exhausting itself, that the great Regatta of England was celebrated at Cowes, before Osborn House; and that "The America," a yacht of the New York Yachting Club, gained its well-known victory over every vessel of the yachting clubs of England. The event to which the attention of all England had been directed, produced hardly less effect than a victory in arms would have done, and the tone of the English press was suddenly changed. The Americans, who before had been stigmatized by nearly every opprobrious epithet, were now discovered to be worthy descendants of an honored stock;—true sons of England, and their victories only added honor to the fame of Britain.—ED.]

A HUNDRED years ago, Montesquieu said that a republic could not exist in a large country. In the condition of science and arts at the time he wrote, the remark was correct. The necessity that a common sentiment and kindred habits and usages should prevail throughout the whole, and that the popular sense should act promptly upon legislation, and should be kept enlightened, in order that it might act intelligently, seemed

to forbid this form of polity in a nation which it would require months to traverse, and of which the different parts, from want of intercommunion, would constantly diverge from one another in temper, manners, and pursuits. But it has been a portion of the same providential appointment, whose wisdom and beneficence are visible in every feature of our history, that America, as she went along, should create for herself the means of her own continuance—should evolve the conditions of her own permanent existence. It is a significant, but natural circumstance, that the names identified with those great modern discoveries by which space and time have been vanquished, in both the material and mental relations of the country, are all those of Americans: Franklin, Fulton, Stevens, Henry, Morse, and Hoe—these names are invested with a political as well as a scientific lustre; for their researches and inventions have contributed to clamp and rivet together into the unity of an arch-like structure, masses of population that were else detached and fragmentary.

What or where would the Union have been without the application of steam to the purposes of locomotion? What is it that binds together Boston and Chicago, Pittsburg and New Orleans, with "bonds of perdurable toughness?" It is the myriad-fibred cordage of commercial relations—slight in any individual instance, but indissoluble in their multitudinous combination; it is that perfect identity of purpose, interest, intelligence, and feeling, which render them divided parts of the same city, rather than different cities. All this moral and social approximation of places removed from one another as far as Moscow is from Paris, is due wholly to steamboats and steam cars. How wonderfully, as a consequence of this interfusion of the thoughts and passions of distant regions, have the national characteristics of the conservative East and the daring West reacted upon one another with infinitude of mutual benefit! The sentiments, designs, and principles of New England have expanded, insensibly, from intercourse with a section of country where enterprise is as boundless as the range of its own borderless prai-

ries, and action is as grand and mighty as the lakes which it has enslaved to its own sovereign uses. On the other hand,

> "The pulse's maddening play,
> That thrills the wanderer of the trackless way"

of Western adventure and ambition, has been cooled and sobered by the firm and temperate touch of the paternal hand that was reached forth to clasp it across a thousand miles.

Look, then, at Printing. What an immense effect the circulation of newspapers and cheap periodicals has had upon our national condition! It has brought the minds of millions of men to become as one mind, to adopt one system of views, to sympathize with one set of feelings, to respond to one class of appeals. Every step in the history of printing is a marvel; but the miracle which throws all earlier wonders into neglect, and to which the prodigies of the daily and weekly press in America are due, is Hoe's Printing Press. It would be delightful if the limits of a contribution to a newspaper permitted us to give a detailed description of one of the most wonderful inventions of the age—an everlasting honor to American ingenuity, and a memorable illustration how matter may be made to return upon the intelligence of men an inspiration and a power not less than those it has derived from it. This interesting and attractive subject requires, however, a formal essay.

But the most remarkable—and destined, as we think, to be the most effective of all the various agencies that have been brought to bear upon the social state of our country by the faculty of our citizens—is to be found in those simple but profound contrivances of science by which the wild and tameless spirit of the storm—born amid the clouds of thunder, and reveling in the tumult of the tempest, the fiercest terror among a host of such—the electric fire of heaven—has been subdued into the servant and messenger of man—to obey the voice of his will—to do the biddings of his pleasures. The Cabbalists fabled that the sage of their mystic lore had elemental beings—sylphs, salamanders, and gnomes—to speed through air and earth and wave to execute his missions. The achievements of the gifted men

of our own soil and time have realized, in literal exactness, all that gave glory to the morning dreams of still-slumbering science. And, in this department, the glory is exclusively and unquestionably American. Electricity was essentially begun, developed, and finished by Franklin. No important progress has been made in it since his day. In the affiliated subject of electro-magnetism, Professor Henry's researches are of the first class of distinction and importance. These able men brought the sciences they dealt with up to that point of theoretic completeness where they were ready for application to the arts; and Professor Morse stepped forward to present a method of employing these winged invisible influences, which, whether you consider the grandeur of its conception, the dignity of the interests which it subserves, or the importance of its ultimate effects on men and things, will stand unsurpassed in the records of human achievement. Meanwhile, Morse has met with the usual lot of all great discoverers—that of having his fame acknowledged in distant empires, and disparaged at home. "The Kings of Arabia and Saba bring gifts" to a shrine which is neglected or persecuted in the land which it immortalizes: distant eyes behold a star which nearer ones cannot see, through mists of prejudice. We must congratulate the inventor of the electric telegraph upon circumstances which set the seal of certainty to the greatness of his discovery. We would have wanted the usual evidences, of unquestionable importance in the work which he has accomplished, if there had not sprung up some other claimants to a glory which the clearest proof the thing admits of, refers, beyond all doubt, to him. The occasions of making grand *popular* discoveries are so rare, and the reputation attending them is so dazzling, that when such an occurrence is announced, vanity impels every man whose studies had any connection with the matter, to thrust forward a pretension to its authorship: and multitudes are found hastening to "pursue a triumph" which they could not have won, and to "partake a gale" of distinction which they never could have set in action. We believe that it may be asserted, with exact truth, that no celebrated discovery or invention has been made, for

the last three hundred years, to which rival claims have not confidently been advanced. But the world soon gets right on these subjects; it may be misled for a few days or years, but not forever. It has an admirable organ for scenting the truth; and though its instinct may be puzzled for a while by the tricks of people who burn deluding incenses under its nose, yet, when these practisings are discontinued, it recovers its native discrimination, and snuffs the right with infallible accuracy. To go not beyond our own day: take the discoveries of Leverrier and Daguerre. In the former case, it was first said that, though a prediction had been fulfilled, it was an Englishman who had made it. It was then ascertained that no prophecy had been verified; for the planet of the telescopes was not the planet of Leverrier's calculations. But it is now incontestably settled that a magnificent discovery was made, and that Leverrier is entitled to all the glory of it. In Daguerre's affair, Mr. Fox Talbot, for a time, divided the public wonder; but his shadowy title to another's honor has long since vanished into air. The rivalry in Mr. Morse's case rests on less plausible grounds than in almost any other of the cases. The testimony to the complete originality of his contrivance is overpowering. We ourselves possess a personal and contemporary knowledge of the history of his work. We perfectly well recollect Professor Joseph Henry's explaining to us the suggestion which Mr. Morse had communicated to him, and with great candor acknowledging its merit and predicting the certainty of its practical success. And this was years before the date which the English claimants assign to their inventions.

ENGLAND, AMERICA, AND PROF. MORSE.

Long after the progress of civilization has made a complete change in the modes of life and the forms of external manners, nations retain the instincts of their origin, and the impression

of early habits, in the temper which they carry into new pursuits and occupations of an opposite tendency. The first appearance of the English people in history is as a race of pirates. The strenuous pride of modern British glory resolves itself, as we go backward, into a daring system of marine freebooting—"from dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose." And as the latter, in the dignity of its fiercest state, retained something of the treacherous and oozy qualities of its first foundation, so, amidst the multitude of streamers which England gives to the breeze, as she sails among the nations, one may always discern the little black flag of the buccanier—the true symbol of her character and course. The policy of her fame—not only in political and military achievement, but in literature, science, invention, art—has always been *prendre son bien partout elle le trouve*, to seize upon and appropriate the intellectual discoveries of other countries, as things naturally belonging to herself—things which she intended to discover, and in effect did so, though perhaps not quite so soon as some other people. She seems to think that she has a prerogative of discovery, by force of which invention elsewhere is unofficial and irregular, and not to be morally and historically recognized. If others do the thing first, from their own resources, it is only for the purpose of showing England how to do it for *her* reputation; and to whomsoever the fact may be ascribed, the glory rightfully pertains to her. Her title to much of her mental renown, like that to her kingdom, depends on conquest. Others may point to creations; she exhibits spoils. Her gallery of scientific monuments is but a museum of pirated trophies, illustrating, indeed, her courage, but at the expense of her originality. From the time that Newton snatched from Leibnitz the fame of the sole discovery of the method of fluxions, the progress of science will exhibit a constant record of attempts, on the part of England, to gain for her own sons the reputation of inventions honestly achieved by others. No sooner does the intelligence of some grand discovery or contrivance, practically and completely effected, in France, Germany, or America, transpire through the world, than England produces some modest

country curate, or retired fellow of a college, who had done essentially the same thing. As for the question of priority—why, allowing for variety of watches, and the difference of longitude, and giving full force to the presumption in favor of English sagacity and against foreign honesty, there can be no doubt that the little island is authorized to come in, if not exactly for the undivided honor, at least for the credit of simultaneous discovery. The doctrine of "simultaneous discovery" is a favorite theory with her authors, who of course take care that the position of their own candidate shall be determined without any reference to the pretensions of the rival country.

It has always been agreed, among the candid historians of science, that the evidence of Leibnitz's originality in the idea of the differential mathematics was incontestable; but such was the profound reverence for Newton's integrity, that when he affirmed his own independent arrival at a similar device, it was allowed, on the strength of his moral reputation. The recent revelation of Newton's treatment of Flamstead calls for a rectification of the popular and traditionary impression about the affair with Leibnitz; and it is not doubtful that future reviewers of that celebrated controversy will, by the light of Barrow's accounts of Newton's unfairness and bad feeling, see the pretensions of Leibnitz in a clear and paramount position. To pass over a long intermediate time, and come to recent days, M. Daguerre no sooner astonished Europe by the announcement of one of the most brilliant and valuable discoveries in Art, than the columns of "The Literary Gazette" were filled with papers asserting that the merit of the first conception of this new and admirable invention belonged to Mr. Fox Talbot, of England. M. Leverrier proclaimed the recognition of a new planet, and forthwith it appeared that a Mr. Adams, a Cambridge undergraduate, had sent the Royal Astronomer, months before, a communication stating exactly where a new planet might be found, but that the Royal Astronomer had not thought it worth while to direct his telescope in accordance with the indications in the letter. America has long been a field for similar acts of the rapine of glory. Many years ago,

Dr. Hare contrived an arrangement called the compound blow-pipe, by which the most intense heat was produced for fusing purposes, with great facility and entire safety. Dr. Clarke, of Cambridge, made some alterations for the worse in this fine conception of the American chemist, by which its security was much impaired, and introduced it into England as his own: and English books of science to this day discourse largely on the brilliance and value of "Dr. Clarke's blow-pipe." A recent English paper announces to the world, as an evidence of British superiority, the invention of a machine for *turning* objects with absolute precision after any given models. The machine thus invented in England is identical with that one invented by Mr. Blanchard, of Boston, which was *described* by him in 1822, in British works of science, and which has been in public use, from that time to this, for turning gunstocks and gun-barrels, in our national armories at Springfield and Harper's Ferry. In 1802, Dr. Physic gave to the world his well-known operation with the seton, in the case of a fractured humerus; one of the brilliant achievements of modern surgery, and one most productive of benefit to suffering humanity. How England received the record of this achievement, the "Surgical Lectures" of Mr. William Lawrence inform us. Now confessed by the world to be a great one, it was then so misrepresented and so undervalued by Mr. Lawrence, that the public might have well supposed it was an operation of no value at all. So, too, in another well-known achievement for a painful malady. While the manuscript Case Book of the Pennsylvania Hospital recorded the operation as performed by Dr. Physic there in 1809, and there were thousands ready to attest that this great surgeon had taught it publicly, from 1809 to 1821 as *his*, the credit of it was given, by nearly every English journal to Dupuytren, a subsequent discoverer; and it was not until 1835, when Roux, the successor of Dupuytren, stated publicly to his class that Dr. Physic, and not Dupuytren, was its author, that the claim of Dr. Physic was admitted in England with anything but extreme reluctance.

The fate of the fame of Fulton and Stevens, in connection

with the history of the steamboat, is known to all our readers. *Hos ego feci—tulit alter honores* might well be the motto of many an American man of genius in relation to his English competitors.

There is, however, one of these systematic schemes for transferring from the brow of an American, laurels whose freshness can never fade—which, from the flagrant dishonesty of the design, and the fact of its taking place under our own eyes, is adapted to rouse a just indignation. We allude to the attempts to obscure the well-earned glory of Professor Morse, and to parcel out among two or three English experimenters the honors of the electric telegraph, which, by the clearest possible right, belong wholly to this country. The world has by this time become too well acquainted with the Pistol-like propensities of England to "convey" to its own side of the water the renown of all great discoveries abroad, to attach importance to the assertions in derogation of the plain title of the cis-atlantic inventor. The name of "MORSE" is immortal in the memory and admiration and gratitude of the civilized world; and it will stand forever a monument of the ingenuity of America and the dishonest jealousy of England. It is a matter of regret to us, however, that our countrymen, especially our literary men, are by no means so active and earnest in the constant assertion of our true titles to the credit of these disputed inventions, as the English are in the stubborn maintenance of their false claims. It is by a popular process of "continued claim" that they have, in sundry instances, created a plausible public opinion in their favor. These international "Expositions," or "World's Fairs," of which this of 1851 is but the first of a long series, are likely to afford a fair occasion for the vindication of the just claims of various nations to the merit of their own scientific discoveries and inventive arts. At the next Crystal Palace that shall be erected, the subject of American genius and ingenuity in practical matters must be taken up systematically, displayed in its full, comprehensive extent, and established by complete and conclusive evidence. The insult which this country has received from the flippancy

of British editors, gives us a right to ask that the whole case between us and them should be gone into, and that we should be allowed to prove our title to some of the inventions of which England boasts the loudest. At such new Exhibition, a committee of competent persons should be appointed in this country, who should, in the first place, collect funds adequate for the purpose, and then make the fullest provision for bringing together, in the great arena of rivalry, all the best productions of the national mind in arts and inventions, not only recent but remote, and fortifying all disputed cases with copious and sufficient documents and testimony, and referring the adjudication to the disinterested arbitration of continental nations. If such a course were now adopted in regard to Professor Morse, while the evidences are present, and popular error and injustice have not grown inveterate, the glory of his grand conception would be rescued from the enemy, and brought home to give added lustre to that land which he has honored, and which will ever delight to honor him.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.

It is much to be regretted that the Exposition in London, which was intended to commemorate and promote the peaceful interests of nations, should become signalized by a sharp quarrel between two great people, who, of all others, ought to have manifested the utmost decency and benignity of mutual intercourse. The American Department in the Great Fair has called out a flood of contempt from a portion of the English press; and this has been met by a torrent of resentment from this side of the water. We wish to discuss this subject with candor and truth. Were we now writing in reply to "The Times," or addressing a circle of British readers, we might possibly consider it our duty to hurl back sneers and sarcasms, and all the small artillery of mortified vanity. But we converse at present

only with our own countrymen. And we think well enough of their good sense and manliness of feeling, to be sure that they would rather we should examine the case fairly and rationally, than blaze out in a valiant flourish of scorn and defiance.

Now in the first place, we wish people to remember one thing which has some bearing upon the merits of this international and internecine war of the press: we mean the incontestable fact, that American arts and manufactures and inventions are almost wholly unrepresented in the house in Hyde Park. The articles are wretchedly few in number, and are not characteristic of our taste, our skill, or the range of our resources. Before the British critics had uttered one word in print upon the subject, all the Americans on the spot, without exception, acknowledged the entire insufficiency of the trans-Atlantic specimens, and wholly disavowed them as a fit measure and indication of the industry of their country. There has been no failure of our arts upon a comparison with the British arts—the failure has been in the efforts to collect together a tolerable display of our characteristic arts. It is not that our army has been routed in a pitched engagement in the field—it is that our forces have not arrived upon the field at all. A few straggling militia adventurers, "fighting upon their own hook," have been mistaken in the dark for the combined regular army of the thirty-one sovereign States. There is to us something a little diverting in the spectacle of the British press supposing that they had all America before them, and falling to work at the task of belaboring the imaginary form of their hated rival. They have exulted over the inferiority of that which *is not* America. Their victory has been as easy as it is inglorious.

The causes of this general neglect to send forward proper contributions, are we think easily explicable. Up to the last moment, every body looked to Congress, expecting not only an adequate appropriation, but the appointment of persons charged with the duty of summoning artizans and manufacturers to bring out their specimens, and furnished with authority to select, reject, and dispatch what they approved of. When Congress adjourned, it was too late to organize, by private and voluntary

efforts, an efficient system of means for drawing out the full resources of our industrial strength. Without a comprehensive and most active organization for that purpose, it is impossible that any satisfactory result should be attained. In England the machinery employed for bringing into the Fair a complete exhibition of the arts and manufactures of the kingdom, was of vast extent and was constantly in exercise. A central board of commissioners was formed, consisting of a large number of the most intelligent and active friends of the scheme. This board was daily in session, the Prince devoting his whole time and attention to its objects. It addressed applications for money to all persons supposed capable of contributing, and it raised in this way nearly a hundred thousand pounds. Local committees were formed in every town and district throughout the kingdom, which were in communication with the central one. Throughout the year 1850, advertisements in great letters might be seen in all railway station-houses, inns, and other public places, giving notice of the character of the Exhibition, and inviting the attention of all artificers. Small books were also distributed in every town containing lists of the sort of articles that would be received. Everybody who dealt in such articles sent his best specimens to the local exhibition, where the contributions of each district were collected and reviewed. Everything that was defective, or in bad taste, was rigorously rejected; such things as were accepted, were sent forward to London without expense to the contributors. It is to the sedulous refusal of all inferior specimens that the faultless excellence of the English Department in the Exhibition is to be ascribed; and it is from the want of such diligent weeding, that the American quarter presents so many things to excite condemnation and ridicule. Everybody being at liberty to send what he chose, a number of tradesmen have sent out their cheap and worthless commodities by way of speculation, establishing agencies for the sale of them in London, and using the Exhibition as a mere advertising shop.

Upon a view of the whole case, there is no reason why our countrymen should feel discouraged or humbled in regard to the comparative merit of their manufacturing arts. We are entirely

confident that if the same efficient means were adopted here which were in operation in Great Britain, to bring out an adequate representation of the national productions, the fruits of our industry would make not only a creditable, but even a distinguished figure, beside those of every nation in Europe. In some things we should fall short, but in many we should greatly surpass them. But what are we to do, to withdraw ourselves from the unfortunate condition into which accident and neglect have betrayed us? How are we to set ourselves right in the judgment of other lands, and vindicate our just title to general respect? Nothing can be done for the present Exhibition. It is too late, and the subject cannot now be taken up systematically; and we would rather let the present trial pass completely by default. But there will be a repetition of this great display. We have no doubt that in the course of eight or ten years, another World's Fair, on even a grander scale, will take place. What part is America to take on that occasion? Shall she take counsel of her wounded sensibilities, and remain sullenly at home? Shall it be said that she has been sneered, and sniffled, and scouted off the field? that she dare not show her face in the congress of her sister nations? By no means—not at all. America must be there, in all her manifold and mighty strength, and by the full display of her real and unquestionable excellencies, she must answer and silence the unworthy contumely of the British editors.

That this country, when her forces are fairly marshaled, may flank the lines of any nation on the globe, let no American doubt. Let us look at one single department—the highest, most difficult, and most honorable—sculpture. England has a roomful of marbles and plaster casts; Austrian Italy furnishes another equally large. These are probably the most creditable and most admired contribution in the whole collection. Yet America had it in her power to submit a display of works of this kind, which would have thrown Austria and England into inferiority. We have a tolerable familiarity with the productions of the chisel of every nation of Europe; and we defy any man to contradict us, when we affirm that the American school of

sculpture is at this time the best in the world. It is a proposition that admits of no dispute. And how was this—the first of all the classes of exhibited objects, in which to have triumphed would have given us the αριστεια of the whole contest—how was this filled up by our countrymen? Will it be believed that the native land of Powers, of Greenough, of Crawford, and of Browne, sent not one single statue, not one single cast of any sort whatever? Yet it is even so. By a happy suggestion of Mr. Lawrence—who, seeing the pitiable collapse of the American effort, thought of borrowing the Greek Slave—one single specimen of the genius of our sculptors is there; but it is there by the liberality of an Englishman. As it is, that solitary block of marble constitutes our highest pretensions to respect, and of itself saves us from indignity. We undertake to assert that at the next Exhibition, America can fill a room with twenty statues, the least meritorious of which shall be as good as the best that any other nation shall furnish. For what has Italy, Germany, or England produced, in the last fifteen years, that is better than Crawford's Orpheus or Proserpine—than Greenough's Medora, or than the group now in his studio at Florence; than Powers' Eve, or his heads of Webster and Marshall;—or others which we might enumerate?

The matter of sculpture is but a specimen of all the rest. There is not an inch of American cloth in the present Exhibition. There are no calicoes, except some half-dozen very commonplace pieces sent by one single company. There are no carpets. In short, in linen, cotton, woolen, and silk stuffs, there is absolutely no show whatever. There is no machinery. Of the thousand admirable patent inventions which have been originated here, not half-a-dozen are to be seen. We ourselves could make out, at five minutes notice, a list of fifty philosophical instruments of the first repute, contrived by the science and ingenuity of our citizens, of which not one is on the spot. The locomotives of this country are in use in Italy and Russia, and preferred to the English. Yet, though England sends specimens of all of hers, America sends not one. Is it wondrous that our share of the Exposition is a failure, when we have re-

fused or neglected to send such things as we have referred to? America can compete with Europe in manufactures, and at the next Exhibtion she must do it.

THE VICTORY AT COWES.

["In the memory of man," says an English paper, in giving an account of the great contest of August 22, 1851, to which the following paper refers, "Cowes never presented such an appearance as on Friday last. There must have been upwards of one hundred yachts lying at anchor in the roads; the beach was crowded, the esplanade thronged with ladies and gentlemen and with people who came by hundreds. It was with the greatest difficulty the little town gave space enough to the multitude that came from all quarters to witness an event so novel and so interesting; and the hotels were quite inadequate to meet the demands of their guests. At ten o'clock, the signal-gun for starting was fired, and before the smoke had well cleared away, the whole of the beautiful fleet was under weigh. The only lagger was 'The America.' Steamers, shore-boats, and yachts, of all sizes, buzzed on each side of the course, and buzzed away for miles over the rippling sea. Such a sight the Adriatic never beheld in all the pride of Venice. 'The Gipsy Queen,' with all her canvas set, took the lead after starting, with the 'Beatrice' next; and then, with little difference in order, 'The Volante,' 'Constance,' 'Arrow,' and a flock of others. 'The America' went easily for some time under mainsail, with a small gaff topsail, while her opponents had every cloth set that the club regulations allow. She soon began to show a touch of her quality, and now was creeping upon them. In a quarter of an hour, she had left them all behind. As the glorious pageant passed under Osborn House, the sight was surpassingly fine—the whole expanse of sea, from shore to shore, being filled, as it were, with a countless fleet. The Yankee flew like the wind, leaping over not against the waters, whilst the cutters were thrashing through the water, sending the spray over their bows. 'The America' was as dry as a bone. At 5.40, 'The Aurora,' the nearest yacht, was fully seven miles and a half astern, 'The Freak' being a mile more distant, and the rest 'no where.' 'The America' was, at this time, near the Needles. The Royal Yacht went past the Needles to meet the squadron, having the Queen and Prince Albert on board. 'The America' instantly lowered her ensign. Commodore Stevens took off his hat, and all his crew remained with uncovered heads until they had passed the yacht. The cannons announced the arrival of 'The America' at 8.35, when the whole air rang with loud cheers. It may be imagined, that the most intense excitement prevailed, not only at the Isle of Wight, but

in London, as soon as it was known that an American yacht had beaten all the far-famed yachts of England."

"'The America' won another prize yesterday (August 25). Robert Stephenson, Esquire, M.P., owner of the iron schooner yacht 'Titania,' accepted Commodore Stevens' challenge to sail his yacht against any English yacht, with a six-knot breeze. The stakes were £200. At ten o'clock yesterday morning, 'The America' left Cowes, and went to the Nab light, to compete with 'The Titania.' At eleven, the two yachts left the Nab for a race of forty miles out, and the same distance in. At five o'clock, 'The America' was seen, from Portsmouth, about ten miles outside the Nab, and 'The Titania' was not in sight. 'The America' won the stakes with the greatest ease."—ED.]

The success of the Collins' steamers on the Atlantic, and the triumph of 'The America' in the Solent Sea, will cause the year of grace fifty-one to be long conspicuous in the backward view of two great nations. It marks an era in history and in feeling. England had long boasted an exulting primacy among the people of the world in maritime rank; and her prescriptive title seemed to herself to be among her least questionable possessions. As a reality, this superiority has for some time been at an end; but the crown which so long covered her brow that it almost seemed to be a part of her nature, is now visibly snatched from her front, for the first time, and forever. In the proud Regatta of Nations, a craft which, in distance and neglect, had long exercised itself for great achievements, emerging at times to the level of the contempt of the glittering vessel that rode in lonely state before the attending throng, suddenly strikes into the race, in an instant passes her competitor, and transfers to her own name honors that for centuries have gathered around the others—the vanquisher of the world is vanquished. England is at last distinctly beaten; and "there's an end of the auld sang." Upon the waves, the prestige of Britain's invincibility, the substance of Britain's material superiority, exists no longer. The experiment has been fairly, and fully, and variously tried, and the result unmistakably is, that her position is henceforth a secondary one. In the first place, in running against time, our steamers, by numerous examples, establish their clear superiority. Then, in the last outward passage of the Atlantic, the two champions come into direct

and immediate concurrence, meeting the same winds and riding the same waves; and the American arrives sooner from New York than the English boat does from Boston. And now, at the proud annual gathering of all the "crack" vessels of the empire, amid a crowd of nobility, and in the presence of royalty itself, the Yankee dashes, gallantly and alone, into the circle, and in a moment eclipses all their pride into extinction. In a ten hours' race, he leaves their swiftest sail seven miles behind, and this in a new ground, where he knows nothing of the currents; he sails round their finest yachts; outruns the Queen's steamer "Fairy;" and afterwards, in the race with "The Titania," the Yankee had it all his own way, and arrived at the Nab *fifty-two minutes* before his competitor! Like an eagle in a dove-cot, he "fluttered" their whole array.

We like this. "The justice of it pleaseth us." We love the English cordially. We admire them highly. We are proud of them. They are our brothers—our "kith and kin," and all that—of course. But, after all, there is, and ever was, and always will be, between these two fraternal and affectionate people, one paramount sentiment—that of intense and life-deep rivalry. While these two countries hold their places upon the globe, there is but one relation between them. Whatever "forms, modes, shows" of outward courtesy, and compliment, and greeting, our intercourse may put on, the eternal feeling between the two lands is that of earnest and unextinguishable rivalry. With them, it is a primary and ever-present emotion, disguised sometimes under a lofty and patronizing approval of what they cannot but admire; but breaking out on other occasions in vehement abuse and contempt. We have not forgotten—this country probably never will forget—the language of "The Times" in regard to the American participation in the "World's Fair." It had so happened that the United States had sent to this scene but a miserably partial and defective representation of its vast and multiform ingenuity; and "The Times," thinking that it had a sure case against its old antagonist, broke out into an effusion of pitiless sarcasm upon the intelligence, taste, good sense, and entire practical character of

the American people. The injury done to us was nothing; but the spirit manifested by the attack was not to be mistaken. We have, therefore, enjoyed not a little of this daring triumph of "The America" at Cowes. We offer our compliments to "The Times" upon the subject. We commend his editorial attention to the incident.

The affair at the Isle of Wight is not a mere anecdote—an accidental and unconnected occurrence—"the be-all and the end-all" of itself. That which thus relates to the world's attention, in the shape of a holiday's triumph—the winning of a cup or £200 in a summer day's sail—is a long, and wide, and thorough contest between the two nations, tasking all the science, enterprise, invention, and taste of both, and affording in the result a satisfactory measure of the general capacity of the two people. Maritime affairs have long been the principal and favorite interest of both countries. Each has concentrated its best capacity upon the task of bringing nearest to perfection the models of its vessels, and its methods of rigging and of sailing. In England, for years, the patronage of aristocratic wealth has been directed to the development of the national resources in this department. Noblemen and gentlemen have lavished their superfluous fortunes in affording encouragement to naval architects. All the influence of royal presence and approbation has been systematically exerted to stimulate to the utmost the efforts and ingenuity of builders and owners of yachts. The English were satisfied with the results to which they had attained. They deemed that they had arrived at the most perfect models that the matter admitted of. America, during the same period, has been following her independent course. Without the assistance of patronage or prizes, she has followed the instincts of her own irrepressible originality, unresting inventiveness, and experimental science; and at the end of the period she sends across the water a specimen of what her sagacity has led her to adopt, and asks that it may be compared with some of the results of English ingenuity in the same branch! The result is known.

The point of view in which the thing principally strikes us,

and to which we desire to direct attention, is, that we have here a fair measure of the respective intelligence, and capacity, and the practical art, of the two people. The English say that in another year they will have something afloat that will give the America a strain. Like enough: they can adopt our models, and no doubt will do so; but the evidence of intellectual superiority in mechanical construction, afforded by the fact that in the course of a few years of independent movement, we worked out conclusions infinitely superior to them, will remain. They may share in the utility of our discoveries: the glory they partake not with us. The Collins' steamers show the same supremacy of our national capacity. It is not to the size of these ships, and the weight of their engines, that their speed is due: it is to the perfection of their build, and the nicety of their sailing. The same thing is seen in every branch of the packet service. In the whole extensive department of marine architecture, America has incontestably triumphed over England. That triumph attests much, and promises more.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE QUESTION. 1852.

It is not a little amusing to observe the change of designation which this country undergoes at the hands of the British press, accordingly as we distinguish or discredit ourselves in their estimation. When any misadventure is supposed to happen in our affairs—for example, when it was thought that we had made a great failure at the London Exposition—then we were the Yankees, or at best, the Americans; at any rate, a wholly distinct people from the English. As soon as we had gained victories in Mexico which rivaled the French triumphs in Europe, and dimmed the lustre of Indian conquest; and now that our yachts and steamers show an easy and incontestable superiority over those of our neighbors, our national title becomes completely altered. We are no longer aliens, foreigners,

strangers: our successes are merely a new evidence of the unquestionable ascendency of the Anglo-Saxon race—a new proof that, after all, John Bull is the first man in the world. If we vanquish French, Indians, and Spaniards—nay, when we vanquish the English themselves—it was they who taught us how to do it. Their own discomfiture, when it comes from our hands, is but fresh illustration of their own exclusive claims to glory. When we triumph at their expense, they still congratulate themselves that the praise of victory is "in the family."

It is a trait of the English to despise those whom they have beaten, and to love those who beat them. We have no complaint to make of the terms of respect in which they usually speak of us. We "grew by their neglect of us:" we have fought our way into their admiration; and we are content with the position which we hold. But when they assert that our successes are a triumph of Anglo-Saxonism—that we are what we are, because we are English in origin—we must decline this distinguishing compliment, because it is neither historically nor morally true. It is to the infusion of blood in our veins, that is *not* Anglo-Saxon—it is to the great extent to which we are *not* descendants of John Bull—it is to the un-English element of our mingled nationality—that we owe our superiority to England. And this assures the permanence and reality of our advantages over them. If we were essentially the same people, our superiority to them in ingenious and useful inventions might be referred to accident; and they would come the next time into the field with prospects equal to our own. But the composition of our character is really very different from theirs, and far richer and more complex; and it is this fullness and diversity of mental gifts which sets us so much above them, and gives us promise of a continuance and increase of that supremacy which already in so many departments we have manifested. Mr. W. E. Robinson, in a very spirited discourse at Clinton, in Oneida county, New York, has examined this subject historically and statistically, and established some important conclusions. It appears from his figures, that from the earliest periods of our settlement, up to the present time, the emigra-

tion from England has been but a small fraction of the whole immigration into this country. Making a liberal estimate of the Anglo-Saxon constituent of our population, and throwing the colored people out of consideration, it would appear that not more than one-sixth part of our community is Anglo-Saxon by descent. Computing those of English origin among us at three millions and a half, those of German stock would be found to amount to five millions and a half, those of French, Italian, or Celtic blood, and in no wise Saxon, would number three millions, and those of Irish race, who, if Saxon, are not Anglo, would count four millions and a half. It is obvious that England has no title to claim the honor of our origin, as against Germany or Ireland. That English is the dominant tongue, proves nothing. In a people of mixed origin, one language supplants others, and the English is not only, as the Latin once was, a superior and prevailing speech, but being the language of the colonial governments, which were derived from England, naturally obtained an ascendent. If our minds sometimes overlook or forget the great extent to which almost every family in our land is derived from other sources than England, our blood remembers it in the instinctive jealousy and antagonism which is ever springing into life between the two nations. How few persons among us can trace through three or four generations a descent purely English. If you pass from the historical inquiry, the moral and physiological indications of the two countries point clearly at a distinctiveness of nationality. No one can go from England to America, or from America to England, without perceiving that he is among wholly different people. An American himself feels this strangeness most uncomfortably, in spite of a resembling language; and he finds more similarity and sympathy among the Irish, French, Italians, and even Germans, than among "his own kith and kin of the Anglo-Saxon race." The English and Americans are different people in their minds, feelings, tempers, and manners; and these differences may be traced to the characteristics of nations who have mingled the stream of their life with the current derived from England. The Americans are a people of infinitely quicker

sensibilities, both of affection and of wrath; kindlier in their gentle mood; far fiercer and more fiery when irritated. Coupled with these flashing tempers, is a subtlety of invention, a discursiveness of inquiry and experiment, a keen quest of novelty, a defiant aversion to the cause of precedents in arts, which contrast strongly with the sober, conservative, and sluggish uniformity of English movements. We have derived from England valuable qualities; but we have derived from other sources qualities which England had not to give us. We have incorporated into our national greatness their many high virtues; we have escaped many of their infirmities. We have inherited their high and calm courage, their good faith, their persistency in policy, their lofty honor; we have disclaimed and renounced their narrowness, their excessive caution, and that immovable self-estimation which makes them soon believe that they have attained perfection. We must decline the praise of having drawn from them the mental and moral qualities which have led us to launch upon the ocean vessels new in build and rig, which leave all competition behind them. They will excuse us if we refuse to share with them the laurels of Cowes. This occasion sets our un-English originality in visible relief, and we shall treat it as a triumph, not through, but against our Anglo-Saxon progenitors.

COCKNEYISMS—AMERICANISMS.

In the three-quarters of a century which has elapsed since England and America ceased to be one, the insensible distinctions of national custom have established some striking differences in the use of language in the two countries. With characteristic arrogance, our insular neighbors assume that their practice is, in all cases, correct; and they sneer at all variations on our part, as Americanisms and vulgarisms. In the spirit of Queen Elizabeth's reply, when her ambassador, Melville, stated

that the Queen of Scots was an inch taller than her majesty—"then she is an inch too tall;" they take themselves and their own habits as the natural and absolute standard of truth and taste and reason and propriety. All this is fair enough; for what Mr. Pelham says of persons, is more especially applicable to nations:—"If they do not think well of themselves, how can they expect that others should think well of them?" In exchange for our *damus*, we simply insist upon the *petimusque vicissim;* and we further maintain that our claim to superior accuracy is founded, not merely on assumption—as theirs is—but in justice and right. Independent of any inquiry into particular cases, America has as good a pretension as England to establish the standard of their common speech; and an examination of the special instances of deviation will show, we are well satisfied, that it is the continent which has adhered to the ancient and sound usage, and the island which has departed from it. It might, indeed, be anticipated that a large country, broken into many detached systems, and having no one central authority to overbear the rest, and control them according to its caprices, would be less subject to the influences of those affectations and conventionalisms which are the great corrupters of a mature language, than a small kingdom despotically ruled by a single city. And so, undoubtedly, it will be found. The instances in which England and America are at variance, are instances in which English usage has become perverted by the spurious authority of fashion; they are cases in which cockneyisms have infused themselves into the general dialect, and have usurped the distinction of national authority. In such cases, the correct practice is to be found in this country. A few illustrations of this may be referred to.

One of these differences, now pretty firmly established, and often sneerily alluded to by British travelers, occurs in the employment of the words *sick* and *ill*. The Americans use them synonymously for bodily indisposition, or disease of any kind: the modern English insist that *sick* shall be applied only to the condition of the stomach; and that all other sorts of maladies are to be termed *illnesses*. Unquestionably, in this matter, our

own countrymen are right. Doctor Johnson gives as the first and principal meaning of the word "*sick*"—"afflicted with disease," and cites many authorities; as its secondary and less direct sense he gives—"disordered in the organs of digestion—ill at the stomach;" and for this signification he does not vouch the authority of any author whatever. Any one who will consult Richardson, will find that the earliest English authors in a host concur in using *sick* to denote every species of disease. To those instances we may add a few of standard writers of a more recent date. From Shakspeare we might cite a thousand instances.

> When I was *sick*, you gave me bitter pills;
> And I must minister the like to you.
> *Two Gentlemen of Verona.*
>
> *Brutus.*—I am not well in health, and that is all.
> *Portia.*—Is Brutus *sick?* and is it physical
> To walk unbraced, and suck up the humors
> Of the dark morning? What, is Brutus *sick?*
> And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
> And dare the rheumy and unpurged air,
> To add unto his *sickness?*—*Julius Cæsar.*

Again, in the same play:

> *Lucius.*—Here is a *sick* man, that would speak with you.
> * * * * *
> *Brutus.*—Would you were not *sick!*
> *Ligarius.*—I am not *sick*, if Brutus have in hand
> Any exploit worthy of the name of honor.
> * * * * *
> What's to do?
> *Brutus.*—A piece of work that will make *sick* men whole.
> *Ligarius.*—But are not some whole that we must make *sick?*

Milton often has the same sense of this word. For example:

> "Despair
> Tended the *sick*, busiest from couch to couch."

So Pope:

> "Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigued, I said;
> Tie up the knocker; say I'm *sick*—I'm dead."

Indeed, it will be difficult, if not impossible, to find in the whole range of English literature, an example in which this

word, when used quite apart from other expressions or circumstances which qualify its meaning, is ever limited to the undignified signification to which English affectation has restricted it.

Another instance in which we are made chargeable, where the error is, unquestionably, on the side of the English, is in the case of the words *luggage* and *baggage*, as applied to the effects which a traveler carries with him on his journey. The former, which of late years has obtained great vogue in England in this acceptation, properly signifies such ponderous and bulky movables as an army, or a family when moving, transport with them; and is wholly misapplied when used in reference to the light and commodious articles which a steamboat or railway voyager carries with him. Johnson says that luggage is "any thing cumbrous and unwieldy that is to be carried away: any thing of more weight than value." And Richardson defines it as "that which is pulled or dragged (heavily) along; and, consequentially, heavy, cumbrous baggage, or package." The best authors use the word in this sense:— "My lumber and *luggage* may be here on earth, but my treasure is above," says Bishop Hall. Drayton has a stanza, beginning—

> "When, with the *luggage*, such as lagg'd behind,
> And that were set the carriages to keep," &c.

Milton, in *Paradise Regained*, says:

> "Think not thou to find me slack, or need
> Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome
> *Luggage* of war there shown me."

Baggage, on the other hand, is said by Johnson to be "the furniture and utensils of an army: the goods that are to be carried away." The phrase "bag and baggage," as meaning all that a traveler takes with him, was formerly in constant use in England, and is found repeated by the best writers of an earlier day. Melmoth, the elegant translator of Pliny, uses the word baggage precisely in the way in which it is daily employed in this country:—"You have long desired a visit from your granddaughter accompanied by me. For this purpose, our *baggage* is actually making ready," etc.

A third case in which the English are in error, is in regard to the word *clever*, as applied to intellectual or literary talent of a superior degree. Properly, this signifies any adroitness, dexterity, or manual capacity. It is applied also to mental performances when it is meant to disparage them, as being a mere *knack*, or *trick*, or mechanical exercise of the wits. Its application to genuine talent and ability, in a serious and commendatory way, as is habitually done in England, is unquestionably a cockneyism and a mistake; and no good author can be cited to justify the practice. But how is it with the American use of the word, as applying to an agreeable, well-natured fellow? Johnson gives four significations of *clever:* the first is, "Dexterous, skillful;" the second, "Just, fit, proper, commodious;" the third, "Well-shaped, handsome;" but under the fourth head he says, "This is a low word, scarcely ever used but in burlesque or conversation; and *applied to any thing a man likes*, without a settled meaning." Now this last is exactly the meaning of American *clever*. A *likable*, accommodating person, we term *clever;* and Johnson shows that that has always been its colloquial, familiar sense. The dignity of the word is not in question: it is still among us what the great lexicographer calls "a low word," that is, "scarcely ever used but in burlesque or conversation;" but its correctness, as employed among us, is not to be doubted by any one who admits the authority of Johnson.

We might extend these illustrations very considerably, and at a future time shall probably do so. In the meanwhile, we would advise our countrymen to adhere to such modes of speech, and such use of words, as they find current in the good society of their own country, and not to suffer their own accuracy to be overborne by the affectations and vulgarisms of another people. The English have many meritorious qualities; but their arrogance is at least equal to their other excellencies; and in dealing with them, the only way, until they learn to behave themselves, is to maintain your own and beat down their assumption by a more dogmatizing confidence.

POWERS' GREEK SLAVE.

A writer in the August number of "Fraser's Magazine," makes the following observations on Powers' statue of the Greek Slave :—"We are much perplexed by the statue of the Greek Slave. In what respect is it Greek? And is a manacle upon a delicate wrist the only means sculpture possesses of expressing the sorrow and anguish of slavery? The fact is, there is no meaning whatever in the face, which has anything in the world but Greek or slavery written on it; and if the head and manacles were lopt off, the rest of the figure would be very beautiful, as a study of form. It is full of grace from the shoulders down, especially at the side and back; but the artist has utterly failed in the attempt to convey anything more."

The *insensibility* displayed in this paragraph to the spiritual and moral, and the capacity to perceive only the physical, can hardly be paralleled by anything that we know of, except a noted anecdote in the life of the Princess Pauline Borghese. They render the character of the critic interesting as a *phenomenon*. "Thus," says Walter Landor, "have we seen carp, in a pond, treat some new and choice morsel which has been thrown into their pond. Some touch it gently with their barbe, pass deliberately by, and leave it; others wriggle and rub against it more disdainfully; others, in sober truth, know not what to make of it, swim round and round it, eye it on the sunny side, eye it on the shady; approach it, shoulder it, flap it with the tail, turn it over, look askance at it, take a pea-shell or a worm instead of it, and plunge their heads again into the comfortable mud." Works of sentiment should be inscribed, for the benefit of such persons, with the epigraph which one finds in some of the old books under a vignette of a laurel bush approached by a pig : *Apage, non tibi spiro.* From the rest of the article the writer appears to be one of those dense, dull men who write in the London magazines, as a horse works in a mill, for life and for livelihood, and who get up a paper on

any given subject without the least reference to their ability to bring to it the qualities indispensable to its just appreciation. As, however, this is the first instance, as far as our knowledge extends, in which any one, at home or abroad, has viewed that statue and failed to perceive its surpassing greatness as a work of expression, we cannot but observe how strange it is that a man should think it worth while, by a published remark of that kind, to call the attention of the world to the singular deficiency of perception and sensibility under which he labors. If a person were to visit the Vatican or the Tribune, and to let us know that he saw nothing uncommon in the head of the Apollo, or the bust of the Venus, we should feel that he made no remark at all about the statues, but that he recorded a very singular fact about himself. We enter into no vindication of the Greek Slave. The world has long since make up its opinion about it. Its character is positive, absolute, settled. When it is discussed, the subject that is brought into judgment, is not its merit, but the mind and soul of the observer and writer. But to show how differently the same thing will strike different persons, we take occasion to refer here to some remarks written by us when the Greek Slave was brought to this city to be exhibited, five years ago. These observations, not conceived controversially or defensively, but the simple record of our impressions on a single view of the work, seem yet to afford as complete a reply to the English writer, as we could deliberately make :—

"In approaching this delicate creation of chaste imagination," we then wrote, "after the first shock of delight from the gentle rush of her beauty, wave-like, upon the spirit, is past, we are arrested and enchained by the profound and lofty interest of her countenance. It is an expression of offended dignity—of expostulating rebuke—of placid and pitying contempt. Confident in an unassailable moral safety—feeling that no material subjugation or injury can ever harm the soul—she stands in the pride of her unapproachable purity ; insulted, but not abased—outraged, but not degraded. There is no touch of shame in her features ; she feels that she is not responsible

for the condition in which she has been placed: an instinctive gesture of self-protection—an involuntary averting of the head from the wrong that has been done her by such exposure—are tributes to the natural delicacy of her character. There is no shade of fear in her attitude; her whole being, absorbed into intense consciousness of an impregnable spiritual existence, dwells in composure upon the calm heights of a more intimate and essential life. Never was the native majesty of the chaste, refined, and high-toned soul of woman, embodied in nobler form and more enchanting grace. Never was it more admirably shown, with what energetic sincerity virtue can look down upon her oppressors, and chastise their unworthiness; never was the contrast between the humiliating circumstances and a mental elevation more gloriously flashed forth. Over those who are disgracing themselves by this treatment of a woman, she seems to feel such infinite superiority, that reflection interposes to temper its excess by some infusion of compassion. Her look reproaches them for exhibiting conduct so ineffably dishonoring to them. She appears to blush for the degradation of her race, by the display of a behaviour so discreditable to men. What, in a critical point of view, we chiefly admire, is the moderation which the sculptor has imposed upon himself, in the material working out of this conception—the exquisite temperance which he has observed in the degree in which a temporary feeling is allowed to prevail over the native and habitual repose of the features. Fixing the expression unmistakably upon the countenance, he has, with consummate taste, abstained from interrupting the serene beauty of loveliness, further than to waken in the observer a train of emotion which no heart can fail to carry out to its full result. Such is the impression which this divine emanation of the artist's power gives us. It is well called the "Greek Slave," for it is the bondage of that ethereal essence whose incarnation is identified with Attica; it is an everlasting vindication of that supremacy of mind over condition which Greece first taught, and Grecian fame forever attests."

This seems a pretty full answer, by anticipation, to Fraser's

critic; and we but recorded the language which the figure spoke to us, never having heard from the artist or his friends what his special design had been. On a subsequent view of the Slave, in later years, we observed two particulars not at first noted by us, which proved the correctness of our impression that the figure is under intense but suppressed sensibility. One of these is a prominence and rigidity of the tendons of the neck—slight, but enough to show that the inward soul is quivering with emotion. The other is the stretching down of the finger to the pillar beside her—with an effort constrained and almost ungraceful—but indicative of that tension of the nerves which mental suffering occasions. These cannibal criticisms that descant to us upon the elegant conformations of shoulders and limbs are well in their place; but where they end, the true appreciation of the Slave begins. The spirit of that creature is agonizing with a contest of emotions; it is anguishing with every mental and moral distress that exposure, and danger, and terror can inflict on a nature most fitted to feel all their keenness. Calm and sustained as her dignity is, the blood pulses through her frame like heated quicksilver. If ever sensibility of heart was incarnated in matter, under that repose which Art demands; if ever soul, in all the suffering of its sensitiveness, was insphered in motionless form, it is done in the Greek Slave.

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

CONCLUSION OF THE MEXICAN WAR. 1848.

In the peace which is now assured to us, one of the most important occurrences in our national annals is brought to a completion. The alarm and anxiety which filled all breasts but a few weeks since, are changed to gratitude and joyous anticipation: the citizen, whom duty had for a season converted into the soldier, returns to receive and to give congratulation. The sympathies of the hour are animating and cheering; and we are disposed to partake their genial exhilaration. Laying aside all thoughts of the political controversies which vexed the progress of the event—a matter on which our opinions are sufficiently known—let us see what omens of the honor and greatness of the whole country we can draw from a matter which now belongs to our permanent history. In the first place, the war shows that our federal system of union and government is as admirably adapted to the designs of foreign conquest as to the purposes of domestic advancement and comfort; and has proved what speculative writers had often denied, that our nation possesses a complete and perfect organization, as adapted for hostility as for repose, and as efficient in its dynamical as in its statical conditions. In unity of counsel—in promptness of action—in all the arrangements by which the interior forces of a country are brought to bear with directness and energy upon an exterior point—the operations by which men are marshaled into distant service, and credit is made to concentrate and give to public objects the diffused wealth of millions of people—our Constitution has approved itself not

inferior in those things which monarchies and aristocracies have vaunted as their peculiar excellencies. In the next place, in the use which we make of acquired territory, our system gives to foreign war a character of virtue and benignity which no other polity has imparted. Other governments conquer, in order that they may subjugate, despoil, and tyrannize: we vanquish, in order to elevate, improve, and bless. We exalt our defeated enemies into an equality with ourselves; we share with them, upon fraternal terms, the benefits of our own civilization and institutions: we make them partakers with us, in full and free abundance, of all the priceless advantages of our liberties, our laws, our name, our honors. Such use of victory has no other nation, ancient or modern, made. It is a divine rather than a mortal trait, thus to exert superior force—not to appropriate a triumph, but to diffuse a blessing—not to set ourselves above our equals, but to raise up the depressed and wretched to a generous community in all that our fathers' valor won for us, and our own wisdom has maintained for our posterity. It cannot be, but that Providence shall favor the outgoing armies of such a people. Pre-eminence belongs, in natural heritage, to the nation which thus employs its successes. In this benignant use of power—this capacious and dispassioned wisdom—rather than in any supposed destiny of the race—we read the assurance of progressive extension, and the splendid prophecy of the *imperium sine fine*. A system which thus embraces where another would have trampled—which bestows what no conqueror never before left, freedom and independence—must have a promise of almost indefinite permanence; for the dispositions which it makes are in accordance with nature, justice and truth—not forced or violent. The conquest that is followed by subjection and spoliation, carries in itself the certainty of its ultimate dissolution: we know that it is maintained by constant force, and that new tumults and fresh bloodshed must intervene before the repose of right is attained. But our brief wars, by propagating a political system founded in nature and reason, leave behind them the legacy of enduring and almost endless peace.

As to ourselves, the moral to be drawn from these reflections is, that the duty of maintaining uninjured and unlowered this establishment, which God and our forefathers have given us, is of infinite responsibility. This Constitution—to which we owe all that we are of great, and have of valuable, and hope of glorious—is given to us as a sacred trust. We must preserve it in form and in spirit: its wisdom and its good-nature—its comprehensive and various sagacity—its harmonizing and reconciling tact—its moderation and good sense—we must emulate in our administration of it. The Common Law, too—that "perfect law of liberty"—the origin of our independence—the tutelary attendant of the Constitution—we must maintain in all its healthful vigor. We must advance, as best we may, in all practical good; for if we are to become the model upon which a continent of nations are to mould themselves, it behooves us to exhibit a noble example of everything that can adorn a state. This extension of our material boundaries ought, likewise, to be felt as an incentive to keener effort in every department of Literature and Art—for our mental ought to keep pace with our physical predominance; and we must not allow it to be said that, outstripping other nations in perishable greatness, we fall behind them in the grandeur which is above the earth, the glory which passes not away with the generation which produced it.

It is a mighty prospect which is now opening upon our country. Many of the trials which threatened our infant organization have been passed; and though we have some elements of great danger yet among us, the nation seems likely, we think, to surmount them all, and, going steadily onward, to reach to an almost indefinite period of life, in the compactness and unity of its well-balanced system. England stands firmly, and may hold together yet for many a year; but the forces of her progressive strength are apparently spent—the limit of her increase in power has been reached; henceforth, she is stationary, at the best. France, full of convulsive energy, seems to have lost that equipoise of powers, that concentration and singleness of national character and purpose, which are neces-

sary to the attainment of political eminence. But *we* are just starting in the race of glory—abounding in energy—thrilling with strength and confidence and hope—uniting the mature experience of the nation from which we sprang, with the eager aspiration—the fervid enthusiasm—the undefined and wild adventure—inseparable from a new and unworn continent. We have no doubt that the recent extension of our domain by conquest will give increased force to our national character; it will add to our self-respect, and to the respect with which we are regarded by other countries. The influence of this upon our literature will be good. Our productions want not fertility or power; but they want independence of tone, fearlessness of utterance, genuineness of development. The arrogance of a prescriptive superiority abroad has rebuked our younger spirit; and we have feared to give a free vent to the instincts of our taste. As we realize, by triumphs so magnificent, the sense of our inherent greatness, and gradually become conscious, through repeated successes, of a destiny that will brook no ascendency, it cannot but be that in Art we shall give a freer vent to those vehement and exalted passions which are stirring within the depths of our national feeling. The mighty impulses, the luxuriant strength, the daring temper, that now sway our political being to irregular, but dazzling grandeur, will then give themselves noble and more enduring monuments in the painter's, the sculptor's, and the author's master-pieces.

AMERICAN INTERFERENCE IN EUROPE. 1851.

When time enough has past by to allow the public character of Washington to be seen in its just perspective, and when the subject of his administration is approached by a writer competent to apprehend and represent the greatness of patriotic dignity that inspired his designs, and the far-extending wisdom that guided his counsels, nothing will be found more worthy of

contemplation and admiration than the foreign policy which he established for the nation. It is a matter worthy of being made a special study on the part of our statesmen and historians, for it has not been appreciated in its full, clear, distinctive completeness, as an intelligent and comprehensive system of action. Much as this people are beholden to him for his services in the War of Independence, and for the conduct of his domestic administration—to his foreign policy, as much as to either of them, is to be ascribed the magnificent greatness to which the country has advanced in half a century, its firm prosperity at home, the commanding superiority of its reputation abroad. The high purpose for which Washington seems to have been qualified and sent into the world by Providence, was the development and security of the inherent nationality of the country, to set it free from all dependent, derivative or related conditions, and to launch it upon its own free, separate career—original, primary, and self-guided greatness. Having been chiefly instrumental in terminating the legal subjection of the country to England, he was determined so set it free from every political and even moral subserviency to the European powers. As France had aided in delivering the new States from the dominion of England, she was inclined to consider the country as a colony which she had conquered from her old rival and foe. A faction in this country seemed disposed to favor the views of the French government—to identify our conduct and feelings with its interests and passions—and to make us a party with it to all the cabals of continental diplomacy. Washington saw the peril, and provided a protection for us against it. With special reference to the selfish and sinister domination which that country aspired to attain over us, he left the warning counsel to abstain from all "entanging alliances" with European politics. It was the intention of Washington that these United States should be put into the foremost rank of nations; nay, that it should be the first power in the world—influenced by none—responsible to none—brooking suggestion from none—independent even to a fierce haughtiness—following no guidance but the impulses of

its own honor and free inclination—like the ocean that circles its shores, "going forth alone." The foreign policy of Washington has been generally followed by his successors; and the noble conception which he formed has been made real in the lofty dignity which America now enjoys.

The power of this great position being gained, the question arises, How is it to be employed? It was not the intention of Washington that this country, having forced her way up to the first rank of material and moral greatness, should stand a cipher in the family of nations; that, owing her own existence to certain principles of human rights, and identified with them in the eyes of the world, she should stand an unconcerned spectator of the disgrace of those principles; that she should look with cold and selfish unconcern upon the fate of humanity in other lands. He meant that the power which his policy should secure for the nation, should ultimately be made use of for wise, virtuous, and beneficent purposes. He contemplated that the land which he loved so well should stand forth, in the admiring gaze of mankind, not a lonely monument for curiosity and pride, but a tower of protection and strength to the nations. We think that the time has arrived when the moral weight of America ought to be felt in the scale of continental action; when her protesting or rebuking voice should be heard in favor of reason, and humanity, and right, too often trampled on and outraged. It becomes important to determine on what principles and in what cases this intervention should be made, and when it should not be made.

We take it to be entirely clear that this country has no duty and no right to interfere between contending parties in a state, when one of those parties seeks to subvert or change the existing form of government. All such matters belong to the demestic policy of the country, with which other lands have no concern at all. The principle which lies at the base of American independence is, that every nation has a right to establish for itself its own form of government, and foreign interference would of course be fatal to the free exercise of this right. *Primâ facie*, the existing government must be taken to be that

which the nation has established for itself. The fact that it exists is evidence that the preponderance of the national will is in its favor, and that presumption continues until the government is successfully changed. "Revolutions," said Rousseau, with obvious truth, "are always the work of minorities." Any foreign power, therefore, which aids a revolutionary effort in any country, advances the cause of the minority, and violates the democratic rule, that the will of the majority has a right to prevail. Besides this, we must declare that the cause of the revolutionary party at present in Europe is not the cause of republicanism in any sense in which that word is understood by Americans. Those who labor now to overthrow the monarchies in Europe have neither the capacity nor the intention to set up in their place anything that shall have the nature of a democratic republic. Their

> "craft holds no consent
> With aught that breathes the ethereal element"

of law-sustained liberty, and freedom founded upon integrity and truth. They are not entitled to have the sympathy and co-operation of the American republic.

There is another class of cases in which it is more doubtful whether the effective intervention of America may not be properly called for. It is the case in which a people possessing historically, morally, and socially, the identity and distinctness of a national existence, has by untoward accident been made subject to the abnormal, unreasonable, unnatural control and tyranny of a foreign nation, and is engaged in a struggle to re-establish its just and legitimate independence. That was in effect the case between the American colonies and Great Britain. The integrity and mutual independence of existing nations is a part of the public law of the world; and if it be seriously and injuriously violated in Europe, America has an interest, and, therefore, a political right to interfere. Such a principle, we are happy to believe, would have embraced several of the most iniquitous transactions which have defiled the

annals of modern Europe, and which have left their evil effects upon the condition and progress of Europe almost ineffaceably, and which enlisted the popular feeling of the country most earnestly. For our own part we should have felt sincere satisfaction, if the just application of this rule had been found to include the case of Venice in its late struggle with Austria. That case differed essentially from every other in Italy. The independence of the Venetian republic had been struck down so recently; it perished in a mingled storm of fraud and violence so unreasonably, so unrighteously, so unnecessarily; the Austrian possession of that state is an obtrusion so completely alien and irregular, that we should have been glad to find that a careful examination of this question had been thought to justify our country in saying to the noble champions of patriotism and liberty that the late excitements in Europe produced, "We are with you in spirit, we will be amongst you in our power." We cannot think that the Lombardic provinces fell precisely within the same rule. The Austrian title to them was ancient, settled, and, in a great measure, regular.

The true principle and limit of the right and duty of American interference in European concerns is this: Whenever her own interests and honor are threatened, and whenever the great public law of Christendom, sometimes called the Law of Nations, is violated, it is not only her just privilege, but her clear propriety, to intervene and to act. The nature and extent of these principles, and their application, will be explained in another paper. *

THE PRESIDENCY.

Detached from party sympathies, and viewing the strife with the calmness of a spectator, we may be indulged perhaps in a

* This paper is not found among the author's MSS.—ED.

word of respectful remonstrance and advice to both of the great political bodies which are now preparing to try their respective strength. Something else than the triumph of a favorite candidate is involved in the struggles which on a vast scale are renewed at every lustrum throughout the nation; the dignity of the country and the decorum of social relations, are concerned to some extent in the manner in which the contest is conducted. The majesty of the trust which we administer, in the maintenance of a stable system of free government, we may now appreciate in observing how frequently and how hopelessly other nations have failed in establishing such a polity, though proceeding with high abilities, and a candid wish to arrive at a satisfactory result. The periodical election of a chief magistrate to preside over our institutions, and represent us towards other nations, is the most impressive act in the striking drama of republican display. How much is the general respectability of the exhibition impaired by the fanatic virulence of individual abuse, the revelry of profligate vituperation that mingle in the scene with a purpose so meaningless and a power so degrading. The presidential candidates are usually the representatives of some distinct and important principles; and the matter decided by their election is the ascendency throughout the country, of one or another leading system of policy; how great a departure is it from the august sobriety of such a proceeding, to resolve the issue into a trivial, paltry strife of personalities, in which every reference to the interests at stake is buried and forgotten. How remote from the mutual deference which is becoming to the citizens of one equal commonwealth, how opposite to the fraternal kindliness and regard which ought to prevail among persons habitually mingling in the same circles of business and society, and now engaged with a common good faith in the settlement of a question equally important to both, are the wild, ferocious, intolerable scorn, contempt, and disgust that are poured out upon those whom a great party have selected as the men whom they most desire to honor and trust. If these extravagant effusions of idle abuse and calumnious charges, and false and foolish aspersions, contributed in any degree whatever to the advantage of the

party making use of them, some apology might be found in that necessity of succeeding, which warmed champions come at last to feel. But in fact, they do more harm than good. They madden the opposing faction into an intensity of exertion which could not otherwise be called forth: they create in moderate persons a disposition to take the part of one attempted to be borne down by rough and foul proceeding; and they confer oftentimes upon a *mediocre* or insignificant candidate an importance which greatly aids him in his ambitious prospects. The instances in our own history are not few in which men have been blackened into distinction and maligned into office. The country itself suffers—perhaps permanently—in the injury done to character in these wanton outrages of excited passion. One or the other of the unfortunate beings whose reputation has been pierced through and through with imputations of boundless wickedness or pitiable imbecility, is to be the President of the nation. Some portion of the obloquy, so unsparingly thrown, continues to adhere to him; the feelings roused against the candidate, attend to survive the career of the officer; and his honest name throughout all history, and before distant nations, stands tinged with the offensive soilure of the political campaign. Something is due to truth; and some claims upon the justice of the community have the good repute and private feelings of the persons principally concerned, who have been guilty of no crime in yielding their names to the sincere attachment of millions of their fellow citizens. A senator stands well before the country, in public and in domestic report; well seen, through a long life, in all the great offices of executive, diplomatic and legislative action; esteemed and commended by all. A general wins for his native flag as brilliant honors as modern warfare has furnished, and reveals to his countrymen a character of sterling honesty and winning truthfulness and simplicity: his name is familiar to every lip and his character endeared to every heart. Both become candidates, without intrigue on the part of either. Shall the civilian, whose merits until now were respected, at once be traduced and insulted and vilified? Shall the soldier, whose reputation had been cherished with enthusiasm, now

suddenly be sneered at and detracted from? How poor a part do we play in thus making our judgments the eager slaves of our passions, and in allowing our views of character to be determined by the relations which the party sustains to our favorite notions!

We venture, deferentially, but earnestly, to expostulate against the continuance of this system; a system as puerile as it is gross. Look back upon some of the party contests which have taken place in the last twenty years; and passing by the unfairness and cruelty of atrocities of speech and writing that outfiended the infernal imps, consider the effects upon the character and manners of the nation. Could anything tend more to coarsen, to vulgarize, to degrade the minds and tempers and feelings of society at large? Has any thing contributed, in a greater degree, to retard the moral elevation of a people who, towering above all others in external and physical advantages, ought to exhibit upon all public occasions a conspicuous and still-brightening example of decency, propriety, and refinement? There is no science in the world more noble than politics; there is no profession requiring a higher training than such participation in the government as our Constitution ensures to every citizen: but every conception of science and training—every idea of merits to be considered and duty to be performed—becomes the "arch mock" of ridicule itself, in the tumultuous, wretched ferocity which animates both parties and fires every bosom. We devoutly hope that in the contest which is now beginning or begun, milder and worthier auspices will rule the hour; and that a struggle upon which such great consequences stand in issue, will be conducted in another spirit, and with other exhibitions, than such as would discredit a horse race.

GENERAL TAYLOR'S CABINET. 1849.

[So rapidly do political events, when once past, become, in this country, almost forgotten, that it requires a pause before the reader can recall even those which have produced great effects, and which are still of recent date. When the convention of the Whig party, to nominate a candidate for the Presidential chair, assembled in 1848 at Philadelphia, it was the earnest hope of the friends of Mr. Webster, that this great statesman would receive from their voices that mark of their respect which was so justly due to him from the party of which he had been so long the pride, the leader, and the champion. Extreme whigs—the friends of special measures—were desirous that Mr. Clay should be the nominee. The friends of both gentlemen deprecated the nomination of any person whose attractions were military. The failure of General Harrison, on his first nomination, showed that his "availability" had been no greater than that of either of the statesmen whom we have just named and whom others had preferred; while in no other respect had it ever been at all pretended that his value, in civil affairs, was the tithe of either of theirs. His election, on a second nomination, had been a triumph worse than any defeat. It had failed to secure a single one of the objects which it was designed to secure; and the party had not only been betrayed, but dishonored also. When, therefore, a portion of the Whig party proposed at a later date, again to place a military chieftain before the country, on this same ground of "availability," the best men of the nation opposed themselves to such a nomination. They felt, as they had felt before, and as the event had now proved, that such a nomination was a departure from the principles on which nominations for civil office should be made; and that the party which made it would deserve to be, and sooner or later would be, broken up. Interests, however, ruled the hour, and the nomination of General Taylor was made. A portion of those to whom it was unsatisfactory—the advocates of extreme Whig measures—withheld their support from it altogether; Mr. Clay, and some of his friends in Kentucky, among them. Deeply injurious as, in a political view, the nomination of General Taylor was deemed by Mr. Webster to the permanent interest of the country and its best party, and greatly wronged as he could not but feel that he personally had been, he did not withhold his efforts in what he deemed the cause of the country. He regarded the election of General Taylor as a less evil than the election of his opponent; and declaring emphatically that the nomination was "A NOMINATION NOT FIT TO BE MADE," he yet gave his hearty testimony to the merits of General Taylor's military and personal character; he showed great grounds of hope for the success of his civil administration, and by every effort which he could exert, was most instrumental in advancing the election of that person. The Presidential struggle of 1848 was a memorable one. Taylor was elected, and the country began now to inquire what men he would call around him. The thoughts

of wise men were turned to Mr. Webster; but men who had been chiefly instrumental in nominating General Taylor were crowding about him, and clamored for the appointment of another to the chief office of his cabinet. Another was appointed: and most of the remaining offices of the cabinet were filled by influences similar to those which had filled the department of state. The history of that cabinet is known.—ED.]

When a great popular conflict in politics is over, the first question is, "*Who* has succeeded?" the next, and more important, and often more difficult one, is, "*What* has succeeded?" In the field and at the polls, it has frequently happened that a battle has been won, and no success been reaped. The true victory depends upon the use that is made of the triumph; and the conqueror's first movement after the contest is hardly less important than any of his movements before it. It is pretty generally known, we suppose, that in the Ides of November last, there took place throughout this country a vehement and stern collision of the two great parties, which resulted in the discomfiture of one and the predominance of the other. Yet the moral nature of that revolution—the question, what principles were established, what policy was overthrown—what elements of social life there gained the mastery—all this remains as obscure and undetermined as before the issue of the election was announced; and will not become known and settled until the cabinet of President Taylor is gazetted. Whether the auspicious morning of a long and genial day begins, or whether the gloomy omen is to be renewed, that the sun rises but no day follows it, cannot till then be seen. The President's first appointments are therefore expected by all who gave their votes for him, with an anxiety, profound on all sides, and hopeful or doubtful, according to the temperament or views of the observer. As to what they will be, we personally know little; but that little satisfies us that the public at large know nothing.

Not relying upon any information of General Taylor's intentions or opinions, but reasoning from the plain and overpowering proprieties, obligations and necessities of the case, and the President's unavoidable recognition of them, we have felt from the beginning, and we now feel with an increased con-

fidence, that it is impossible that the first place in the new cabinet shall not be filled by Mr. Webster. We believe General Taylor to be a perfectly candid man—free from all petty jealousies and vanities—shrewd enough to know the right policy, and wise enough to adopt it—sincerely desirous to give the country the best and ablest government that circumstances admit of. It is impossible that such a man should make so great a mistake as not to insist that the chief seat in his council shall be occupied by him who in legislative and executive capacity has approved himself, to the judgment of his country and other countries, as the first and greatest statesman of the age.

We do not admit that the president of a republic has a right to follow an irresponsible, arbitrary, and wholly personal will in the distribution of the great offices of state. He possesses, legally, an unlimited *power* of appointment; but in a free constitution, which is necessarily a government by parties, the exercise of this power is circumscribed and influenced by certain moral obligations of reason, good faith, and implied engagement—distinctly felt, however difficult to be defined—which no wise man will fail to consider. The power, therefore, which is given by the Constitution to the President, is affected, in his hands, by a very delicate but real trust—which is enforced alike by good sense, true honor, and high prudence. The proper statement of the duty which he thus owes to the views and the feelings of the community we take to be this :—That the principles which have predominated in the country should be made to prevail in the cabinet, and that the persons who have contributed principally to the acquisition of the supremacy should share in its management;—not upon any such pirate maxim as that "to the victors belong the spoils," but from the natural consideration that the intellectual and moral influence which wrought upon the public such conviction as caused a transfer of political power, ought to take part in the guidance of that power.

The question then comes back, "what" was it that triumphed at the late elections, "who" was it that most importantly

aided in the acquisition of the triumph? Now for our part we take it to be clear that the late election was a triumph, in general, of Whig principles, and in particular of that modification of them which has been called "moderate Whig." No doubt a thousand collateral and accidental circumstances concurred; "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera;" but the great resultant to which each separate influence contributed, and at which the whole combined movement arrived, was a decisive condemnation and expulsion of Jackson-Van-Buren-Polk-and-Cass Democracy, and a cordial restoration of that party whose principle, both at the beginning and now, was and is a systematic opposition to this banded conspiracy against the honor and welfare of the nation. Now, what relation has Mr. Webster to this great party and this extraordinary occurrence? He has this relation to the party—that we do not characterize Mr. Webster by reference to Whig principles, but we ascertain Whig principles by reference to Mr. Webster's character and mind. He is the author, the organizer, the conservator, the expounder, the type and image of Whigism. The obligations of that party to Mr. Webster cannot be overestimated. He presided over its formation in the days of General Jackson. He then drew those lines of defence from which, after twenty years' beleaguerment, the friends of the Constitution now advance against a baffled and retreating foe. Again and again he has rallied the courage of the party. He has defined its principles. There have been times when only his efforts prevented the party from narrowing into a faction on the one hand, or dissolving into a rabble on the other. He has made the profession of the Whig name respectable in the judgments of candid men throughout the land. Maxims which he has fixed, views which he has disclosed, hopes which drew from his indomitable spirit all their enthusiasm, formed, for years, the very identity and vitality of the party. Many men in New England, who are really great, have found that their highest wisdom was to understand and second his guiding intelligence; and some men in New England, who are large without being great, have had their essential insignificance rendered almost imposing by the prestige

shed upon them by being thought his sustainers and friends, and have swelled up like sponges by imbibing a portion of his consequence. Squeezed and drained of their absorbed importance, these looming statesmen would be poor shrunken pulps of reputation.

But though it is a great Whig triumph which the late elections signalize, we hold it to be equally undeniable that it is a triumph of the "moderate Whig" school;—a school with which Mr. Webster is especially identified, as having been, not only its institutor, but among conspicuous persons, before General Taylor's adoption of it, its only member. From the very beginning, in Jackson's days, Mr. Webster's doctrines were pitched to the same key-note of practical and moderate policy, in favor of which, as we believe, the nation has now borne its testimony. The essentially practical character of his sense—the averseness of his understanding from all abstract and absolute dogmas upon so complex and varying a subject as politics—led him naturally into this line of thought and conduct. Accordingly, when the bank war began,—while others, not capable of distinguishing between an accidental institution and a permanent principle, made that special establishment of a chartered bank the unchangeable watchword of their political course, Mr. Webster took the ground, merely, that it was the duty of the general government, constitutionally and commercially, to make provision for a uniform currency; and that as the existing system accomplished that fully and safely, and had become a basis upon which great interests had founded themselves, sound policy was clearly against its overthrow. The accession of Mr. Tyler developed the inherent distinction between these schools into a still widening divergency. Upon the question of a federal credit-currency, Mr. Webster was decidedly adverse to the revival of the particular institution which had just been destroyed after such a terrific contest.

Standing just where he did in principle, but modifying his policy to suit the change in circumstances, he sent in a report, through the Secretary of the Treasury, recommending, not a bank—much less *the* bank—but a simple fiscal establishment,

which should secure a uniform circulation, and become a nucleus around which the extensive commercial relations that had been so wantonly struck down might renew their life and growth. He counseled that the Whigs should act rationally, and not reject a good which could be obtained because it was not the best that might be conceived. But he could not make his voice heard among them. Under the influence of other advisers, the whole party went off in a different direction, and determined to take their stand for a bank and for *the* bank. They went to the polls chiefly upon this issue, and were defeated. In the convention at Philadelphia, this conflict between the extreme and moderate portions of the party were renewed in the contest for the nomination; it resulted in the choice of the moderate candidate, and under his auspices the party triumphed. There has, therefore, been a double revolution; a revolution throughout the country, of the Whigs prevailing over the Locofocos, and a revolution within the party, of the moderate branch prevailing over the bigoted absolutists. General Taylor, we think, can hardly fail to recognize this as the true view of the late occurrences, or to organize his cabinet in conformity with the wisdom which it teaches. If he should fall into the error of selecting any of the Kentucky school of Whigs, he would stultify one of the essential principles upon which and by which he was raised to the Presidency. The country is unquestionably animated by a Whig spirit and Whig sentiments; but it is not in favor of extreme Whig measures; and an attempt to go over the exploded ground of national bank, high tariff, &c., will only lead to another conflict and another overthrow. Referring to the past, we confidently affirm that Mr. Webster is the man who, more than any other man, represents and embodies that tone of feeling and policy which, by the late elections, the country has sought to stamp upon the administration. Of the bank subject we have already spoken. On the tariff his views have been of a corresponding consistency and practicability. He has maintained, as a fixed and unchangeable principle, that there must be protection for domestic industry; but in arranging the mode, and extent of it, he has always been desirous of occupying a

safe, practical, and reconciling ground. His observations at Baltimore, on the subject of international commercial treaties, always seemed to us to embody the principles upon which this vexed subject may and one day will be compromised and settled to common satisfaction.

There is another consideration which, though Mr. Webster, we are assured, has too much dignity even to think of it as the ground of a claim, General Taylor, we are doubly sure, has too much justice and candor not promptly to acknowledge as a matter of right;—we mean the immense extent to which Mr. Webster's personal exertions contributed to the success of the late struggle. It must be remembered that, after all, our success, decisive as it became, was most narrowly and difficultly gained; and that though we won a great victory, we were as near as possible to being defeated. Pennsylvania would have turned the scale. New York would have turned the scale. Massachusetts with some other New England State would have given the day another result. Now we readily admit that, without General Taylor, it would have been impossible for the Whigs to succeed; but we believe it to be equally certain that without those strenuous and most honorable efforts which Mr. Webster put forth in aid of him, he would have been defeated. The danger, of course, was from the free-soil faction. That movement was setting in with the swelling and over-sweeping violence of a spring freshet; it was setting equally against both parties. Mr. Webster alone of the Whig leaders instantly apprehended the magnitude of the danger, and stretched forth his arm to avert the torrent from the Whig position, and to send it —*retortis violenter undis*—to devastate the ranks of the enemy. His speech in the Senate, in August, 1848, delivered his friends from the danger. He there declared that the Whig party was a free-soil party; that no Whig—if he wished to establish the Wilmot proviso—ought to think of leaving the Whig ranks.

This doctrine was at that time wholly novel; for at the date of that speech the Whigs, as a party, stood wholly uncommitted upon the subject of the Wilmot proviso. It was obvious, also, that the chiefs and organs of the party, generally,

were laboring to keep it uncommitted. It would have remained uncommitted, and if it had done so, it would have been defeated. Webster, alone, saw the indispensable necessity of cutting away that ground from under Mr. Van Buren. He alone had the power to place the party in a position to supplant Mr. Van Buren's devices. No man but Mr. Webster had authority and moral influence to declare that such a thing was a principle of the Whig party,—or, perhaps, we must say, to *make* it a principle of the Whig party; for, with all our confidence in his candor, it seems to us that his declaration had something of *creative* efficacy. He made it a Whig principle, and by so doing made General Taylor President. His lead was soon followed by others. His doctrine was especially preached in Pennsylvania. The Whig orators everywhere forestalled the Van Buren demagogues, by affirming that the Whig party was a Wilmot proviso party. Unless they had done this—and they did it upon Mr. Webster's authority—we feel confident that Mr. Johnson could not have been elected governor, and if he had not been elected governor, General Taylor certainly would not have received the electoral vote of Pennsylvania. The doctrine was preached in Massachusetts by Mr. Webster himself, and by Mr. Ashmun and others; and Massachusetts was saved from the ineffable disgrace of giving her vote to Martin Van Buren. If it had not been for Mr. Webster's painful exertions in that commonwealth, she would certainly have been lost to the Whigs. Thus he saved the Atlantic States. In Ohio and the North West, where other influences were felt, and where Mr. Webster's authority did not extend, the free-soil party ruined the Whig cause. We do not know a more striking instance of Mr. Webster's prompt and far-seeing sagacity, than in his thus at once thoroughly and earnestly committing the Whig party to the Wilmot proviso. It was a bold play; but it saved and swept the stakes.

In a merely personal view, we cannot but express our admiration of the truly dignified and great conduct of Mr. Webster in his support of General Taylor. Not concealing, but openly acknowledging that he disproved of the nomination of a

soldier for the presidency, yet perceiving that the nominee could not be defeated without the overthrow of the best hopes and best interests of the country, he cast aside all temptations to give indulgence to private feelings, and came forward like a man to battle for the public cause. Suppose that *he* had played the part of the mortified Achilles, and had remained sullenly in his tent; where would Pennsylvania and New York and Massachusetts have been? His Marshfield speech it was that shattered the Clay organization in New York, and gave the Empire State to Taylor. Nothing would have been easier than for him to secure the votes of Massachusetts and New Hampshire for himself, and to make what terms he chose with General Taylor. But he flung aside every selfish consideration, and cast the whole weight of his vast power into the scale of the Whig party, and the Whig party's candidate; determined that, whoever might contend for the presidency, he would win the victories of patriotism and magnanimity.

But in urging his friends to the support of a man the selection of whose name all the world knew that he condemned, he compromised neither the truth of the case, nor the dignity of his character, nor the disinterestedness of his purposes; and while he became an advocate for the election of the nominee, he bore testimony against the principle upon which the nomination had been made. He declared it a nomination "not fit to be made" by a party who had come into existence for the purpose of substituting the influence of principles and policy for the power of personal popularity and the domination of personal character; a wise, and true, and noble declaration—worthy of the foremost statesman of a great republic—sublime under the circumstances of its utterance—a thing to be engraven on columns, and written in an epitaph—which the lovers of his fame never will let die. We have heard it said, by those who made the littleness of their groveling tempers the measure of General Taylor's really great and manly spirit, that this declaration would form a bar to Mr. Webster's being placed in the cabinet. If General Taylor make any approach, in fact, to that character of respectability and dignity which we have

ascribed to him, he will admire, and esteem, and confide in, and honor Mr. Webster far more cordially for a sentiment which he himself knows to be true, and the utterance of which by Mr. Webster, he must feel to have been the conscientious performance of a moral duty.

What extent of power over men's judgments and feelings is wielded by Mr. Webster may be learned by a reference to his arrangement of our foreign relations in Mr. Tyler's time. So entire was the conviction of his wisdom and patriotism, and so great the ability with which the justice of that conviction was vindicated to mature reflection, that the transmitted and accumulated perplexities of twenty successive cabinets were finally determined by him, to the perfect satisfaction of two nations.

Upon the success of General Taylor's administration depends the fate of the Whig party; and the party have a right to ask that, in the management of interests which they intrust to him, he should consult with their great intellectual chief, in the reality of whose mental superiority their confidence is deep and universal. General Taylor should remember that his nomination was in opposition to the judgment of a vast body of most respectable persons, who still regard his accession with much distrust. The only proper way to treat these opinions will be to give the country the same guidance which it would have had if the best civil nomination had been made and had prevailed. Coming to an occupation new to him, and encountering many prejudices, he should evince his entire capacity for the post, by forming the strongest and best cabinet that can be constructed. And whatever choice he may make, if Mr. Webster be not in his cabinet, it will be a second-rate affair."

EMIGRATION TO CALIFORNIA.

We have been somewhat surprised that the Press, which is the principal conductor and brakeman of the great steam-car of modern society, has not whistled one unanimous note of warning on the subject of the hasty and tumultuary expeditions that are now forming for the Pacific. Let us not be misunderstood. We are entire believers in the existence of immense mineral wealth in California. We see no reason to think that the opinions which have been generally formed in regard to the wondrous stores of gold, platinum, and mercury deposited in our new conquest, have been exaggerated. The mistake which many of the public have made, and which we desire to point out, is not a statistical, but purely a logical one; a mistake not in the premises but in the conclusion which has been drawn from them; an error not of fact, but of inference. Admitting as we fully do the presence of gold mines of vast range and exhaustless productiveness, still it does not follow that this precipitate and excited rush to the valley of the Sacramento, with bowls and pans and hammers, is any thing else than a delusion of folly and ignorance. Gold is there; but it is there, we must suppose, under the same conditions in which it exists everywhere else in the world. It is imbedded in the earth; it is veined through the rokes; it is compressed between strata of earth far down beneath the surface. The lumps of pure metal which have been found on the surface, and the grains which have been detected in union with the sand of the valleys, are merely fragments which have been washed down from the crumbled granite of the higher lands. Labor, Labor, Labor,—the three unvarying conditions upon which Nature gives us everything that is worth a rational wish, will then have to be brought into unceasing requisition, ere we can avail ourselves of that which is our own. The broiling sun by day—the pinching frost of night—the bending figure—the anxious eye—the oft deluded search—these are the realities to which the enthusiast is hastening.

We should be extremely sorry to discourage emigration to

California. We think that no place in the world offers such attractions to the youthful and hardy adventurer. Fortune and distinction are sure to await the judicious and industrious settler in that region. But let it be done deliberately—reasonably—prudently. This mad torrent of emigrants to the shores of Panama is very absurdity. Thousands must wait there for weeks and months for the means of transportation to San Francisco. When arrived there the prices of commodities are so extravagantly enhanced, that mining or gold-hunting is probably the least profitable undertaking that men can follow. Farming, blacksmithing, and all the mechanical employments, are no doubt, at this time, more productive than the occupation of earth-washing in the valley of Sacramento. It is a principle of universal application, that the price of a thing is precisely the value of that which it costs to produce it. The Mexicans have always said with literal truth, that every dollar that they send to Europe costs them a hundred cents. If the thing produced has a permanent standard price like gold, the equality is produced by raising the price of all commodities up to the new proportion of the abundance of the treasure. Before this rise takes place, the lucky discoverer of lumps or grains of the glittering ore makes a prodigious gain. But it has already taken place in California to the fullest extent. We have seen a letter stating that the price of half a bullock in San Francisco was five hundred dollars—that eighty cents was paid for a tenpenny nail—and that a sheath-knife cost thirty dollars. It is obvious that the standard of value is totally changed. Gold in relation to commodities is depreciated below the level of assignats, when men paid five thousand francs for a cup of coffee. We have not the smallest doubt, that making allowance for wages of labor proportioned to the rate of provisions, every ounce of gold that is bottled up along the Sacramento costs the proprietor sixteen dollars. We would not deter a single person from embarking for this new Dorado. *But*, we would earnestly advise those who are now crowding the offices of shipmasters, to pause and look ahead, and proceed more coolly. Let them not set out at this season of the year, but wait until the spring; and

then engage a passage in some line certain to carry them to San Francisco.

If any young man meditating a journey California-wards, will listen to our advice, we will ensure him wealth and eminence in the land, with absolute certainty and without any drawback. Let him collect what capital he can, and make his arrangements for embarking in the spring. Let him settle himself at San Francisco, engage in the exercise of his trade or profession, whatever it may be, and invest all his gains in land. But, first and foremost, let him make a covenant with himself, and under every temptation of place and time and circumstance let him resolutely adhere to it, *never to spend one hour in gold-hunting*. If this condition is introduced into the policy, we will, for a very small premium, underwrite any sensible, worthy emigrant for California, for wealth, respectability, honors—"what he will." But without it, we would not, for the largest premium that was ever paid, for a desperate risk, ensure any man against ruin.

DE LAMARTINE. 1848.

[On the overthrow of the Orleans dynasty in the French Revolution of 1848, De Lamartine, hardly before known but as a poet and man of letters, was suddenly elevated to a very conspicuous place in the popular cabinet. His first post was that of Minister of Foreign Affairs. On a decree for taking elections for the National Assembly, he was elected for no less than ten different places; his majorities in all of them being almost unprecedented. While Louis Blanc and Albert, (*ouvrier*,) received in their districts but two and a half per cent. of the votes, De Lamartine received in his, ninety-five per cent. When the Assembly in the Spring of 1848 appointed an Executive Committee for the nation, De Lamartine was placed at its head, and in the opinion of many persons, he was certain to be elected to the new office of President of the French Republic then proposed to the nation. But the prophecy contained in the following piece was destined to be fulfilled. The decline of his popularity was even more rapid than its rise. His present condition is known to the world.—ED.]

"Poets and philosophers," says Shelly, "are the unacknowledged legislators of the world:" but we fear that it is only so long as it is unacknowledged that their legislation is genuine and efficient. It is only, we mean, while the bard and the sage continue to act upon the minds and hearts of men, through the insensible agency of guiding thoughts and kindling feelings, that they exercise their just and normal sway. When they place themselves at the head of the visible government, they barter the viewless charm of true might for the bauble of a spurious sceptre. Like Semele, they enjoy the divinity of moral sway, safely, only so long as they are content that it shall remain unseen; if they insist upon its becoming palpable and material, *they* are destroyed, and *it* disappears. M. de Lamartine is a man of genius; the brightest intelligence, and most elevated spirit, perhaps, in France; designated by Nature, it may be, as the thinking head and the directing hand of a young, enthusiastic, and hopeful republic. But his rightful throne was his study, and his proper sceptre was the pen. With the magic of words, and from the vantage-ground of the press, he might have ruled, with an ennobling tyranny, that "wilderness of free minds" into which France had suddenly resolved itself. He made, as we think, a fatal mistake when he allowed himself to exchange an essential sovereignty for a nominal power. Conscious of an understanding adapted to enlighten, and of abilities capable of controlling a nation, in the excitement of the moment he was duped by the delusion that the apparent head of the country was its real guide. We have no belief that De Lamartine can sustain himself in the position in which he is. The successful conduct of great affairs depends more upon temperament than upon reason. Napoleon possessed an intellect as beaming, as direct, and as far-piercing as a sun's ray; a comprehension as vast as the world; an information almost boundless in variety and range. But it was not by such qualities that he mastered the world. It was by the emphasis of his character, the vehemence of his will, the dauntless audacity of his temper, that he controlled men and things with a power almost divine. "I have received from Nature," said he, to the Chamber

of Deputies, when, in the hour of his misfortune, they rose to insult the glory which their subserviency had betrayed, "a firm and fierce character. If I had not possessed an indomitable temperament, I should never have placed myself upon the first throne in the universe." Of all characteristics, those of the literary man are, perhaps, the most remote from the practical exercise of political business. That vocation demands not the abstract qualities of speculation, but a direct good sense, which never embarrasses itself by refinements, nor perplexes the co-operation of others by the excessive complication of its designs: it exacts that ready sagacity and prompt decision in which "the firstlings of the mind" are always "the firstlings of the hand." The meditative, scheming disposition of the author—full of visions, searching ever after novelties—is as little suited to the counsels of public wisdom, as this sensitive, excitable, morbid spirit is for the commotions and conflicts of the state. Chateaubriand exhibits greater discretion than M. de Lamartine. He exerted for years a most commanding influence, without connecting himself with the physical machinery of the political system; and from the privacy of his closet showed how potently sentences may be wielded against swords.

The public fame of the author of "Jocelyn," we think, is destined to a speedy declension. Nevertheless, let us do him honor for good that he has already accomplished. In the brief period of his ascendency he has rendered great services to France and to humanity. It was his heroic front and his eloquent speech that mastered the demon of revenge and bloodshed at the beginning of the revolution. Over the chaos of a turbulent anarchy, the first rays of the returning day of order and reason shone forth from his genius. In the crisis of the fate of his country, he gave a benignant character and a pacific direction to the tumultuous feelings of the Parisians. By much of the difference between the old reign of terror and the present calmness of France, the world is a debtor probably to him. This will not be forgotten; and if to older minds and firmer arms the task of organizing in detail the civil power of France is reserved, honor will always be given to the lyre of the poet at

whose magic strains the walls of safety first rose around the new-created society, and security was given against the invasions of lawlessness and barbarity.

FRANCE AND THE MAN. 1848.

After a great convulsion of the elements—a tremendous storm in the natural world—there usually intervenes a period of stagnant, damp, uncertain weather, before it becomes evident from what quarter the wind will come out. Such is the condition of things at present in France. Whether that nation will, as on the former occasion, precipitate itself against the rest of Europe, and wreak upon foreign war the madness of its superfluous energy; or whether the steady and healthful breeze of regular freedom will expand the sails of industry and enterprise, and waft the ship of state into "the open sea of the world's praise;" or whether a sullen tyranny of military force will compress the turbulence of the people into a stern and gloomy quiet—are questions which no wise man would undertake at present to solve. Sooner or later, some one force in society will predominate; and the action of the country will take a determinate course with concentrated and earnest powers. The wind will issue forth with strong and constant current; and with it will appear some man capable to "ride the whirlwind and direct the storm." It is easy to see that all this rubbish of savans and poets and printers that now litter the scene—this rabble of *idealogues*, as Napoleon used to call them—will be swept away the moment that the real life of the nation is resumed, and the business of the state begins again in earnest. The Aragos, the Marrasts, the Louis Blancs, and the rest of the Provisional Government, will be brushed off the platform into the original seclusion of their closets. As to Lamartine, he seems already to have verified the remark of Walpole's witty friend, Madame de Coigny, in relation to the

destruction of D'Epremenil's bust—that *rien ne brûle sitot que les lauriers secs.* He has been scorched and destroyed by the heat of his own popularity. We give not the slightest heed to the wild suspicions which connect him with the diabolical atrocities of the late insurrection. We acquit him of every sinister and dark and ruthless design. But his day is over forever: the delusion on this subject—for it was nothing else—has passed. Posterity will regard him as an amiable enthusiast—full of irregular but generous sensibility, who, being gifted with an inspiration of boldness in the hour of danger, successfully vindicated for a season the supremacy of human and pacific feeling, and postponed the outbreak of that moral cannibalism which only the cannon of Cavaignac was competent to subdue. The world has now taught him what he would never otherwise have learned—that though "words are things," syllables are not always words: and he will now retire to his desk to gasp agonies of despair and ecstacies of hope in verse wild enough to be taken for prose, and prose exalted enough to be read as verse. Who or what the great man of the era—the new Napoleon of the second revolution—will be, none can conjecture. Nature has her own way of getting up the drama of actual life; and in the grand revolutionary spectacle with which from time to time she treats mankind, she commonly follows certain rules of construction, as uniform and absolute as if she had learned her canons in the school of the Stagirite. Her method is to send out first upon the stage the fanatic, passionate, over-eager characters: they open the piece, work up the interest, and wear out themselves: later in the performance, amid the pause, half of disappointment and half of expectation, that succeeds the wordy turbulence of the opening, the true hero of the story, calm, strong, and clear-sighted, comes forth: the rest are seen to be but his heralds or his attendants. He is not more the embodiment of the spirit of the piece, than he is the reaction against it; he countervails the very power upon which he rises; and he mounts the zenith of his glory when the elements which exalted him are declining in their strength.

PLAGIARISM.

THE literary community was, of late, extensively disturbed by an alarm on the subject of *plagiarism*. Startled by the suggestions of an acute and ardent critic*—one whose eccentricities always attract by their brilliancy, and whose greatest errors seem but the excesses of a too subtle understanding—the public had become wellnigh worried into a panic terror. It suddenly imagined that the continued enthusiasm of a nation was a palpable "error of fame;" and began to feel for more than one celebrated poet, instead of admiration, that rage and indignation which we are commonly inclined to entertain for those who have duped us of our approval, and defrauded us of our praises. With an ingenuity of fearlessness, as singular as it was mistaken, this critical agitation set chiefly against an Eastern bard,† who, above all the poets of this country, or of this time, as to tone, effect, style, conception, all, in short, that really constitutes the character of poetry, and gives individuality to the genius of an artist, is original and peculiar—original even to strangeness, and peculiar almost to mannerism. Meanwhile, the public, which, in its quiet way, detects a false alarm as speedily as it does a real imposture, has gone on reading and enjoying Mr. Longfellow and his suspected brethren, much in the spirit of Charles the Second, who, when he was told that all of Dryden's plays were stolen, answered, that he wished that those who said so would steal him as good plays as Dryden's. For our own part, we have always met these charges of plagiarism, when put forth in an uncandid and hostile spirit, with a blank and absolute incredulity. We refuse even to listen to them, regarding them as founded in complete error and misconception. They are constantly flying through the air, and as they produce a great deal of annoyance, we desire to express our estimate of the merits of this hereditary and standing controversy between the poets and the critics.

* The late Edgar Allen Poe. † Longfellow.

It appears to us that there is a total misapprehension, on all sides, of the nature and effect of the *fact* of plagiarism, as the word is ordinarily understood; a mistake among poets as well as critics, as to the influence which that fact ought to have, even when most decisively proved, on our judgment, of the extent, vigor and genuineness of the creative genius of him to whom it is imputed. So far from leading to any presumption unfavorable to the fertility and strength of the poetical faculty of the author, against whom it is proved, it seems to us, generally, to afford the most conclusive indication of the existence of those very qualities, in their utmost delicacy, and energy. In other words, this tendency to *plagiarize*, is a certain and almost inseparable characteristic of the poetic faculty. A cold and lifeless transcription from the writings of another, is, of course, a wholly distinct affair. That is a question not of inference, but of evidence: it is an imposture, which, when once discovered, stands exposed forever. But that instinct of imitation—that disposition to reproduce the thoughts and images which have been seen in others—that affinity for beauty and brightness, wherever they are to be found, which leads to the appropriation of brilliant and lovely conceptions, whenever presented—that delicacy of the mental sympathies, which render the intellect subject to be seized upon and haunted by the notions of other persons, to a degree that defies all power of expulsion—these qualities—whose operation it is that is commonly termed *plagiarism*—are the very elements of æsthetic capacity, of whose strength and sensibility, their extent and prominence is almost the measure. *Originality*, in any department of rational effort,—what is it? . . . The notion that thoughts or feelings can be evolved out of the recesses of the understanding or the spirit, and given forth to the world as revelations from another existence, is the chimera of an obsolete and exploded philosophy. The outer world is the origin and source of all our inner consciousness; and ideas and sentiments are but the record of our *experiences*, transmitted through the refining and exalting medium of our intellectual energies. To repeat the thought of another, and not

to think it ourselves, is, no doubt, a plagiarism of that thought; but "if I think as Plato thought," says Montaigne, with his usual penetration and shrewdness, "then it is as much according to Montaigne as according to Plato." But *originality* in *æsthetic* action is a matter of even far less significance than in intellectual operations. In truth, *invention* is not the essential, or even a very valuable portion of a great poet's craft; *novelty* so far from a necessary attribute of the best art, is not even an appropriate, and scarcely, in strictness, a legitimate quality of it. The beautifying of thought—the elevation of feelings—the improvement of images—the perfecting of conceptions—these are the normal operations of the poet's faculties. To snatch our feelings from us, in order to give them back to us in pleasure—to present our own reflections to us, cast into the shapes of lovely images—to mirror the universe of reality in mingled truth and splendor, from the surface of a delicate and dazzling ideality—this, which is the literary creator's true task, requires not only no exclusive search after originality, but demands that novelty should be sacrificed whenever its pursuit would violate that truth of Art which is beauty. The partial or imperfect conceptions of others form as lawful a subject for the amending and exalting exertions of the poet, as the natural objects or relations which those conceptions concern; and to advance the creations of preceding authors into a higher beauty, is the same, in dignity and in difficulty, as to perform the first change by which Nature is raised into elegance.

If there be any share of pertinency in these speculations, it will follow that the existence, in any poet, of the traces of familiarity with the productions of other poets, furnishes no just suspicion as to the vigor and value of his artistic abilities; on the contrary, the presence of such evidences of the power of others' thoughts upon his mind, ought to be deemed an indication of superior sensibility and delicacy in those qualities which form his true character, and the absence of them might well raise some serious doubts as to the genuineness of that spirit, which thus lacks its most characteristic *affections*. The true test of the poet's power, is to be found in the *use* which he

makes of those matters which he takes from others—in the reaction of his own mind upon them, after they have come into its treasures. If he has depraved and injured any image which has been furnished to him by another, he shows a want of ability; but if he has improved and raised it, either by giving it a new effect, or, through some skillful touches, bringing out more fully that effect which the original author had contemplated, it might, in our opinion, be plausibly contended that he displays more and higher art, than if the whole conception, as he presents it, had been the direct suggestion of Nature to himself. Thus, a warm and intelligent admirer of Gray has called attention to the lines—

> "The *dauntless* child
> Stretch'd forth his little arms and smiled;"

which differ but by a single epithet from a passage in Sandys;

> "The child
> Stretch'd forth his little arms and smiled;"

and has noted the exquisite skill of Gray, who, by adding one word, so appropriate and descriptive, has imparted tone and finish to the picture, and lighted it up as a flash of sunshine lights a landscape in April.

We have found but one critic who appears to us to have taken a right view of the subject which we are discussing; and his remarks about Lord Byron, and some others, are so striking and just, that we beg leave to cite them in support of our theory. They are in the recent collective edition of the writings of an author, whom we take to have been, on the whole, the best critic that ever lived, and to have possessed the soundest understanding of any of his cotemporaries, with the exception of Sir James Mackintosh. "Lord Byron," says the discriminating, able, and candid Jeffrey, "*like all other persons of a quick sense of beauty,* and sure enough of their own originality to be in no fear of paltry imputations, is a great mimic of styles and manners, and a great borrower of external character. He and Scott, accordingly, are full of imitations of all the writers from

whom they have ever derived gratification; and the two most original writers of the age might appear, to superficial observers, to be the most deeply indebted to their predecessors." (*Jeffrey's Essays*, iii. 165.) The same sagacious author prefaces an inquiry into Moore's imitations, by the remarkable, but sound observation, that "*all poets who really love poetry, and live in a poetical age, are great imitators.*" (iii. 230.)

It is certain that this charge of plagiarism has been made against every great poet that has appeared in the world: and, what is more to the purpose, it is as certain that in every case it has been justly made. Chaucer's obligations to the Italian and Provenceaux romances are unbounded. A few hundred of Spencer's plagiarisms may be found in Dr. Jortin's observations. Shakspeare, it is admitted, in almost every instance stole his plots ready make; and seemed, indeed, to have lacked the power of constructive invention as completely as Ben Jonson, who possessed it in perfection, wanted every other. But many of the most admired expressions in Shakspeare, also, are adopted from his predecessors; for example, "my mind's eye" is merely Chaucer's "eyen of his mind," (*Cant. Tales.*) As to Milton, it is scarcely worth while to track his furtive course through the *Adamen Exul*, &c., when every scholar perceives that the metal in which he wrought, instead of being digged newly from the earth, is like that Corinthian brass of the ancients, which was melted up from the spoils of a city. There is scarcely one of the mellow cadences of Pope in which your ear shall not catch, mingled with it, some echoes from the ruder harmonies of Dryden, Cowley, or Milton. And, to come down to our own days, Lord Byron has always proved, to our judgment, the vastness of his genius, by the enormous powers of *assimilation* which he displayed.

We shall cite one or two examples from Lord Byron, whose poetical powers are, taking all things in the account, greater than any man has exhibited save Milton; and we beg that the so called plagiarisms of Mr. Longfellow may be compared with them.

In "Marino Faliero," act 1, scene 2, we read as follows:

"As yet 'tis but a chaos
Of darkly-brooding thoughts; my fancy is
In her first work, more nearly to the light
Holding the sleeping images of things,
For the selection of the pausing judgment."

A magnificent, even sublime conception! but bearing some resemblance to this passage in Dryden's dedication of "The Rival Ladies" to the Earl of Orrery:—"A confused mass of thoughts tumbling over one another in the dark; when the fancy was yet in its first work, moving the sleeping images of things towards the light, there to be distinguished, and then either chosen or rejected by the judgment." (*Sir Walter Scott's edition of Dryden*, ii. 113.) Byron knew how to appreciate the exhaustless munificence of godlike and "glorious John," and coming often to his table, honored it in the true, manly way, by helping himself with freedom. The expression in "Manfred" act 1, scene 2—

"We,
Half dust, half city, alike unfit
To sink or soar"—

was probably suggested by the line in the "Duke of Guise"—

——"Man, in his body's mire,
Half soul, half clod, sinks blindfolded in sin."
Scott's Dryden, vii. 110.

The beautiful allusion in the "Corsair,"

"Or my guitar, which still thou lov'st to hear,
Shall soothe or lull—or should it vex thine ear,
We'll turn the tale by Ariosto told
Of fair Olympia loved and left of old"—
Canto 1, xiv.

was no doubt derived from Queen Leonora, in Dryden's greatest tragedy, "Don Sebastian":

"——To soothe my sadness,
Sing me the song which poor Olympia made,
When false Bireno left her."
Act 5, scene 1. *Scott's Dryden*, vi. 464.

The line at the commencement of the "Corsair,"

"Far as the breeze can bear the billows foam,"

certainly is very similar to a passage in Dryden's "Hind and Panther,"—

——"From pole to pole,
"Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll;"
Scott's Dryden, x. 179.

and, oddly enough, Pope had set him an example in this matter, by copying those identical lines of Dryden's into his imitation of the sixth epistle of Horace, without the change of a syllable. Byron, in fact, took his own wherever he found it. The line in the "Irish Avatar," referring to Grattan,

"And corruption shrank scorch'd from the glance of his mind,"

is but a tuneful echo of Burns' emphatic appeal, in the dedication of his Poems to the noblemen and gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt, in 1787: "May corruption shrink at your kindling indignant glance;" but how the thought is glorified and made intense by the introduction of the epithet, "scorched!" Arnold's reflections on deformity in the "Deformed Transformed," are derived from Bacon's essays, by a fine process of poetical sublimation: for example:—

"There is
A spur in its halt movements, to become
All that the others cannot, in such things
As still are free to both, to compensate
For stepdame Nature's avarice at first:
They woo with fearlesss deeds the smiles of fortune.
Part 1, *section* 1.

"Whosoever hath anything fixed in his person that doth induce contempt, hath also a perpetual spur in himself to rescue and deliver himself from scorn; therefore all deformed persons are extremely bold." (*Of Deformity.*) A classical reader might readily have suspected that the lines in the "Monody on Death,"

"Ah! little do they know
That what to them seem'd vice might be but woe;"

were transferred from Catullus's wild and Sheridan's heart-broken lament,

"Id, Manli, non est turpe; magis miserum est;"
Carm. 68, *ad Manlium.*

of which they are a pretty exact *translation;* did we not know, from an entry in one of his lordship's journals, that he had in fact stolen them from Sheridan himself, in conversation, who had plagiarized it, not from antiquity, but from the remembrance of his own maddening anguish.

We might extend this list of Lord Byron's *convey*-ances considerably. We have alluded to these instances of appropriation in one whose imagination, assuredly, was "a Crœsus in creation," in order to illustrate our position, that the tendency to attract to itself, from the most remote and various regions, every thing that is cognate to its purpose, is a natural characteristic of the magnetic ardor of genius.

We have a very strong feeling on the subject of these charges of plagiarism. We deprecate such imputations as in the highest degree mischievous. They are not merely unjust, in making an individual responsible for what is a professional characteristic; but they are eminently injurious to Art, by diffusing the notion that originality is the first excellence of poetry, whereas beauty is its only legitimate search, and by sending its followers in quest of remote and strange inventions, instead of leaving them to develope the truth of Nature in freedom and peace, and to telegraph to us the inexpressible thoughts of a higher life by every intelligible signal that association can supply. Those from whom these charges proceed, show an ignorance of the distinctions and limits of the different departments of human intelligence in regard to originality. In wit, he only creates who suggests an absolutely new combination of ideas; in philosophy "he discovers who proves," says Dr. Paley; in mechanics, he invents who puts in practice; and in art, he originates who beautifies.

LEGISLATION AND ITS SYSTEMS.

We look upon Legislation as a system of moral medicine and surgery, by which the health of the body politic is to be preserved amidst the shocks which spirit, as well as flesh, is heir to. Tariffs may be regarded as courses of quinine for bracing and strengthening the action of the system; bank charters are stimulating cordials, more immediate in their operation, and less safe in their results; police and riot acts,—alien and sedition laws (now disused from the violence supposed to be done by them to the constitution)—and indeed the whole criminal code—are a comprehensive scheme of phlebotomy, designed for relief against accesses of fever. Our friend of "The Tribune" may be considered as professing a system of dietetics, which, by prescribing to every man the kind of food he is to indulge in, and measuring out to him the precise quantity he may partake of, promises to stave off at least all those diseases—a very numerous progeny—that spring from overtasked digestion, disturbed secretions, and excessive humors of all sorts throughout the frame. Besides the general standing College of Physicians in congress assembled, whose dispensary agents, in the shape of law officers, swarm through the land, there are numerous societies devoted to particular branches of the healing art, some of which often hold their parliaments in this city. Here is the Church Convention, which attends to the state of the nervous system; there, the Industrial Convention, which takes care especially of the fibrous system, and the concerns of the tendons, ligaments, and muscles; there, again, is a Musical Convention, but whether it applies only to diseases of the auditory organs, or relates to some new method of acting on the whole body by remedies taken in at the ear, we cannot very clearly make out. Amidst all this internecine war of theories, —this polygonal dueling between discordant practices—we stand up for the Homœopathic system in Legislation; that admirable doctrine—as applicable to the body politic as to the

body corporate—which asserts, that the nearer the dose amounts to nothing, the better it is. This may be called the *next-to-nothing* system; and it is obvious that its natural extension and completeness will be found in the *absolutely nothing* system; and it is in that improved version, that we desire it to be understood as receiving it. To the bleeding and calomel doctors in church and state, we say that the science of *infiniment petits* will accomplish as miraculous results in morals as it has done in mathematics. To the spiritual professors, whose province it is to attend to the nervous part of the frame, this advice is especially applicable. The *disease* of the patient, in that particular, is an *excessive consciousness;* a state of super-sensibility, which treatment of any kind only aggravates, and for which the only remedy is repose, regularity, and employment about other matters. The virtues of *perfect rest* as a restorative condition in regard to the physical man are a familiar topic in medicine; and they are as eminent in moral matters. *Peace* is not only the priceless end, but the most potent means, of the religious system. It is written of it, "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength:" the Church, which has been well-nigh ruined by excess of confidence, may best recover by ensuing quiet.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

It is a truth, illustrated in daily experience, and yet rarely noted or acted upon, that, in all that concerns the appreciation of personal character or ability, the instinctive impressions of a community are quicker in their action, more profoundly appreciant and more reliable, than the intellectual perceptions of the ablest men in the community. Upon all those subjects that are of moral apprehension, society seems to possess an intelligence of its own, infinitely sensitive in its delicacy, and almost conclusive in the certainty of its determinations; indirect and unconscious in its operation, yet unshunnable in its sagacity, and as strong and confident as Nature itself. The highest and finest qualities of human judgment seem to be in commission among the nation, or the race. It is by such a process, that whenever a true hero appears among mankind, the recognition of his character, by the general sense of humanity, is instant and certain: the belief of the chief priests and rulers of mind follows later, or comes not at all. The perceptions of a public are as subtly-sighted as its passions are blind. It sees, and feels, and knows the excellence which it can neither understand, nor explain, nor vindicate. These involuntary opinions of people at large explain themselves, and are vindicated by events, and form at last the constants of human understanding. A character of the first order of greatness, such as seems to pass out of the limits and course of ordinary life, often lies above the ken of intellectual judgment; but its merits and its infirmities never escape the sleepless perspicacity of the common sentiment, which no novelty of form can surprise, and no mixture of qualities can perplex. The mind—the logical faculty—comprehends a subject, when it can trace in it the same ele-

ments, or relations, which it is familiar with elsewhere : if it finds but a faint analogy of form or substance, its decision is embarrassed. But this other instinct seems to become subtler, and more rapid, and more absolute in conviction, at the line where reason begins to falter. Take the case of Shakspeare. His surpassing greatness was never acknowledged by the learned, until the nation had ascertained and settled it as a foregone and questionless conclusion. Even now, to the most sagacious mind of this time, the real ground and evidence of its own assurance of Shakspeare's supremacy, is the universal, deep, immovable conviction of it in the public feeling. There have been many acute essays upon his minor characteristics ; but intellectual criticism has never grappled with Shaksperian ART, in its entireness and grandeur, and probably it never will. We know not now wherein his greatness consists. We cannot demonstrate it. There is less indistinctness in the merit of less eminent authors. Those things which are not doubts to our consciousness, are yet mysteries to our mind. And if this is true of literary art, which is so much within the sphere of reflection, it may be expected to find more striking illustration in great practical and public moral characters.

These considerations occur naturally to the mind in contemplating the fame of Washington. An attentive examination of the whole subject, and of all that can contribute to the formation of a sound opinion, results in the belief that General Washington's *mental* abilities illustrate the very highest type of greatness. His *mind*, probably, was one of the very greatest that was ever given to mortality. Yet it is impossible to establish that position by a direct analysis of his character, or conduct, or productions. When we look at the incidents or the results of that great career—when we contemplate the qualities by which it is marked from its beginning to its end—the foresight which never was surprised, the judgment which nothing could deceive, the wisdom whose resources were incapable of exhaustion—combined with a spirit as resolute in its official duties as it was moderate in its private pretensions, as indomitable in its public temper as it was gentle in its personal tone—

we are left in wonder and reverence. But when we would enter into the recesses of that mind—when we would discriminate upon its construction, and reason upon its operations—when we would tell how it was composed, and why it excelled—we are entirely at fault. The processes of Washington's understanding are entirely hidden from us. What came from it in counsel or in action, was the life and glory of his country; what went on within it, is shrouded in impenetrable concealment. Such elevation in degree, of wisdom, amounts almost to a change of kind, in nature, and detaches his intelligence from the sympathy of ours. We cannot see him as he was, because we are not like him. The tones of the mighty bell were heard with the certainty of Time itself, and with a force that vibrates still upon the air of life, and will vibrate forever. But the clockwork by which they were regulated and given forth, we can neither see nor understand. In fact, his intellectual abilities did not exist in an analytical and separated form; but in a combined and concrete state. They "moved altogether when they moved at all." They were in no degree speculative, but only practical. They could not act at all in the region of imagination, but only upon the field of reality. The sympathies of his intelligence dwelt exclusively in the national being and action. Its interests and energies were absorbed in them. He was nothing out of that sphere, because he was everything there. The extent to which he was identified with the country is unexampled in the relations of individual men to the community. During the whole period of his life, he was the thinking part of the nation. He was its mind; it was his image and illustration. If we would classify and measure him, it must be with nations and not with individuals.

This extraordinary nature of Washington's capacities—this impossibility of analyzing and understanding the elements and methods of his wisdom—have led some persons to doubt whether, intellectually, he was of great superiority; but the public—the community—never doubted of the transcendent eminence of Washington's abilities. From the first moment of his appearance as the chief, the recognition of him, from one end of the

country to the other, as THE MAN—the leader, the counselor, the infallible in suggestion and in conduct—was immediate and universal. From that moment to the close of the scene, the national confidence in his capacity was as spontaneous, as enthusiastic, as immovable, as it was in his integrity. Particular persons, affected by the untoward course of events, sometimes questioned his sufficiency; but the nation never questioned it, nor would allow it to be questioned. Neither misfortune, nor disappointment, nor accidents, nor delay, nor the protracted gloom of years could avail to disturb the public trust in him. It was apart from circumstances; it was beside the action of caprice; it was beyond all visionary, and above all changeable feelings. It was founded on nothing extraneous; not upon what he had said or done, but upon what he was. They saw something in the man, which gave them assurance of a nature and destiny of the highest elevation—something inexplicable, but which inspired a complete satisfaction. We feel that this reliance was wise and right; but why it was felt, or why it was right, we are as much to seek as those who came under the direct impression of his personal presence. It is not surprising, that the world, recognizing in this man a nature and a greatness which philosophy cannot explain, should revere him almost to religion.

The distance and magnitude of those objects which are too far above us to be estimated directly—such as stars—are determined by their parallax. By some process of that kind we may form an approximate notion of Washington's greatness. We may measure him against the great events in which he moved; and against the great men among whom, and above whom, his figure stood like a tower. It is agreed that the war of American Independence is one of the most exalted, and honorable, and difficult achievements related in history. Its force was contributed by many; but its grandeur was derived from Washington. His character and wisdom gave unity, and dignity, and effect to the irregular, and often divergent enthusiasm of others. His energy combined the parts; his intelligence guided the whole: his perseverance, and fortitude, and

resolution, were the inspiration and support of all. In looking back over that period, his presence seems to fill the whole scene; his influence predominates throughout; his character is reflected from every thing. Perhaps nothing less than his immense weight of mind could have kept the national system, at home, in that position which it held, immovably, for seven years; perhaps nothing but the august respectability which his demeanor threw around the American cause abroad, would have induced a foreign nation to enter into an equal alliance with us upon terms that contributed in a most important degree to our final success, or would have caused Great Britain to feel that no great indignity was suffered in admitting the claim to national existence of a people who had such a representative as Washington. What but the most eminent qualities of mind and feeling—discretion superhuman—readiness of invention, and dexterity of means, equal to the most desperate affairs—endurance, self-control, regulated ardor, restrained passion, caution mingled with boldness, and all the contrarieties of moral excellence—could have expanded the life of an individual into a career such as this?

If we compare him with the great men who were his contemporaries throughout the nation, in an age of extraordinary personages, Washington was unquestionably the first man of the time in ability. Review the correspondence of General Washington—that sublime monument of intelligence and integrity—scrutinize the public history and the public men of that era, and you will find that in all the wisdom that was accomplished or was attempted, Washington was before every man in his suggestions of the plan, and beyond every one in the extent to which he contributed to its adoption. In the field, all the able generals acknowledged his superiority, and looked up to him with loyalty, reliance, and reverence; the others, who doubted his ability, or conspired against his sovereignty, illustrated, in their own conduct, their incapacity to be either his judges or his rivals. In the state, Adams, Jay, Rutledge, Pinckney, Morris—these are great names; but there is not one whose wisdom does not vail to his. His superiority was felt by all these

persons, and was felt by Washington himself, as a simple matter of fact, as little a subject of question, or a cause of vanity, as the eminence of his personal stature. His appointment as commander-in-chief was the result of no design on his part, and of no efforts on the part of his friends; it seemed to take place spontaneously. He moved into the position, because there was a vacuum which no other could supply; in it, he was not sustained by government, by a party, or by connections; he sustained himself; and then he sustained everything else. He sustained Congress against the army, and the army against the injustice of Congress. The brightest mind among his contemporaries was Hamilton's; a character which cannot be contemplated without frequent admiration, and constant affection. His talents took the form of genius, which Washington's did not. But active, various, and brilliant as the faculties of Hamilton were, whether viewed in the precocity of youth, or in the all-accomplished elegance of maturer life—lightning-quick as his intelligence was to see through every subject that came before it, and vigorous as it was in constructing the argumentation by which other minds were to be led, as upon a shapely bridge, over the obscure depths across which his had flashed in a moment—fertile and sound in schemes, ready in action, splendid in display, as he was—nothing is more obvious and certain than that when Mr. Hamilton approached Washington, he came into the presence of one who surpassed him in the extent, in the comprehension, the elevation, the sagacity, the force, and the ponderousness of his mind, as much as he did in the majesty of his aspect and the grandeur of his step. The genius of Hamilton was a flower, which gratifies, surprises, and enchants; the intelligence of Washington was a stately tree, which in the rarity and true dignity of its beauty is as superior, as it is in its dimensions. * * * * *

The political services which Washington rendered to the country and to mankind, after the peace, were not less, or less exacting, than those which were concluded by the termination of his military career. But it is beyond the scope of the present essay to enter upon that topic.

In military subjects, the abilities of Washington were, unquestionably, of a high order; and they were various and complete. In their character, they were fitted to the circumstances and the time in which he was called upon to act. The wisdom of his system was vindicated, sometimes in the success of his counsels, and sometimes in the disasters of those who departed from them. The peculiar nature of the contest—the slight and frail military establishment over which he presided—the infinite political and social difficulties with which his operations were complicated, rendered a profound caution the first dictate of policy. The object to be accomplished was, in effect, a revolution of opinions—a change of national relations. Until that was realized, the revolutionary war could not be at an end. The most brilliant victory in the field would not have gained the purpose of the Americans; a single complete defeat would probably have frustrated it forever. It must be remembered that Washington was in a situation in which time was his most important auxiliary; the war was in its nature a prolonged one; and to maintain a military resistance, which should be always respectable in its force, and occasionally formidable in its operations, was all that a wise mind could have proposed to itself. The plan of the campaign which preceded the loss of New York, cannot, in a military point of view, be considered as judicious; but, as Napoleon observed with regard to his delay at Moscow, it was more important at that time to act upon political than upon military considerations. The operations in New Jersey, in 1776–7, exhibit the highest range of military science. The movements of Washington, from the moment when Fort Lee was abandoned, and he extricated himself by a series of prompt retreats from the dangers into which he was thrown by the advance of Lord Cornwallis, till, at the opportune moment, he fell upon the enemy, in their divided state along the Delaware, and, soon after, struck a part of Lord Cornwallis's army at Princeton, and delivered himself from the peril of the other part—the whole compaign of that month—may be set beside any campaign that is recorded in history. The promptness with which the plan against Cornwallis, at Yorktown, was conceived,

and the energy with which it was executed, entitle the commander-in-chief to the highest commendation.

In moral qualities, the character of Washington is the most truly dignified that was ever presented to the respect and admiration of mankind. He was one of the few entirely good men in whom goodness had no touch of weakness. He was one of the few rigorously just men whose justice was not commingled with any of the severity of personal temper. The elevation, and strength, and greatness of his feelings were derived from Nature; their moderation was the effect of reflection and discipline. His temper, by Nature, was ardent, and inclined to action. His passions were quick, and capable of an intensity of motion which, when it was kindled by either intellectual or moral indignation, amounted almost to fury. But how rarely —how less than rarely—was any thing of this kind exhibited in his public career! How restrained from all excess which reason could reprove, or virtue condemn, or good taste reject, were these earnest impulses, in the accommodation of his nature to "that great line of duty" which he had set up as the course of his life! Seen in his public duties, his attitude and character —the one elevated above familiarity, the other purged of all littlenesses—present a position and an image almost purely sublime.

> No airy and light passion stirs abroad
> To ruffle or to soothe him; all are quell'd
> Beneath a mightier, sterner stress of mind:
> Wakeful he sits, and lonely, and unmoved,
> Beyond the arrows, views, or shouts of men;
> As oftentimes an eagle, when the sun
> Throws o'er the varying earth his early ray,
> Stands solitary, stands immovable
> Upon some highest cliff, and rolls his eye,
> Clear, constant, unobservant, unabased,
> In the cold light, above the dews of morn.

But when viewed in the gentler scenes of domestic and friendly relation, there are traits which give loveliness to dignity, and add grace to veneration; like the leaves and twigs

which cluster around the trunk and huge branches of the colossal elm, making that beautiful which else were only grand. His sentiments were quick and delicate; his refinement exquisite. His temper was as remote from plebeian as his principles were opposite to democratic. If his public bearing had something of the solemnity of puritanism, the sources of his social nature were the spirit and maxims of a cavalier. His demeanor towards all men illustrated, in every condition, that "finest sense of justice which the mind can form." IN ALL THINGS ADMIRABLE, IN ALL THINGS TO BE IMITATED; IN SOME THINGS SCARCE IMITABLE AND ONLY TO BE ADMIRED.

THE END.